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FAUST.

FAUST.

A TRAGEDY

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The First Part.

TRANSLATED, IN THE ORIGINAL METRES,

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen:
Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.

GOETHE.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

SECOND EDITION.

LEIPZIG:
F. A. BROCKHAUS.

1881.

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PREFACE.

It is twenty years since I first determined to attempt the translation of *Faust*, in the original metres. At that time, although more than a score of English translations of the First part, and three or four of the Second Part, were in existence, the experiment had not yet been made. The prose version of Hayward seemed to have been accepted as the standard, in default of anything more satisfactory: the English critics, generally sustaining the translator in his views concerning the secondary importance of form in Poetry, practically discouraged any further attempt; and no one, familiar with rhythmical expression through the needs of his own nature, had devoted the necessary love and patience to an adequate reproduction of the great work of Goethe's life. Mr. Brooks was the first to undertake the task, and the publication of his translation of the First Part (in 1856) induced me, for a time, to give up my own design. No previous English version exhibited such abnegation of the translator's own tastes and habits of thought, such reverent desire *to present* the original in its

purest form. The care and conscience which the work had been performed wer apparent that I now state with reluctance then seemed to me to be its only defi cies.—a lack of the lyrical fire and fluen the original in some passages, and an occas lowering of the tone through the use of w which are literal but not equivalent. The of translation adopted by Mr. Brooks w entirely my own, that when further resid in Germany and a more careful study of parts of *Faust* had satisfied me that the was still open,—that the means furnishe the poetical affinity of the two language not yet been exhausted,—nothing rem for me but to follow him in all essentia ticulars. His example confirmed me ir belief that there were few difficulties i way of a nearly literal yet thoroughly mical version of *Faust*, which might n overcome by loving labor. A comparis seventeen English translations, in the arbi metres adopted by the translators, suffic showed the danger of allowing license i respect: the white light of Goethe's th was thereby passed through the tinted of other minds, and assumed the colorir each. Moreover, the plea of selecting diff metres in the hope of producing a similar is unreasonable, where the identical m are possible.

The value of form, in a poetical wor the first question to be considered. No

:r understood this question more thoroughly
n Goethe himself, or expressed a more
itive opinion in regard to it. The alter-
ive modes of translation which he presents
ported by Riemer, quoted by Mrs. Austin,
ıer "Characteristics of Goethe", and accepted
Mr. Hayward),* are quite independent of
views concerning the value of form, which
find given elsewhere, in the clearest and
ıst emphatic manner.† Poetry is not simply

*"'There are two maxims of translation,' says he: 'the
requires that the author, of a foreign nation, be brought
us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own;
other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport
selves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of
aking, and his peculiarities. The advantages of both are
iciently known to all instructed persons, from masterly
mples.'"

Is it necessary, however, that there should always be this
rnative? Where the languages are kindred, and equally
able of all varieties of metrical expression, may not both
se "maxims" be observed in the same translation? Goethe,
s true, was of the opinion that *Faust* ought to be given, in
nch, in the manner of Clément Marot; but this was un-
btedly because he felt the inadequacy of modern French to
ress the naive, simple realism of many passages. The same
ection does not apply to English. There are a few archaic
ressions in *Faust*, but no more than are still allowed—nay,
uently encouraged—in the English of our day.

†"You are right," said Goethe; "there are great and
terious agencies included in the various forms of Poetry.
he substance of my 'Roman Elegies' were to be expressed
he tone and measure of Byron's 'Don Juan', it would really
e an atrocious effect."—*Eckermann.*

"The rhythm," said Goethe, "is an unconscious result of
poetic mood. If one should stop to consider it mechanic-
, when about to write a poem, one would become bewildered
l accomplish nothing of real poetical value."—*Ibid.*

a fashion of expression: it is the form
pression absolutely required by a certai
of ideas. Poetry, indeed, may be distin
from Prose by the single circumstanc
it is the utterance of whatever in man
be perfectly uttered in any other than a
mical form. It is useless to say that th
meaning is independent of the form:
contrary, the form contributes essent
the fulness of the meaning. In Poetr
endures through its own inherent
there is no forced union of these two el
They are as intimately blended, and
same mysterious beauty, as the sexes
ancient Hermaphroditus. To attempt
present Poetry in Prose, is very mu
attempting to translate music into spe

"*All that is poetic in character should be rhythmica*
Such is my conviction; and if even a sort of pc
should be gradually introduced, it would only sho
distinction between prose and poetry had been com
sight of." — *Goethe to Schiller*, 1797.

Tycho Mommsen, in his excellent essay, *Die Deutschen Uebersetzers aus neueren Sprachen*, goes s
say: "The metrical or rhymed modelling of a poe
is so essentially the germ of its being, that, rathe
giving it up, we might hope to construct a simila
art before the eyes of our countrymen, by giving up c
the substance. The immeasurable result which ha
works wherein the form has been retained—such as
of Voss, and the Shakespeare of Tieck and Schleg
incontrovertible evidence of the vitality of the ende

* "Goethe's poems exercise a great sway over m
by their meaning, but also by their rhythm. It is
which stimulates me to composition." — *Beethoven.*

The various theories of translation from the Greek and Latin poets have been admirably stated by Dryden in his Preface to the "Translations from Ovid's Epistles," and I do not wish to continue the endless discussion,—especially as our literature needs examples, not opinions. A recent expression, however, carries with it so much authority, that I feel bound to present some considerations which the accomplished scholar seems to have overlooked. Mr. Lewes* justly says: "The effect of poetry is a compound of music and suggestion; this music and this suggestion are intermingled in words, which to alter is to alter the effect. For words in poetry are not, as in prose, simple representatives of objects and ideas: they are parts of an organic whole,—they are tones in the harmony." He thereupon illustrates the effect of translation by changing certain well-known English stanzas into others, equivalent in meaning, but lacking their felicity of words, their grace and melody. I cannot accept this illustration as valid, because Mr. Lewes purposely omits the very quality which an honest translator should exhaust his skill in endeavoring to reproduce. He turns away from the *one best* word or phrase in the English lines he quotes, whereas the translator seeks precisely that one best word or phrase (having *all* the resources of his language at command), to represent what is said in *another* language. More than this, his task is not

*Life of Goethe *(Book VI.)*.

must feel, and be
inspiration. Surrender
full possession of the
speak through him, he re-
version of the same creative
reaches this conclusion:
reflect what a poem *Faust*
that it contains almost every variety
and metre, it will be tolerably evident
that no one unacquainted with the original
can form an adequate idea of it from trans-
lation." which is certainly correct of any
translation wherein something of the rhyth-
mical variety and beauty of the original is
not retained. That very much of the rhyth-
mical character may be retained in English,
was long ago shown by Mr. Carlyle,† in the
fragments which he translated, both literally
and rhythmically, from the *Helena* (Part Se-
cond). In fact we have so many instances
of the possibility of reciprocally transferring
the finer qualities of English and German
poetry that there is no sufficient excuse for
an unmetrical translation of *Faust*. I refer
especially to such subtile and melodious lyrics
as "The Castle by the Sea," of Uhland, and

*Mr. Lewes gives the following advice: "The English reader would perhaps best succeed who should first read Anster's brilliant paraphrase, and then carefully go through Hayward's prose translation." This is singularly at variance with the view he has just expressed. Dr. Anster's version is a most incredible dilution of the original, written in *other* words. Hayward's entirely omits the element of poetry.

† [illegible], 1824.

Silent Land" of Salis, translated by Mr. ellow; Goethe's "Minstrel" and "Coptic ," by Dr. Hedge; Heine's "Two Grena- " by Dr. Furness, and many of Heine's by Mr. Leland; and also to the German ations of English lyrics, by Freiligrath trodtmann.*

ave a more serious objection, however, ge against Mr. Hayward's prose trans- . Where all the restraints of verse are aside, we should expect, at least, as ate a reproduction of the sense, spirit one of the original, as the genius of our age will permit. So far from having us such a reproduction, Mr. Hayward

ien Freiligrath can thus give us Walter Scott: —

"Kommt, wie der Wind kommt,
Wenn Wälder erzittern!
Kommt, wie die Brandung
Wenn Flotten zersplittern!
Schnell heran, schnell herab,
Schneller kommt Alle! —
Häuptling und Bub' und Knapp',
Herr und Vasalle!"

ltmann thus reproduce Tennyson: —

ällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal,
d schneeige Gipfel, reich an Sagen;
Lichter wehn auf blauen Seen,
gab die Wasserstürze jagen!
Hüfthorn, blas, im Wiederhall erschallend:
Horn — antwortet, Echos, hallend, hallend, hallend!"

ist be a dull ear which would be satisfied with the of *rhythm and rhyme.*

[illegible] mistakes the exact [illegible] text," but, wherever [illegible] to express the meaning [illegible] frequently selects [illegible] grace, strength, or [illegible] things which may [illegible] in a twofold manner— [illegible] and the other prosaic. In German, [illegible] word which in ordinary use has a [illegible] character may receive a fairer and truer quality from its place in verse. The [illegible] should certainly be able to

[illegible] *Ihre Lust erfüllt der unbekannte Haufen*. "My song fulfils the unknown multitude," [illegible]. "My [illegible] unto the strange throng." [illegible] have followed Mr. Hayward in [illegible].

I make no comment on numerous instances, for the sake of illustration. The close of the Soldier's Song (Part I. Scene II.) is:—

"[illegible] Muth,
[illegible]
Und die Soldaten
[illegible]"

Literally:

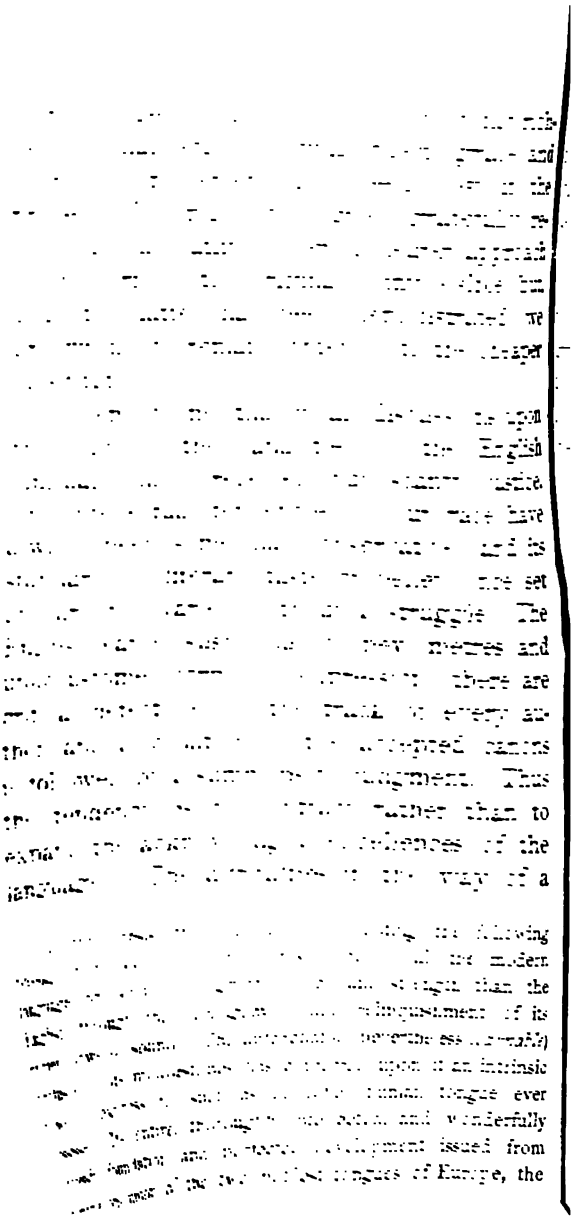
Bold is the endeavour,
Splendid the pay,
And the soldiers
March away.

This Mr. Hayward translates:—

Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward—
And the soldiers
Are off.

feel the manifestation of this law in both languages, and should so choose his words as to meet their reciprocal requirements. A man, however, who is not keenly sensible to the power and beauty and value of rhythm, is likely to overlook these delicate yet most necessary distinctions. The author's thought is stripped of a last grace in passing through his mind, and frequently presents very much the same resemblance to the original as an unhewn shaft to the fluted column. Mr. Hayward unconsciously illustrates his lack of a refined appreciation of verse, "in giving," as he says, "*a sort of rhythmical arrangement* to the lyrical parts," his object being "to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem." A literal translation is always possible in the unrhymed passages; but even here Mr. Hayward's ear did not dictate to him the necessity of preserving the original rhythm.

While, therefore, I heartily recognize his lofty appreciation of *Faust*,—while I honor him for the patient and conscientious labor he has bestowed upon his translation,—I cannot but feel that he has himself illustrated the unsoundness of his argument. Nevertheless, the circumstance that his prose translation of *Faust* has received so much acceptance proves those qualities of the original work which cannot be destroyed by a test so violent. From the cold bare outline thus produced, the reader unacquainted with the German language would



nearly literal translation of *Faust* in the original metres have been exaggerated, because certain affinities between the two languages have not been properly considered. With all the splendor of versification in the work, it contains but few metres of which the English tongue is not equally capable. Hood has familiarized us with dactylic (triple) rhymes, and they are remarkably abundant and skilful in Mr. Lowell's "Fable for the Critics": even the unrhymed iambic hexameter of the *Helena* occurs now and then in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. It is true that the metrical foot into which the German language most naturally falls is the *trochaic*, while in English it is the *iambic:* it is true that German is rich, involved, and tolerant of new combinations, while English is simple, direct, and rather shy of compounds; but precisely these differences are so modified in the German of *Faust* that

Germanic and the Romanic. Their mutual relation in the English language is well known, since the former furnished chiefly the material basis, while the latter added the intellectual conceptions. The English language, by and through which the greatest and most eminent poet of modern times—as contrasted with ancient classical poetry—(of course I can refer only to Shakespeare), was begotten and nourished, has a just claim to be called a language of the world; and it appears to be destined, like the English race, to a higher and broader sway in all quarters of the earth. For in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it,—not even our German, which is divided even as we are divided, and which must cast off many imperfections before it can boldly enter on its career."—*Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache.*

there is a mutual approach of the two languages. In *Faust*, the Iambic measure predominates, the style is compact: the many licenses which the author allows himself are all directed towards a shorter mode of construction. On the other hand, English metre compels the use of inversions, admits many verbal liberties prohibited to prose, and so inclines towards various flexible features of its sister-tongue that many lines of *Faust* may be repeated in English without the slightest change of meaning, measure, or rhyme. There are words, it is true, with so delicate a bloom upon them that it can in no wise be preserved: but even such words will always lose less when they carry with them their rhythmical atmosphere. The flow of Goethe's verse is sometimes so similar to that of the corresponding English metre, that not only its harmonies and cæsural pauses, but even its punctuation, may be easily retained.

I am satisfied that the difference between a translation of *Faust* in prose or metre is chiefly one of labor,—and of that labor which is successful in proportion as it is joyously performed. My own task has been cheered by the discovery, that the more closely I reproduced the language of the original, the more of its rhythmical character was transferred at the same time. If, now and then, there was an inevitable alternative of meaning or music, I gave the preference to the former. By the term "origi[illegible]ren" I do not mean a rigid,

unyielding adherence to every foot, line, and rhyme of the German original, although this has very nearly been accomplished. Since the greater part of the work is written in an irregular measure, the lines varying from three to six feet, and the rhymes arranged according to the author's will, I do not consider that an occasional change in the number of feet, or order of rhyme, is any violation of the metrical plan. The single slight liberty I have taken with the lyrical passages is in Margaret's song, — "The King of Thule", — in which, by omitting the alternate feminine rhymes, yet retaining the metre, I was enabled to make the translation strictly literal. If, in two or three instances, I have left a line unrhymed, I have balanced the omission by giving rhymes to other lines which stand unrhymed in the original text. For the same reason, I make no apology for the imperfect rhymes, which are frequently a translation as well as a necessity. With all its supreme qualities, *Faust* is far from being a technically perfect work.*

The feminine and dactylic rhymes, which

*"At present, everything runs in technical grooves, and the critical gentlemen begin to wrangle whether in a rhyme an *s* should correspond with an *s* and not with *sz*. If I were young and reckless enough, I would purposely offend all such technical caprices: I would use alliteration, assonance, false rhyme, just according to my own will or convenience — but, at the same time, I would attend to the main thing, and endeavor to say so many good things that every one would be attracted to read *and remember* them." — *Goethe*, in 1831.

have been for the most part omitted by
metrical translators except Mr. Brooks,
indispensable. The characteristic tone of ma
passages would be nearly lost, without the
They give spirit and grace to the dialog
point to the aphoristic portions (especially
the Second Part), and an ever-changing mus
to the lyrical passages. The English languag
though not so rich as the German in suc
rhymes, is less deficient than is generally sup
posed. The difficulty to be overcome is on
of construction rather than of the vocabulary
The present participle can only be used to
limited extent, on account of its weak termi
nation, and the want of an accusative form t
the noun also restricts the arrangement o
words in English verse. I cannot hope t
have been always successful; but I have a
least labored long and patiently, bearing con
stantly in mind not only the meaning of th
original and the mechanical structure of th
lines, but also that subtile and haunting musi
which seems to govern rhythm instead of bein
governed by it.

The Second Part of *Faust* has been trans
lated five times into English (by Birch, Bernay
Macdonald, Archer Gurney, and Anster), bu
not one of the versions has ever been publishe
in the United States. Inasmuch as this pa
was included in Goethe's original design, th
First Part, although apparently complete a
a tragic episode, is in reality but a fragmen
wherein the deeper problems upon which th

k is based are left unsolved. I consider, efore, that the Second Part is necessary necessary, indeed, as the *Paradiso* to the *ina Commedia* of Dante); and my aim, in second volume of this translation, will be make that necessity clear, alike to the glish reader and to those who follow various man and English critics in disparaging original.

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NOTES. 1

APPENDIX.

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AN GOETHE.

I.

Erhabener Geist, im Geisterreich verloren!
Wo immer Deine lichte Wohnung sei,
Zum höh'ren Schaffen bist Du neugeboren,
Und singest dort die voll're Litanei.
Von jenem Streben das Du auserkoren,
Vom reinsten Aether, drin Du athmest frei,
O neige Dich zu gnädigem Erwiedern
Des letzten Wiederhalls von Deinen Liedern!

II.

Den alten Musen die bestäubten Kronen
Nahmst Du, zu neuem Glanz, mit kühner Hand:
Du löst die Räthsel ältester Aeonen
Durch jüngeren Glauben, helleren Verstand,
Und machst, wo rege Menschengeister wohnen,
Die ganze Erde Dir zum Vaterland;
Und Deine Jünger sehn in Dir, verwundert,
***Verkörpert** schon das werdende Jahrhundert.*

III.

Wie Du gesungen, Aller Lust und Klag
Des Lebens Widersprüche, neu vermählt,
Die Harfe tausendstimmig frisch geschlag
Die Shakspeare einst, die einst Homer ge
Darf ich in fremde Klänge übertragen
Das Alles, wo so Mancher schon gefehlt!
Lass Deinen Geist in meiner Stimme klin
Und was Du sangst, lass mich es Dir na

DEDICATION.[1]

ye come, ye hovering Forms! I find ye,
ly to my clouded sight ye shone!
attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
er my heart is that illusion thrown?
wd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,
vay me from your misty, shadowy zone!
som thrills, with youthful passion shaken,
nagic airs that round your march awaken.

ous days ye bring the blissful vision;
ear, familiar phantoms rise again,
ke an old and half-extinct tradition,
ove returns, with Friendship in his train.
ed is Pain: with mournful repetition
icks his devious, labyrinthine chain,
mes the Good, whose cheating fortune tore them
happy hours, and left me to deplore them.

iear no longer these succeeding measures,
ouls, to whom my earliest songs I sang:
ied the friendly troop, with all its pleasures,
ill, alas! the echoes first that rang!
the unknown multitude my treasures;
very plaudits give my heart a pang,
iose beside, whose joy my Song so flattered,
they live, wide through the world are scattered.

And grasps me now a long-unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn Spirit-Land:
My song, to faint Æolian murmurs turning,
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned.
I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning,
And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned.
What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what I lost, grows real and undying.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.[2]

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRY-ANDREW.

MANAGER.

You two, who oft a helping hand
Have lent, in need and tribulation,
Come, let me know your expectation
Of this, our enterprise, in German land!
I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,
Especially since it lives and lets me live;
The posts are set, the booth of boards completed,[3]
And each awaits the banquet I shall give.
Already there, with curious eyebrows raised,
They sit sedate, and hope to be amazed.
I know how one the People's taste may flatter,
Yet here a huge embarrassment I feel:
What they 're accustomed to, is no great matter.
But then, alas! they 've read an awful deal.
How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new,—
Important matter, yet attractive too?
For 't is my pleasure to behold them surging,
When to our booth the current sets apace,
And with tremendous, oft-repeated surging,
Squeeze onward through the narrow gate of grace
By daylight even, they push and jostle
To reach the seller's box, a fight to wrestle.

And as for bread, around a baker's door, in famine,
To get a ticket break their necks almost.
This miracle alone can work the Poet
On men so various: now, my friend, pray show it!

POET.

Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom but to see, puts out the fire of Song!
Hide from my view the surging crowd that passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along!
No, lead me where some heavenly silence glasses
The purer joys that round the Poet throng,—
Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion
The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his passion!

Ah, every utterance from the depths of feeling
The timid lips have stammeringly expressed,—
Now failing, now, perchance, success revealing,—
Gulps the wild Moment in its greedy breast;
Or oft, reluctant years its warrant sealing,
Its perfect stature stands at last confessed!
What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit:
What 's genuine, shall Posterity inherit.

MERRY-ANDREW.

Posterity! Don't name the word to me!
If *I* should choose to preach Posterity,
Where would you get cotemporary fun?
That men *will* have it, there 's no blinking:
A fine young fellow's presence, to my thinking,
Is something worth, to every one.
Who genially his nature can outpour,
Takes from the People's moods no irritation;
The wider circle he acquires, the more
Securely works his inspiration.
Then pluck up heart, and give us sterling coin!
Let Fancy be with her attendants fitted,—
Sense, Reason, Sentiment and Passion join,—
But have a care, lest Folly be omitted!

MANAGER.

iefly, enough of incident prepare!
ey come to look, and they prefer to stare.
el off a host of threads before their faces,
that they gape in stupid wonder. Then
sheer diffuseness you have won their graces,
d are, at once, most popular of men.
ly by mass you touch the mass, for any
ll finally, himself, his bit select:
ıo offers much, brings something unto many:
ıd each goes home content with the effect.
you 've a piece, why, just in parts give it
hash, a stew, will bring success whene'er it
is easily displayed, and easy to invent
hat use, a Whole compactly to present?
ıur hearers pick and pluck at what is there to rend!

[illegible]

ıu do not feel, how such a trade debases
ow ill it suits the artist, proud and true
ıe botching work each fine pretender plies
, I perceive, a principle with you.

MANAGER.

ıch a reproach not in the least offends;
man who some result intends
lust use the tools that best are fitting.
.eflect, soft wood is given to you for splitting,
ınd then, observe for whom you write!
: one comes bored, exhausted quite,
ınother, satiate, leaves the banquet's tapers,
ınd, worst of all, full many a wight
s fresh from reading of the daily papers.
dly to us they come, as to a masquerade,
lere curiosity their spirits warming;
'he ladies with themselves, and with their faces,
Vithout a salary their parts performing.
Vhat dreams are yours in high poetic places.

You're pleased, forsooth, full houses to behold?
Draw near, and view your patrons' faces!
The half are coarse, the half are cold.
One, when the play is o'er, goes home to cards;
A wild night in a wench's breast another chooses:
Why should you rack, poor, foolish bards,
For ends like these, the gracious Muses?
I tell you, give but more—more, ever more, they ask:
Thus shall you hit the mark of gain and glory.
Seek to confound your auditory!
To satisfy them is a task.—
What ails you now? Is't suffering, or pleasure?

POET.

Go, find yourself a more obedient slave!
What! shall the Poet that which Nature gave,
The highest right, supreme Humanity,
Forfeit so wantonly, to swell your treasure?
Whence o'er the heart his empire free?
The elements of Life how conquers he?
Is't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and dim,
To wind the world in unison with him?
When on the spindle, spun to endless distance,
By Nature's listless hand the thread is twirled,
And the discordant tones of all existence
In sullen jangle are together hurled,
Who, then, the changeless orders of creation
Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance?
Who brings the One to join the general ordination,
Where it may throb in grandest consonance?
Who bids the storm to passion stir the bosom?
In brooding souls the sunset burn above?
Who scatters every fairest April blossom
Along the shining path of Love?
Who braids the noteless leaves to crowns, requiting
Desert with fame, in Action's every field?
Who makes Olympus sure, the Gods uniting?
The might of Man, as in the Bard revealed.

MERRY-ANDREW.

these fine forces, in conjunction,
el the high poetic function,
n a love-adventure they might play!
meet by accident; you feel, you stay,
by degrees your heart is tangled;
grows apace, and then its course is jangled;
're ravished quite, then comes a touch of woe,
there 's a neat romance, completed ere you know!
us, then, such a drama give!
p the exhaustless life that all men live!
ı shares therein, though few may comprehend!
re'er you touch, there 's interest without end.
ıotley pictures little light,
h error, and of truth a glimmering mite,
s the best beverage is supplied,
nce all the world is cheered and edified.
n, at your play, behold the fairest flower
'outh collect, to hear the revelation!
ı tender soul, with sentimental power,
:s melancholy food from your creation;
now in this, now that, the leaven works,
each beholds what in his bosom lurks.
y still are moved at once to weeping or to laughter,
wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see:
ıind, once formed, is never suited after;
yet in growth will ever grateful be.

POET.

n give me back that time of pleasures,
le yet in joyous growth I sang,—
:n, like a fount, the crowding measures
ıterrupted gushed and sprang!
n bright mist veiled the world before me,
)pening buds a marvel woke,
I the thousand blossoms broke,
ch every valley richly bore me!
)thing had, and yet enough for youth—

Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—
O, give me back my youth again!

MERRY-ANDREW.

Youth, good my friend, you certainly require
When foes in combat sorely press you;
When lovely maids, in fond desire,
Hang on your bosom and caress you;
When from the hard-won goal the wreath
Beckons afar, the race awaiting;
When, after dancing out your breath,
You pass the night in dissipating:—
But that familiar harp with soul
To play,—with grace and bold expression,
And towards a self-erected goal
To walk with many a sweet digression,—
This, aged Sirs, belongs to you,[6]
And we no less revere you for that reason:
Age childish makes, they say, but 't is not tru
We 're only genuine children still, in Age's se

MANAGER.

The words you 've bandied are sufficient;
'T is deeds that I prefer to see:
In compliments you 're both proficient,
But might, the while, more useful be.
What need to talk of Inspiration?
'T is no companion of Delay.
If Poetry be your vocation,
Let Poetry your will obey!
Full well you know what here is wanting;
The crowd for strongest drink is panting,
And such, forthwith, I 'd have you brew.
What 's left undone to-day, To-morrow will no
Waste not a day in vain digression:
With resolute, courageous trust

ize every possible impression,
ıd make it firmly your possession;
ɔu 'll then work on, because you must.
pon our German stage, you know it,
ach tries his hand at what he will;
o, take of traps and scenes your fill,
ıd all you find, be sure to show it!
lse both the great and lesser heavenly light,—
quander the stars in any number,
easts, birds, trees, rocks, and all such lumber,
ire, water, darkness, Day and Night!
hus, in our booth's contracted sphere,
he circle of Creation will appear,
ıd move, as we deliberately impel,
om Heaven, across the World, to Hell![7]

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.[8]

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwa.*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*The* THREE ARCHANGELS *come forward.*)

RAPHAEL.

THE sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea,

A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in Creation's hour.[9]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after[10]
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned.
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I 've nothing to be quoted!
How men torment themselves, is all I 've noted:
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day
Life somewhat better might content him.
But for the gleam of heavenly light which [illegible]
lent him,
He calls it Reason — thence his power 's increased
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lay among the grass he grows!
Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose

Then, too, I 've neither lands nor gold,
Nor the world's least pomp or honor hold—
No dog would endure such a curst existence!
Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance,
That many a secret perchance I reach
Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,
And thus the bitter task forego
Of saying the things I do not know,—
That I may detect the inmost force
Which binds the world, and guides its course;
Its germs, productive powers explore,
And rummage in empty words no more!

O full and splendid Moon, whom I
Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky
So many a midnight,—would thy glow
For the last time beheld my woe!
Ever thine eye, most mournful friend;
O'er books and papers saw me bend;
But would that I, on mountains grand,
Amid thy blessed light could stand,
With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,
Float in thy twilight the meadows over,
And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe
To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!

Ah, me! this dungeon still I see,
This drear, accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But duskly through the painted panes.
Hemmed in by many a toppling heap
Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust,
Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,
Against the smoky paper thrust,—
With glasses, boxes, round me stacked,
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed—
Such is my world: and what a world!

And do I ask, wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?
Why some inexplicable smart
All movement of my life impedes?
Alas! in living Nature's stead,
Where God His human creature set,
In smoke and mould the fleshless dead
And bones of beasts surround me yet!

Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land![15]
And this one Book of Mystery
From Nostradamus' very hand,[16]
Is 't not sufficient company?
When I the starry courses know,
And Nature's wise instruction seek,
With light of power my soul shall glow,
As when to spirits spirits speak.
'T is vain, this empty brooding here,
Though guessed the holy symbols be:
Ye, Spirits, come—ye hover near—
Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

(He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)[17]

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this
I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing!
I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss
In every vein and fibre newly glowing.
Was it a God, who traced this sign,
With calm across my tumult stealing,
My troubled heart to joy unsealing,
With impulse, mystic and divine,
The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing
Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes!
In these pure features I behold
Creative Nature to my soul unfold.
What says the sage, now first I recognize:
"The spirit-world no closures fasten;

[illegible]

How each the Whole [illegible]
[illegible] the other work [illegible]
[illegible] heavenly forces [illegible]
[illegible] golden urns reciprocate [illegible]
With wings that winnow [illegible]
From Heaven through Earth [illegible]
Filling the All with harmony [illegible]
How grand a show! but, ah! [illegible]
Thou boundless Nature, how [illegible]
Where you, ye breasts? Fount of [illegible]
Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's [illegible]
Whereto our withered hearts aspire.—
Ye flow, ye feed and am I vainly [illegible]

[illegible] *unfathoms, and perceives the [illegible]*
Earth Spirit.)[18]

How otherwise upon me works this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:
Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;
I glow, as drunk with new-made wine:
New strength and heart to meet the world inci
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite
And though the shock of storms may smite
No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fri
Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp 's extinguished!—
Mists rise,—red, angry rays are darting
Around my head!—There falls
A horror from the vaulted roof,
And seizes me!
I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke!

. thyself!
n my heart what rending stroke!
new impulsion
nses heave in this convulsion!
thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me:
must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!

ises the book, and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the . A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit appears in the flame.)

SPIRIT.

calls me?

FAUST *(with averted head).*

Terrible to see!

SPIRIT.

hast thou long with might attracted,
from my sphere thy food exacted,
now—

FAUST.

Woe! I endure not thee!

SPIRIT.

view me is thine aspiration,
voice to hear, my countenance to see;
powerful yearning moveth me,
am I!—what mean perturbation
, superhuman, shakes? Thy soul's high calling,
where?
re is the breast, which from itself a world did bear,
shaped and cherished—which with joy expanded,
be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded?
re art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to me,
towards me pressed with all thine energy?
art thou, who, my presence breathing, seeing,
nbles through all the depths of being,
rithing worm, a terror-stricken form?

FAUST.

Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?
Yes, I am Faust: I am thy peer!

SPIRIT.

In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,[19]
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free,
Birth and the Grave,
An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all-glowing,
Thus at Time's humming loom 't is my h prepares
The garment of Life which the Deity wears

FAUST.

Thou, who around the wide world wendest,
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou 'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehende
Not me!

(Disappears.)

FAUST *(overwhelmed).*

Not thee!
Whom then?
I, image of the Godhead!
Not even like thee!

(A knock.)

O Death!—I know it—'t is my Famulus![20]
My fairest luck finds no fruition:
In all the fulness of my vision
The soulless sneak disturbs me thus!

(Enter WAGNER, *in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in hand.* FAUST *turns impatiently).*

WAGNER.[21]

I heard your declamation;
ure an old Greek tragedy you read?
an art I crave some preparation,
w it stands one in good stead.
en heard it said, a preacher
ırn, with a comedian for a teacher.

FAUST.

:n the priest comedian is by nature,
now and then the case may be.

WAGNER.

n one studies thus, a prisoned creature,
rce the world on holidays can see,—
ırough a glass, by rare occasion,
ll one lead it by persuasion?

FAUST.

ıe'er attain it, save you know the feeling,
n the soul it rises clear,
ı primal strength, compelling
rts and minds of all who hear.
:orever gluing, patching;
k the scraps from others' fare;
ı your heap of ashes hatching
ing flame, ye blow it bare!
ldren's, monkeys' gaze admiring,
our taste, and be content;
from heart to heart you 'll speak inspiring,
r own heart is eloquent!

WAGNER.

ıgh delivery orators succeed;
ıt I am far behind, indeed.

FAUST.

u the honest recompense!
a tinkling fool to be!

With little art, clear wit and sense
Suggest their own delivery;
And if thou 'rt moved to speak in earnest
What need, that aught words thou yearnest?
Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper,[11]
Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow
The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapor!

WAGNER.

Ah, God! but Art is long,[12]
And Life, alas! is fleeting.
And oft, with zeal my critic-duties meeting,
In head and breast there 's something wrong.
How hard it is to compass the assistance
Whereby one rises to the source!
And, haply, ere one travels half the course
Must the poor devil quit existence.

FAUST.

Is parchment, then, the holy fount before thee,
A draught wherefrom thy thirst forever slakes?
No true refreshment can restore thee,
Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks.

WAGNER.

Pardon! a great delight is granted
When, in the spirit of the ages planted,
We mark how, ere our time, a sage has thought,
And then, how far his work, and grandly, we have brought.

FAUST.

O yes, up to the stars at last!
Listen, my friend: the ages that are past
Are now a book with seven seals protected:
What you the Spirit of the Ages call
Is nothing but the spirit of you all,
Wherein the Ages are reflected.
So, oftentimes, you miserably mar it!
At the first glance who sees it runs away.

An offal-barrel and a lumber-garret,
Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play,[24]
With maxims most pragmatical and hitting,
As in the mouths of puppets are befitting!

WAGNER.

But then, the world—the human heart and brain!
Of these one covets some slight apprehension.

FAUST.

Yes, of the kind which men attain!
Who dares the child's true name in public mention?
The few, who thereof something really learned,
Unwisely frank, with hearts that spurned concealing
And to the mob laid bare each thought and feeling
Have evermore been crucified and burned.[25]
I pray you, Friend. 'T is now the dead of night
Our converse here must be suspended

WAGNER.

I would have shared your watches with delight,
That so our learned talk might
To-morrow, though, I 'll ask, in
This and the other question, at your
Most zealously I seek for erudition
Much do I know—but to know all

FAUST (*solus*).

That brain, alone, not loses hope,
To stick in shallow trash forevermore,—
Which digs with eager hand for buried
And, when it finds an angle-worm, rejoices

Dare such a human voice disturb the
Around me here, of spirit-presence full
And yet, this once my thanks I
To thee, of all earth's sons the
For thou hast torn me from that

Than now to sweat beneath its burden, I confess it
What from your fathers' heritage is lent,
Earn it anew, to really possess it![30]
What serves not, is a sore impediment:
The Moment's need creates the thing to serve and
bless it!

Yet, wherefore turns my gaze to yonder point so
lightly?
Is yonder flask a magnet for mine eyes?
Whence, all around me, glows the air so brightly,
As when in woods at night the mellow moonbeam lies?

I hail thee, wondrous, rarest vial!
I take thee down devoutly, for the trial:
Man's art and wit I venerate in thee.
Thou summary of gentle slumber-juices,
Essence of deadly finest powers and uses,
Unto thy master show thy favor free!
I see thee, and the stings of pain diminish;
I grasp thee, and my struggles slowly finish:
My spirit's flood-tide ebbeth more and more.
Out on the open ocean speeds my dreaming;
The glassy flood before my feet is gleaming,
A new day beckons to a newer shore!

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be
To pierce the ether's high, unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity!
This godlike rapture, this supreme existence,
Do I, but now a worm, deserve to track?
Yes, resolute to reach some brighter distance,
On Earth's fair sun I turn my back![31]
Yes, let me dare those gates to fling asunder,
Which every man would fain go slinking by!
'T is time, through deeds this word of truth to
thunder:
That with the height of Gods Man's dignity may vi

m that gloomy gulf to shrink affrighted,
'ancy doth herself to self-born pangs compel,—
ggle that pass benighted,
whose narrow mouth flame all the fires of
Hell,—
e this step with cheerful resolution.
Nothingness should be the certain swift con-
clusion!

)w come down, thou cup of crystal clearest
rom thine ancient cover thou appearest.
ıy years forgotten to my thought
hon'st at old ancestral banquets cheery.
lemn guests thou madest merry.
)ne thy wassail to the other brought
:h and skilful figures o'er thee wrought.
inker's duty, rhyme-wise to explain them
)ne breath below the mark to draw them
nany a night of youth my memory caught
) a neighbor shall I pass thee never
thy curious art to test my wit endeavor
; a juice whence sleep is swiftly born
with browner flood thy crystal brims
:, prepared in thee I follow,—
ll my soul the final drink I swallow
nn festal cup, a greeting to the morn

[He sets the goblet to his mouth.

Chimes of bells and choral song.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the **Mortal One,**
Whom the **unmerited,**
Clinging, **inherited**
Needs did **imprison.**

FAUST.

hollow humming, what a sharp, clear sound
from my lip the goblet's edge doth wound

II.

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE.

Pedestrians of all kinds come forth.)

SEVERAL APPRENTICES.

Why do you go that way?

OTHERS.

We're for the Hunters'-lodge, to-day.

THE FIRST.

We'll saunter to the Mill, in yonder hollow.

AN APPRENTICE.

Go to the River Tavern, I should say.

SECOND APPRENTICE.

But then, it 's not a pleasant way.

THE OTHERS.

And what will *you?*

A THIRD.

As goes the crowd, I follow.

A FOURTH.

Come up to Burgdorf? There you 'll find good cheer,
The finest lasses and the best of beer,
And jolly rows and squabbles, trust me!

A FIFTH.

You swaggering fellow, is your hide
A third time itching to be tried?
I won't go there, your jolly rows disgust me!

SERVANT-GIRL.

—no! I 'll turn and go to town again.

ANOTHER.

'll surely find him by those poplars yonder.

THE FIRST.

at 's no great luck for me, 't is plain.
u 'll have him, when and where you wander:
s partner in the dance you 'll be,—
t what is all your fun to me?

THE OTHER.

: 's surely not alone to-day:
: 'll be with Curly-head, I heard him say.

A STUDENT.

:uce! how they step, the buxom wenches!
)me, Brother! we must see them to the benches.
strong, old beer, a pipe that stings and bites,
girl in Sunday clothes,—these three are my delights.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

ıst see those handsome fellows, there!
's really shameful, I declare;—
o follow servant-girls, when they
light have the most genteel society to-day!

SECOND STUDENT *(to the First)*.

Not quite so fast! Two others come behind,—
Those, dressed so prettily and neatly.
My neighbor 's one of them, I find,
A girl that takes my heart, completely.
They go their way with looks demure,
But they 'll accept us, after all, I 'm sure.

THE FIRST.

No, Brother! not for me their formal ways.
Quick! lest our game escape us in the press:

The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays
Will best, on Sundays, fondle and caress.

CITIZEN.

He suits me not at all, our new-made Burgomaster,
Since he 's installed, his arrogance grows faster.
How has he helped the town, I say?
Things worsen,—what improvement names he?
Obedience, more than ever, claims he,
And more than ever we must pay!

BEGGAR *(sings)*.

Good gentlemen and lovely ladies,
So red of cheek and fine of dress,
Behold, how needful here your aid is,
And see and lighten my distress!
Let me not vainly sing my ditty;
He 's only glad who gives away:
A holiday, that shows your pity,
Shall be for me a harvest-day!

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

On Sundays, holidays, there 's naught I take delight in,
Like gossiping of war, and war's array,
When down in Turkey, far away,
The foreign people are a-fighting.
One at the window sits, with glass and friends,
And sees all sorts of ships go down the river gliding:
And blesses then, as home he wends
At night, our times of peace abiding.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Yes Neighbor! that 's my notion, too:
Why, let them break their heads, let loose their passions,
And mix things madly through and through,
So, here, we keep our good old fashions!

OLD WOMAN *(to the Citizen's Daughter)*.

Dear me, how fine! So handsome, and so young!
Who would n't lose his heart, that met you?

be so proud! I 'll hold my tongue,
vhat you 'd like I 'll undertake to get you.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

, Agatha! I shun the witch's sight
ɜ folks, lest there be misgiving:
true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night,[36]
ıture sweetheart, just as he were living.

THE OTHER.

howed me mine, in crystal clear,[37]
several wild young blades, a soldier-lover:
ɛ him everywhere, I pry and peer,
yet, somehow, his face I can't discover.

SOLDIERS.

Castles, with lofty
Ramparts and towers
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
Both shall be ours!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing,—
Calling to pleasure,
Calling to ruin.
Stormy our life is;
Such is its boon!
Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon.
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching.
Marching away!

FAUST and WAGNER.

FAUST.

Released from ice are brook and river[38]
By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring;
The colors of hope to the valley cling,
And weak old Winter himself must shiver,
Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king:
Whence, ever retreating, he sends again
Impotent showers of sleet that darkle
In belts across the green o' the plain.
But the sun will permit no white to sparkle;
Everywhere form in development moveth;
He will brighten the world with the tints he loveth,
And, lacking blossoms, blue, yellow, and red,
He takes these gaudy people instead.
Turn thee about, and from this height
Back on the town direct thy sight.
Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,
The motley throngs come forth elate:
Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,
To honor the Day of the Risen Lord!
They feel, themselves, their resurrection:
From the low, dark rooms, scarce habitable;
From the bonds of Work, from Trade's restriction;
From the pressing weight of roof and gable;
From the narrow, crushing streets and alleys;
From the churches' solemn and reverend night,
All come forth to the cheerful light.
How lively, see! the multitude sallies,
Scattering through gardens and fields remote,
While over the river, that broadly dallies,
Dances so many a festive boat;
And overladen, nigh to sinking,
The last full wherry takes the stream.
Yonder afar, from the hill-paths blinking,
Their clothes are colors that softly gleam.
I hear the noise of the village, even;
Here is the People's proper Heaven;

e high and low contented see!
e I am Man,—dare man to be!

WAGNER.

stroll with you, Sir Doctor, flatters;
is honor, profit, unto me.
: I, alone, would shun these shallow matters,
ce all that 's coarse provokes my enmity.
is fiddling, shouting, ten-pin rolling
ate,—these noises of the throng:
ey rave, as Satan were their sports controlling,
d call it mirth, and call it song!

PEASANTS, *under the Linden-Tree.*
(Dance and Song.)

All for the dance the shepherd dressed,[39]
In ribbons, wreath, and gayest vest
Himself with care arraying:
Around the linden lass and lad
Already footed it like mad:
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah—tarara-la!
The fiddle-bow was playing.

He broke the ranks, no whit afraid,
And with his elbow punched a maid,
Who stood, the dance surveying:
The buxom wench, she turned and said:
"Now, you I call a stupid-head!"
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah—tarara-la!
"Be decent while you 're staying!"

Then round the circle went their flight,
They danced to left, they danced to right
Their kirtles all were playing.
They first grew red, and then grew wan,
And rested, panting, arm in arm,—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah—tarara-la!
And hips and elbows straying.

Now, don't be so familiar here!
How many a one has fooled his dear,
Waylaying and betraying!
And yet, he coaxed her soon aside,
And round the linden sounded wide:
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah—tarara-la!
And the fiddle-bow was playing.

OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, it is good of you,[40]
That thus you condescent, to-day,
Among this crowd of merry folk,
A highly-learned man, to stray.
Then also take the finest can,
We fill with fresh wine, for your sake:
I offer it, and humbly wish
That not alone your thirst it slake,—
That, as the drops below its brink,
So many days of life you drink!

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
With thanks and health to all and each.

(The People gather in a circle about him.)

OLD PEASANT.

In truth, 't is well and fitly timed,
That now our day of joy you share,
Who heretofore, in evil days,
Gave us so much of helping care.
Still many a man stands living here,
Saved by your father's skilful hand,
That snatched him from the fever's rage
And stayed the plague in all the land.
Then also you, though but a youth,[41]
Went into every house of pain:
Many the [illegible],
But you [illegible] gain.

st or trial you evaded:
lping God the helper aided.

ALL.

h to the man, so skilled and tried,
for our help he long may bide!

FAUST.

Him above bow down, my friends,
teaches help, and succor sends!
(He goes on with WAGNER.*)*

WAGNER.

what a feeling, thou great man, must thou
ive the people's honest veneration!
lucky he, whose gifts his station
such advantages endow!
ı 'rt shown to all the younger generation:
ı asks, and presses near to gaze;
fiddle stops, the dance delays.
u goest, they stand in rows to see,
all the caps are lifted high;
tle more, and they would bend the knee
f the Holy Host came by.

FAUST.

w more steps ascend, as far as yonder stone!—
from our wandering will we rest contented.
, lost in thought, I 've lingered oft alone,
n foolish fasts and prayers my life tormented.
, rich in hope and firm in faith,
tears, wrung hands and sighs, I 've striven,
end of that far-spreading death
eating from the Lord of Heaven!
like contempt the crowd's applauses seem:
dst thou but read, within mine inmost spirit,
little now I deem
sire or son such praises merit!
father's was a sombre, brooding brain,

Which through the holy spheres of Nature groped and
wandered,
And honestly, in his own fashion, pondered
With labor whimsical, and pain:
Who, in his dusky work-shop bending,
With proved adepts in company,
Made, from his recipes unending,
Opposing substances agree.
There was a Lion red, a wooer daring,[42]
Within the Lily's tepid bath espoused,
And both, tormented then by flame unsparing,
By turns in either bridal chamber housed.
If then appeared, with colors splendid,
The young Queen in her crystal shell,
This was the medicine—the patients' woes soon ended,
And none demanded: who got well?
Thus we, our hellish boluses compounding,
Among these vales and hills surrounding,
Worse than the pestilence, have passed.
Thousands were done to death from poison of my
giving;
And I must hear, by all the living,
The shameless murderers praised at last!

WAGNER.

Why, therefore, yield to such depression?
A good man does his honest share
In exercising, with the strictest care,
The art bequeathed to his possession!
Dost thou thy father honor, as a youth?
Then may his teaching cheerfully impel thee:
Dost thou, as man, increase the stores of truth?
Then may thine own son afterwards excel thee.

FAUST.

O happy he, who still renews
The hope, from Error's deeps to rise forever!
That which one does not know, one needs to use;
And what one knows, one uses never.

let us not, by such despondence, so
fortune of this hour embitter!
k how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,
green-embosomed houses glitter!
: glow retreats, done is the day of toil;
onder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
on its track to follow, soaring!
en would I see eternal Evening gild
e silent world beneath me glowing,
fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley filled,
e silver brook to golden rivers flowing.
e mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,
ould then no more impede my godlike motion;
d now before mine eyes expands the ocean
th all its bays, in shining sleep!
t, finally, the weary god is sinking;
ie new-born impulse fires my mind,—
nasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
ie Day before me and the Night behind,
ove me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me,—
glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
as! the wings that lift the mind no aid
wings to lift the body can bequeath me.
t in each soul is born the pleasure
f yearning onward, upward and away,
hen o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
he lark sends down his flickering lay,—
hen over crags and piny highlands
he poising eagle slowly soars,
nd over plains and lakes and islands
he crane sails by to other shores.

WAGNER.

've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,
it never yet such impulse felt, as this is.
ne soon fatigues, on woods and fields to look,

Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:
How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book!
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,
All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you.

FAUST.

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
O, never seek to know the other!
Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces.
If there be airy spirits near,[43]
'Twixt Heaven and Earth on potent errands fleeing,
Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
And bear me forth to new and varied being!
Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,
To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,
I would not for the costliest stores of treasure—
Not for a monarch's robe—the gift resign.

WAGNER.

Invoke not thus the well-known throng,
Which through the firmament diffused is faring,
And danger thousand-fold, our race to wrong,
In every quarter is preparing.
Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp[44]
Sweep down, and with their barbéd points assail you
Then from the East they come, to dry and warp
Your lungs, till breath and being fail you:
If from the Desert sendeth them the South,
With fire on fire your throbbing forehead crowning
The West leads on a host, to cure the drouth

ly when meadow, field, and you are drowning.
ey gladly hearken, prompt for injury,—
adly obey, because they gladly cheat us;
om Heaven they represent themselves to be,
d lisp like angels, when with lies they meet us.
t, let us go! 'T is gray and dusky all:
he air is cold, the vapors fall.
t night, one learns his house to prize:—
hy stand you thus, with such astonished eyes?
hat, in the twilight, can your mind so trouble?

FAUST.

eest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and stubble?[45]

WAGNER.

ong since: yet deemed him not important in the least.

FAUST.

nspect him close: for what tak'st thou the beast?

WAGNER.

Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,
And scents about, his track to find.

FAUST.

Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,
Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind?
A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,
Follows his path of mystery.

WAGNER.

It may be that your eyes deceive you slightly;
Naught but a plain black poodle do I see.

FAUST.

It seems to me that with enchanted cunning
He snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

WAGNER.

I see him timidly, in doubt, around us running,
Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth he find.

FAUST.

The circle narrows: he is near!

WAGNER.

A dog thou seest, and not a phantom, here!
Behold him stop—upon his belly crawl—
His tail set wagging: canine habits, all!

FAUST.

Come, follow us! Come here, at least!

WAGNER.

'T is the absurdest, drollest beast.
Stand still, and you will see him wait;
Address him, and he gambols straight;
If something 's lost, he 'll quickly bring it,—
Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

FAUST.

No doubt you 're right: no trace of mind, I own,
Is in the beast: I see but drill, alone.

WAGNER.

The dog, when he 's well educated,
Is by the wisest tolerated.
Yes, he deserves your favor thoroughly,—
The clever scholar of the students, he!

(They pass in the city-gate.)

III.

THE STUDY.

FAUST.

(Entering, with the poodle.)

BEHIND me, field and meadow sleeping,
I leave in deep, prophetic night,
Within whose dread and holy keeping
The better soul awakes to light.
The wild desires no longer win us,
The deeds of passion cease to chain;
The love of Man revives within us,
The love of God revives again.

still, thou poodle! make not such racket and riot!
ay at the threshold wilt snuffing be?
hind the stove repose thee in quiet!
' softest cushion I give to thee.
thou, up yonder, with running and leaping
nused us hast, on the mountain's crest,
now I take thee into my keeping.
welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when, within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows.
Then Hope again lends sweet assistance,
And Reason then resumes her speech:
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life, to reach.

[illegible] poodle! 'tis the sound that rises.
he sacred words that my soul embrace.
his beast must I put out of place.
le are not to see, that Man despises

What he never comprehends,
And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends,
Finding them often hard to measure:
Will the dog, like man, snarl *his* displeasure?

But ah! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,
Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.
Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,
And burning thirst again assail us?
Therein I 've borne so much probation!
And yet, this want may be supplied us;
We call the Supernatural to guide us;
We pine and thirst for Revelation,
Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,
Than here, in our New Testament.
I feel impelled, its meaning to determine,—
With honest purpose, once for all,
The hallowed Original
To change to my beloved German.

(He opens a volume, and commences.)

"T is written: "In the Beginning was the *Word*."[46]
Here am I balked: who, now, can help afford?
The *Word*!—impossible so high to rate it;
And otherwise must I translate it,
If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
Then thus: "In the Beginning was the *Thought*."
This first line let me weigh completely,
Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed?
"In the Beginning was the *Power*," I read.
Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,
That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
The Spirit aids me: now I see the light!
"In the Beginning was the *Act*," I write.

If I must share my chamber with the,
Poodle, stop that howling, prithee!
Cease to bark and bellow!

a noisy, disturbing fellow
ıo longer suffer near me.
of us, dost hear me!
leave, I fear me.
ınger guest-right I bestow;
door is open, art free to go.
/hat do I see in the creature?
ıt in the course of nature?
actual fact? or Fancy's shows?
long and broad my poodle grows!
ses mightily:
ıine form that cannot be!
a spectre I 've harbored thus!
ɜsembles a hippopotamus,
fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see:
ɔw am I sure of thee!
ıll of thy half-hellish brood
Key of Solomon is good.[47]

SPIRITS *(in the corridor).*

Some one, within, is caught!
Stay without, follow him not!
Like the fox in a snare,
Quakes the old hell-lynx there.
Take heed—look about!
Back and forth hover,
Under and over,
And he 'll work himself out.
If your aid can avail him,
Let it not fail him;
For he, without measure,
Has wrought for our pleasure.

FAUST.

to encounter the beast,
Words of the Four be addressed:[48]

Salamander, shine glorious!
Wave, Undine, as bidden!

Sylph, be thou hidden!
Gnome, be laborious!

Who knows not their sense
(These elements),—
Their properties
And power not sees,—
No mastery he inherits
Over the Spirits.

Vanish in flaming ether,
Salamander!
Flow foamingly together,
Undine!
Shine in meteor-sheen,
Sylph!
Bring help to hearth and shelf,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forward, and finish thus!

Of the Four, no feature
Lurks in the creature.
Quiet he lies, and grins disdain:
Not yet, it seems, have I given him pain.
Now, to undisguise thee,[49]
Hear me exorcise thee!
Art thou, my gay one,
Hell's fugitive stray-one?
The sign witness now,
Before which they bow,
The cohorts of Hell!

With hair all bristling, it begins to swell.

Base Being, hearest thou?
Knowest and fearest thou
The One, unoriginate,[50]
Named inexpressibly,
Through all Heaven impermeate,
Pierced irredressibly!

ıd the stove still banned,
t, an elephant, expand!
s the space entire,
like melting, ever faster.
enough: ascend no higher,—
thyself at the feet of the Master!
ı seest, not vain the threats I bring thee:
holy fire I 'll scorch and sting thee!
not to know
threefold dazzling glow!
not to know
strongest art withing my hands!

MEPHISTOPHELES[51]

the vapor is dissipating, steps forth from behind the stove, in the costume of a Travelling Scholar).

such a noise? What are my lord's commands?

FAUST.

was the poodle's real core,
ıvelling scholar, then? The *casus* is diverting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

learned gentleman I bow before:
've made me roundly sweat, that 's certain!

FAUST.

t is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A question small, it seems,
one whose mind the Word so much despises;
, scorning all external gleams,
depths of being only prizes.

FAUST.

ı all you gentlemen, the name 's a test,

Whereby the nature usually is expressed.
Clearly the latter it implies
In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.
Who art thou, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power, not understood,
Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good.

FAUST.

What hidden sense in this enigma lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that Denies![53]
And justly so: for all things, from the Void
Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:
'T were better, then, were naught created.
Thus, all which you as Sin have rated,—
Destruction,—aught with Evil blent,—
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet show'st complete to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
If Man, that microcosmic fool, can see
Himself a whole so frequently,
Part of the Part am I, once All, in primal Night,—
Part of the Darkness which brought forth the Light,
The haughty Light, which now disputes the space,
And claims of Mother Night her ancient place.
And yet, the struggle fails; since Light, howe'er it weaves,
Still, fettered, unto bodies cleaves:
It flows from bodies, bodies beautified;
By bodies is its course impeded;
And so, but little time is needed,
I hope, ere, as the bodies die, it dies!

FAUST.

See the plan thou art pursuing:
Thou canst not compass general ruin,
And hast on smaller scale begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And truly 't is not much, when all is done.
What which to Naught is in resistance set,—
The Something of this clumsy world,—has yet,
With all that I have undertaken,
Not been by me disturbed or shaken:
From earthquake, tempest, wave, volcano's brand,
Back into quiet settle sea and land!
And that damned stuff, the bestial, human brood,—
What use, in having that to play with?
How many have I made away with!
And ever circulates a newer, fresher blood.
It makes me furious, such things beholding:
From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,
A thousand germs break forth and grow,[54]
In dry, and wet, and warm, and chilly;
And had I not the Flame reserved, why, really,
There 's nothing special of my own to show!

FAUST.

So, to the actively eternal
Creative force, in cold disdain
You now oppose the fist infernal,
Whose wicked clench is all in vain!
Some other labor seek thou rather,
Queer Son of Chaos, to begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, we 'll consider: thou canst gather
My views, when next I venture in.
Might I, perhaps, depart at present?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I don't perceive.
Though our acquaintance is so recent,
For further visits thou hast leave.
The window 's here, the door is yonder;
A chimney, also, you behold.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess that forth I may not wander,
My steps by one slight obstacle controlled,—
The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is

FAUST.

The pentagram prohibits thee?
Why, tell me now, thou Son of Hades,
If that prevents, how cam'st thou in to me?
Could such a spirit be so cheated?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Inspect the thing: the drawing 's not completed.
The outer angle, you may see,
Is open left—the lines don't fit it.

FAUST.

Well,—Chance, this time, has fairly hit it!
And thus, thou 'rt prisoner to me?
It seems the business has succeeded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle naught remarked, as after thee he speed
But other aspects now obtain:
The Devil can't get out again.

FAUST.

Try, then, the open window-pane!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For Devils and for spectres this is law:

There they have entered in, there also they withdraw.
The first is free to us; we 're governed by the second.

FAUST.

In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned?
That 's well! So might a compact be
Made with you gentlemen—and binding,—surely?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that is promised shall delight thee purely;
No skinflint bargain shalt thou see.
But this is not of swift conclusion;
We 'll talk about the matter soon.
And now, I do entreat this boon—
Leave to withdraw from my intrusion.

FAUST.

One moment more I ask thee to remain,
Some pleasant news, at least, to tell me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Release me, now! I soon shall come again;
Then thou, at will, mayst question and compel me.

FAUST.

I have not snares around thee cast;
Thyself hast led thyself into the meshes.
Who traps the Devil, hold him fast!
Not soon a second time he 'll catch a prey so precious.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An 't please thee, also I 'm content to stay,
And serve thee in a social station;
But stipulating, that I may
With arts of mine afford thee recreation.

FAUST.

Thereto I willingly agree,
If the diversion pleasant be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, thou 'lt win, past all pretences,
More in this hour to soothe thy senses,
Than in the year's monotony.
That which the dainty spirits sing thee,
The lovely pictures they shall bring thee,
Are more than magic's empty show.
Thy scent will be to bliss invited;
Thy palate then with taste delighted,
Thy nerves of touch ecstatic glow!
All unprepared, the charm I spin:
We 're here together, so begin!

SPIRITS.[56]

Vanish, ye darkling
Arches above him!
Loveliest weather,
Born of blue ether,
Break from the sky!
O that the darkling
Clouds had departed!
Starlight is sparkling,
Tranquiller-hearted
Suns are on high.
Heaven's own children
In beauty bewildering,
Waveringly bending,
Pass as they hover;
Longing unending
Follows them over.
They, with their glowing
Garments, out-flowing,
Cover, in going,
Landscape and bower,
Where, in seclusion,
Lovers are plighted,
Lost in illusion.
Bower on bower!

Tendrils unblighted!
Lo! in a shower
Grapes that o'ercluster
Gush into must, or
Flow into rivers
Of foaming and flashing
Wine, that is dashing
Gems, as it boundeth
Down the high places,
And spreading, surroundeth
With crystalline spaces,
In happy embraces,
Blossoming forelands,
Emerald shore-lands!
And the winged races
Drink, and fly onward—
Fly ever sunward
To the enticing
Islands, that flatter,
Dipping and rising
Light on the water!
Hark, the inspiring
Sound of their quiring!
See, the entrancing
Whirl of their dancing!
All in the air are
Freer and fairer.
Some of them scaling
Boldly the highlands,
Others are sailing,
Circling the islands;
Others are flying;
Life-ward all hieing,—
All for the distant
Star of existent
Rapture and Love!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

sleeps! Enough, ye fays! your airy number

Have sung him truly into slumber!
For this performance I your debtor prove.—
Not yet art thou the man, to catch the Fiend:
hold him!—
With fairest images of dreams infold him,
Plunge him in seas of sweet untruth!
Yet, for the threshold's magic which controlled
The Devil needs a rat's quick tooth.
I use no lengthened invocation:
Here rustles one that soon will work my liberat

The lord of rats and eke of mice,
Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,
Summons thee hither to the door-sill,
To gnaw it where, with just a morsel
Of oil, he paints the spot for thee:—
There com'st thou, hopping on to me!
To work, at once! The point which made me cr
Is forward, on the ledge, engraven.
Another bite makes free the door:
So, dream thy dreams, O Faust, until we meet
more!

FAUST *(awaking).*

Am I again so foully cheated?
Remains there naught of lofty spirit-sway,
But that a dream the Devil counterfeited,
And that a poodle ran away?

VI

THE STUDY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

KNOCK? Come in! Again my quiet broken?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice must the words be spoken.

FAUST.

Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus thou pleasest me.
I hope we 'll suit each other well;
For now, thy vapors to dispel,
I come, a squire of high degree,[57]
In scarlet coat, with golden trimming,
A cloak in silken lustre swimming,
A tall cock's-feather in my hat,
A long, sharp sword for show or quarrel,—
And I advise thee, brief and flat,
To don the self-same gay apparel,
That, from this den released, and free,
Life be at last revealed to thee!

FAUST.

This life of earth, whatever my attire,
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.[58]
Too old am I to play with passion;

Too young, to be without desire.
What from the world have I to gain?
Thou shalt abstain—renounce—refrain!
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings,—
That unrelieved, our whole life long,
Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.
In very terror I at morn awake,
Upon the verge of bitter weeping,
To see the day of disappointment break,
To no one hope of mine—not one—its promise keeping:—
That even each joy's presentiment
With wilful cavil would diminish,
With grinning masks of life prevent
My mind its fairest work to finish!
Then, too, when night descends, how anxiously
Upon my couch of sleep I lay me:
There, also, comes no rest to me,[59]
But some wild dream is sent to fray me.
The God that in my breast is owned
Can deeply stir the inner sources;
The God, above my powers enthroned,
He cannot change external forces.
So, by the burden of my days oppressed,
Death is desired, and Life a thing unblest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet is never Death a wholly welcome guest.

FAUST.

O fortunate, for whom, when victory glances,
The bloody laurels on the brow he bindeth!
Whom, after rapid, maddening dances,
In clasping maiden-arms he findeth!
O would that I, before that spirit-power,
Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ıd yet, by some one, in that nightly hour,
certain liquid was not drunken.

FAUST.

avesdropping, ha! thy pleasure seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

mniscient am I not; yet much is known to me.

FAUST.

'hough some familiar tone, retrieving
ły thoughts from torment, led me on,
ınd sweet, clear echoes came, deceiving
ı faith bequeathed from Childhood's dawn,
'et now I curse whate'er entices
ınd snares the soul with visions vain;
Vith dazzling cheats and dear devices
Confines it in this cave of pain!
Cursed be, at once, the high ambition
Wherewith the mind itself deludes!
Cursed be the glare of apparition
That on the finer sense intrudes!
Cursed be the lying dream's impression
Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow!
Cursed, all that flatters as possession,
As wife and child, as knave and plow!
Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate!
Cursed when, for soft, indulgent leisures,
He lays for us the pillows straight!
Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar,—
The highest favor Love lets fall!
Cursed, also, Hope!—cursed Faith, the spectre!
And cursed be Patience most of all!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS *(invisible)*.[60]

Woe! woe!
Thou hast it destroyed,

The beautiful world,
With powerful fist:
In ruin 't is hurled,
By the blow of a demigod shattered!
The scattered
Fragments into the Void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring.
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again.
In thine own bosom build it anew!
Bid the new career
Commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the small dependants
Who give me attendance.
Hear them, to deeds and passion
Counsel in shrewd old-fashion!
Into the world of strife,
Out of this lonely life
That of senses and sap has betrayed thee
They would persuade thee.

This nursing of the pain forego thee,
That, like a vulture, feeds upon thy breast!
The worst society thou find'st will show thee
Thou art a man among the rest.
But 't is not meant to thrust
Thee into the mob thou hatest!
I am not one of the greatest,
Yet, wilt thou to me entrust
Thy steps through life, I 'll guide thee,—
Will willingly walk beside thee,—
Will serve thee at once and forever

ith best endeavor,
ıd, if thou art satisfied,
ill as servant, slave, with thee abide.

FAUST.

ıd what shall be my counter-service therefor?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

he time is long: thou need'st not now insist.

FAUST.

o—no! The Devil is an egotist,
nd is not apt, without a why or wherefore,
For God's sake," others to assist.
peak thy conditions plain and clear!
/ith such a servant danger comes, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ere, an unwearied slave, I 'll wear thy tether,
ınd to thine every nod obedient be:
Vhen *There* again we come together,
'hen shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

'he *There* my scruples naught increases.
Vhen thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
'he other, then, its place may fill.
Iere, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources;
'on sun beholds my sorrows in his courses;
ınd when from these my life itself divorces,
-et happen all that can or will!
'll hear no more: 't is vain to ponder
f there we cherish love or hate,
)r, in the spheres we dream of yonder,
ı High and Low our souls await.'

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ı this sense, even, canst thou venture.
'ome, bind thyself by prompt indenture,
ınd thou mine arts with joy shalt see:
Vhat no man ever saw, I 'll give to thee.

FAUST.

Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,
E'er understood by such as thou?
Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now,—
The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,
That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through,—
A game whose winnings no man ever knew,—
A maid, that, even from my breast,
Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,
And Honor's godlike zest,
The meteor that a moment dances,—
Show me the fruits that, ere they 're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a demand alarms me not:
Such treasures have I, and can show them.
But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

FAUST.

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

And heartily!
When thus I hail the Moment flying:
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"[63]
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!
Then let the death-bell chime the token,

Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
When Time be finished unto me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well: my memory good is rated.

FAUST.

Thou hast a perfect right thereto.
My powers I have not rashly estimated:
A slave am I, whate'er I do—
Thine, or whose? 't is needless to debate it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day,[64]
Will as a servant wait behind thee.
But one thing more! Beyond all risk to bind thee,
Give me a line or two, I pray.

FAUST.

Demand'st thou, Pedant, too, a document?
Hast never known a man, nor proved his word's intent?
Is 't not enough, that what I speak to-day
Shall stand, with all my future days agreeing?
In all its tides sweeps not the world away,
And shall a promise bind my being?
Yet this delusion in our hearts we bear:
Who would himself therefrom deliver?
Blest he, whose bosom Truth makes pure and fair!
No sacrifice shall he repent of ever.
Nathless a parchment, writ and stamped with care,
A spectre is, which all to shun endeavor.
The word, alas! dies even in the pen,
And wax and leather keep the lordship then.
What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say?—
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay?
The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated?
I freely leave the choice to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why fear thyself, thus instantly,
With abstinence exaggerated?
Each fear for such a pact is good;
And to subscribe thy name thou 'lt take a drop of blo

FAUST.

If that therewith are fully satisfied,
So let us by the farce abide.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

FAUST.

Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever!
The promise that I make to thee
Is just the sum of mine endeavor.
I have myself inflated all too high;
My proper place is thy estate:
The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,
And Nature shuts on me her gate.
The thread of Thought at last is broken,
And knowledge brings disgust unspoken.
Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervors of glowing passion!
Let every marvel take form and fashion
Through the impervious veil it wore!
Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of Circumstance!
Then may delight and distress,
And worry and success,
Alternately follow, as best they can:
Restless activity proves the man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no bound, no term is set.
Whether you everywhere be trying,
Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,

t agree with you, what you get!
fall to, and show no timid balking.

FAUST.

hou hast heard, 't is not of joy we 're talking.
: the wildering whirl, enjoyment's keenest pain,
ıored hate, exhilarant disdain.
ıosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,
not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,
all of life for all mankind created[65]
be within mine inmost being tested:
highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,
:hus, my own sole self to all their selves expanded,
, at last, shall with them all be stranded!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

/e me, who for many a thousand year
same tough meat have chewed and tested,
from the cradle to the bier
ıan the ancient leaven has digested!
one of us, this Whole supernal
ıde but for a God's delight!
.wells in splendor single and eternal,
ıs he thrusts in darkness, out of sight,
you he dowers with Day and Night.

FAUST.

but I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good reply!
only fear still needs repeating:
art is long, the time is fleeting.
let thyself be taught, say I!
league thyself with a poet,
the rein to his imagination,
wear the crown, and show it,
ıe qualities of his creation, —

The courage of the lion's breed,
The wild stag's speed,
The Italian's fiery blood,
The North's firm fortitude!
Let him find for thee the secret tether
That binds the Noble and Mean together,
And teach thy pulses of youth and pleasure
To love by rule, and hate by measure!
I 'd like, myself, such a one to see:
Sir Microcosm his name should be.

FAUST.

What am I, then, if 't is denied my part
The crown of all humanity to win me,
Whereto yearns every sense within me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, on the whole, thou 'rt—what thou art.
Set wigs of million curls upon thy head, to raise thee,
Wear shoes an ell in height,—the truth betrays thee,
And thou remainest—what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel, indeed, that I have made the treasure
Of human thought and knowledge mine, in vain;
And if I now sit down in restful leisure,
No fount of newer strength is in my brain:
I am no hair's-breadth more in height,
Nor nearer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good Sir, you see the facts precisely
As they are seen by each and all.
We must arrange them now, more wisely,
Before the joys of life shall pall.
Why, Zounds! Both hands and feet are, truly—
And head and virile forces—thine:
Yet all that I indulge in newly,
Is 't thence less wholly mine?

I 've six stallions in my stall,
re not their forces also lent me?
speed along, completest man of all,
s though my legs were four-and-twenty.
ake hold, then! let reflection rest,
nd plunge into the world with zest!
say to thee, a speculative wight
like a beast on moorlands lean,
hat round and round some fiend misleads to evil plight,
hile all about lie pastures fresh and green.

FAUST.

hen how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll try a wider sphere.
hat place of martyrdom is here!
s 't life, I ask, is 't even prudence,
o bore thyself and bore the students?
et Neighbor Paunch to that attend!
hy plague thyself with threshing straw forever?
he best thou learnest, in the end
hou dar'st not tell the youngsters—never!
hear one's footsteps, hither steering.

FAUST.

o see him now I have no heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

o long the poor boy waits a hearing.
e must not unconsoled depart.
hy cap and mantle straightway lend me
'll play the comedy with art.

(He disguises himself.)

y wits, be certain, will befriend me.
ut fifteen minutes' time is all I need;
or our fine trip, meanwhile, prepare thyself
speed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(In FAUST'S *long mantle.)*

Reason and Knowledge only thou despise,
The highest strength in man that lies!
Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee
With magic works and shows that blind thee,
And I shall have thee fast and sure![66]—
Fate such a bold, untrammelled spirit gave him,
As forwards, onwards, ever must endure;
Whose over-hasty impulse drave him
Past earthly joys he might secure.
Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,
Through flat and stale indifference;
With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him
That, to his hot, insatiate sense,
The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him;
Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore—
Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could save him,
Still were he lost forevermore!

(A STUDENT *enters.)*

STUDENT.

A short time, only, am I here,
And come, devoted and sincere,
To greet and know the man of fame,
Whom men to me with reverence name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy doth flatter me:
You see a man, as others be.
Have you, perchance, elsewhere begun?

STUDENT.

Receive me now, I pray, as one
Who comes to you with courage good,
Somewhat of cash, and healthy blood:

My mother was hardly willing to let me;
But knowledge worth having I fain would get me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you have reached the right place now.

STUDENT.

I'd like to leave it, I must avow;
I find these walls, these vaulted spaces
Are anything but pleasant places.
It is all so cramped and close and mean;
One sees no tree, no glimpse of green,
And when the lecture-halls receive me,
Seeing, hearing, and thinking leave me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that depends on habitude.
So from its mother's breasts a child
At first, reluctant, takes its food,
But soon to seek them is beguiled.
Thus, at the breasts of Wisdom clinging,
Thou 'lt find each day a greater rapture bringing.

STUDENT.

I 'll hang thereon with joy, and freely drain them;
But tell me, pray, the proper means to gain them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, before you further speak,
The special faculty you seek.

STUDENT.

I crave the highest erudition;
And fain would make my acquisition
All that there is in Earth and Heaven,
In Nature and in Science too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is the genuine path for you;
Yet strict attention must be given.

STUDENT.

Body and soul thereon I 'll wreak;
Yet, truly, I 've some inclination
On summer holidays to seek
A little freedom and recreation.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time! It flies so swiftly from us;
But time through order may be won, I promise.
So, Friend, (my views to briefly sum,)
First, the *collegium logicum.*
There will your mind be drilled and braced,
As if in Spanish boots 't were laced,
And thus, to graver paces brought,
'T will plod along the path of thought,
Instead of shooting here and there,
A will-o'-the-wisp in murky air.
Days will be spent to bid you know,
What once you did at a single blow,
Like eating and drinking, free and strong,—
That one, two, three! thereto belong.
Truly the fabric of mental fleece
Resembles a weaver's masterpiece,
Where a thousand threads one treadle throws,
Where fly the shuttles hither and thither,
Unseen the threads are knit together,
And an infinite combination grows.
Then, the philosopher steps in
And shows, no otherwise it could have been:
The first was so, the second so,
Therefore the third and fourth are so;
Were not the first and second, then
The third and fourth had never been.
The scholars are everywhere believers,
But never succeed in being weavers.
He who would study organic existence,
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and cl

ut the spiritual link is lost, alas!
ncheiresin naturæ, this Chemistry names,[67]
or knows how herself she banters and blames!

STUDENT.

cannot understand you quite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

our mind will shortly be set aright,
hen you have learned, all things reducing,
o classify them for your using.

STUDENT.

feel as stupid, from all you 've said,
s if a mill-wheel whirled in my head!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

nd after—first and foremost duty—
f Metaphysics learn the use and beauty!
ee that you most profoundly gain
hat does not suit the human brain!
splendid word to serve, you 'll find
or what goes in—or won't go in—your mind.
ut first, at least this half a year,
o order rigidly adhere;
ive hours a day, you understand,
nd when the clock strikes, be on hand!
repare beforehand for your part
ith paragraphs all got by heart,
o you can better watch, and look
hat naught is said but what is in the book:
et in thy writing as unwearied be,
s did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee![68]

STUDENT.

o need to tell me twice to do it!
think, how useful 't is to write;
or what one has, in black and white,
ne carries home and then goes through it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet choose thyself a faculty!

STUDENT.

I cannot reconcile myself to Jurisprudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor can I therefore greatly blame you students:
I know what science this has come to be.
All rights and laws are still transmitted
Like an eternal sickness of the race,—
From generation unto generation fitted,
And shifted round from place to place.
Reason becomes a sham, Beneficence a worry:
Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee!
The right born with us, ours in verity,
This to consider, there 's, alas! no hurry.

STUDENT.

My own disgust is strengthened by your speech:
O lucky he, whom you shall teach!
I 've almost for Theology dicided.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I should not wish to see you here misguided:
For, as regards this science, let me hint
'T is very hard to shun the false direction;
There 's so much secret poison lurking in 't,
So like the medicine, it baffles your detection.
Hear, therefore, one alone, for that is best, in sooth
And simply take your master's words for truth.
On *words* let your attention centre![69]
Then through the safest gate you 'll enter
The temple-halls of Certainty.

STUDENT.

Yet in the word must some idea be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! But only shun too over-sharp a tension
For just where fails the comprehension,

word steps promptly in as deputy.
h words 't is excellent disputing;
tems to words 't is easy suiting;
words 't is excellent believing;
word can ever lose a jot from thieving.

STUDENT.

don! With many questions I detain you,
: must I trouble you again.
Medicine I still would fain
ar one strong word that might explain you.
ree years is but a little space,
d, God! who can the field embrace?
one some index could be shown,
were easier groping forward, truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside).*

m tired enough of this dry tone,—
ıst play the Devil again, and fully.

(Aloud.)

grasp the spirit of Medicine is easy:
arn of the great and little world your fill,
let it go at last, so please ye,
st as God will!
vain that through the realms of science you may drift;
ch one learns only—just what learn he can:
t he who grasps the Moment's gift,
: is the proper man.
ll-made you are, 't is not to be denied,
e rest a bold address will win you;
ou but in yourself confide,
once confide all others in you.
lead the women, learn the special feeling!
ir everlasting aches and groans,
thousand tones,
ve all one source, one mode of healing;
d if your acts are half discreet,
u 'll always have them at your feet.

A title first must draw and interest them,
And show that yours all other arts exceeds;
Then, as a greeting, you are free to touch a
test them,
While, thus to do, for years another pleads.
You press and count the pulse's dances,
And then, with burning sidelong glances,
You clasp the swelling hips, to see
If tightly laced her corsets be.

STUDENT.

That 's better, now! The How and Where, one s

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My worthy friend, gray are all theories,
And green alone Life's golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear to you, 't is like a dream to me.
Might I again presume, with trust unbounded,
To hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most willingly, to what extent I may.

STUDENT.

I cannot really go away:
Allow me that my album first I reach you,—
Grant me this favor, I beseech you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Assuredly.

(He writes, and returns the book.)

STUDENT *(reads).*

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et ma

(Closes the book with reverence, and withdraws.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ow the ancient text, and the snake thou wast ordered to trample!
h all thy likeness to God, thou 'lt yet be a sorry example!

(FAUST *enters.*)

FAUST.

w, whither shall we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As best it pleases thee.
e little world, and then the great, we 'll see.[70]
h what delight, what profit winning,
lt thou sponge through the term beginning!

FAUST.

with the flowing beard I wear,
h ease and grace will fail me there.
e attempt, indeed, were a futile strife;
ever could learn the ways of life.
el so small before others, and thence
uld always find embarrassments.[71]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

friend, thou soon shalt lose all such misgiving:
thou but self-possessed, thou hast the art of living!

FAUST.

w shall we leave the house, and start?
ere hast thou servant, coach and horses?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'll spread this cloak with proper art,
en through the air direct our courses.
t only, on so bold a flight,
sure to have thy luggage light.

A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare
Above the earth will nimbly bear us,
And, if we 're light, we 'll travel swift and clear:
I gratulate thee on thy new career![72]

V.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.[73]

CAROUSAL OF JOLLY COMPANIONS.

FROSCH.

Is no one laughing? no one drinking?
I 'll teach you how to grin, I 'm thinking.
To-day you 're like wet straw, so tame:
And usually you 're all aflame.

BRANDER.

Now that 's your fault; from you we nothing see,
No beastliness and no stupidity.

FROSCH.

(Pours a glass of wine over Brander's head.)
There 's both together!

BRANDER.

Twice a swine!

FROSCH.

You wanted them: I 've given you mine.

SIEBEL.

Turn out who quarrels—out the door!
With open th[illegible] chorus, drink and roar!
Up! holl[illegible]

ALTMAYER.

Woe 's me, the fearful bellow!
ıg cotton, quick! He 's split my ears, that fellow.

SIEBEL.

en the vault echoes to the song,
ɜ first perceives the bass is deep and strong.

FROSCH.

ll said! and out with him that takes the least offence!

Ah, tara, lara, da!

ALTMAYER.

Ah, tara, lara, da!

FROSCH.

ıe throats are tuned, commence!

(Sings.)

The dear old holy Roman realm,
How does it hold together?

BRANDER.

nasty song! Fie! a political song[74]—
most offensive song! Thank God, each morning, therefore,
ıat you have not the Roman realm to care for!
least, I hold it so much gain for me,
ıat I nor Chancellor nor Kaiser be.
:t also we must have a ruling head, I hope,
ıd so we 'll choose ourselves a Pope.
)u know the quality that can
:cide the choice, and elevate the man.

FROSCH *(sings).*

Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale![75]
Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail!

SIEBEL.

No greet my sweetheart not! I tell you, I 'll resent it!

FROSCH.

My sweetheart greet and kiss! I dare you to prevent it!

(Sings.)

Over the hatch! the darkness makes:
Over the hatch! the lover wakes.
Shut the hatch! the morning breaks.

SIEBEL.

Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise, and brag of her!
I 'll wait my proper time for laughter:
Me by the nose she led, and now she 'll lead you after.
Her paramour should be an ugly gnome,
Where four roads cross, in wanton play to meet her:
An old he-goat, from Blocksberg coming home,
Should his good-night in lustful gallow bleat her!
A fellow made of genuine flesh and blood
Is for the wench a deal too good.
Greet her? Not I: unless, when meeting,
To smash her windows be a greeting!

BRANDER *(pounding on the table).*

Attention! Hearken now to me!
Confess, Sirs, I know how to live.
Enamored persons here have we,
And I, as suits their quality,
Must something fresh for their advantage give.
Take heed! 'T is of the latest cut, my strain,
And all strike in at each refrain!

(He sings.)

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,[76]
Whom fat and butter made smoother:
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Doctor Luther.

: laid poison cunningly,
as sore oppressed was he
had love in his bosom.

CHORUS *(shouting)*.

had love in his bosom!

BRANDER.

round, he ran about,
in puddles laving;
ed and scratched the house throughout,
ng cured his raving.
:d and jumped, with torment mad,
ı enough the poor beast had,
had love in his bosom.

CHORUS.

had love in his bosom!

BRANDER.

:n at last, in open day,
ıto the kitchen,
he hearth, and squirming lay,
ıt convulsion twitching.
;hed the murderess in her glee:
he 's at his last gasp," said she,
had love in his bosom!"

CHORUS.

had love in his bosom!

SIEBEL.

ll fools enjoy the matter!
a proper art
such poor rats to scatter.

BRANDER.

ı 'll warmly take their part?

ALTMAYER.

te pot-belly I have noted:

Westward time comes ere by degrees:
[illegible] or poison bloated
His own most natural form he sees.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before all else I bring thee hither
Where mere companions meet together,
To let thee see how smooth life runs away.
Here, for the folk, each day 's a holiday:
With little wit, and ease to suit them.
They whirl in narrow, circling trails,
Like kittens playing with their tails:
And if no headache persecute them,
So long the host may credit give.
They merrily and careless live.

BRANDER.

The fact is easy to unravel,
Their air 's so odd, they 've just returned from travel:
A single hour they 've not been here.

FROSCH.

You 've surely hit the truth! Leipzig to me is dear:
Little in miniature, how it refines its people![77]

SIEBEL.

What are the strangers, should you guess?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! I 'll set them first to drinking,
And then to worm a fool's tooth draws, with cleverness,
I 'll warrant them every cent, I 'm thinking.
They seem to me a noble house, that 's very clear:
Haughty and discontented they appear.

BRANDER.

They 're mountebanks, upon a revel.

ALTMAYER.

aps.

FROSCH.

Look out, I 'll smoke them now!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*).*

if he had them by the neck, I vow,
ıld e'er these people scent the Devil

FAUST.

: greeting, gentlemen!

SIEBEL.

Our thanks: we give the same.

(Murmurs, inspecting MEPHISTOPHELES *from the side.)*

one foot is the fellow lame?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

it permitted that we share your leisure?
place of cheering drink, which one seeks vainly here,
ur company shall give us pleasure.

ALTMAYER.

most fastidious person you appear.

FROSCH.

o doubt 't was late when you from Rippach started?[78]
ıd supping there with Hans occasioned your delay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'e passed, without a call, to-day.
t our last interview, before we parted
luch of his cousins did he speak, entreating
'hat we should give to each his kindly greeting.

(He bows to FROSCH.*)*

ALTMAYER *(aside).*

You have it now! he understands.

SIEBEL.

A knave sharp-set!

FROSCH.

Just wait awhile: I 'll have him yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am right, we heard the sound
Of well-trained voices, singing chorus;
And truly, song must here rebound
Superbly from the arches o'er us.

FROSCH.

Are you, perhaps, a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O no! my wish is great, my power is only so-so.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you desire, a number.

SIEBEL.

So that it be a bran-new strain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 've just retraced our way from Spain,
The lovely land of wine, and song, and slumber.

(Sings.)

There was a king once reigning,[79]
Who had a big black flea—

FROSCH.

hear! A flea! D' ye rightly take the jest?
a flea a tidy guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(sings).*

There was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.
He called his man of stitches;
The tailor came straightway:
Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say!

BRANDER.

mind, allow the tailor no caprices:
n upon him, as his head is dear,
nost exactly measure, sew and shear,
iat the breeches have no creases!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and velvet gleaming
He now was wholly drest—
Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name;
And also all his relations
Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honor
Were plagued, awake and in bed;
The queen she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them, day or night:
We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

BRANDER.

We crack them and we smash them.
As nuts when they bite!

FROSCH.

Brave! brave! that was fine.

SIEBEL.

Every flea may it so befall.

BRANDER.

Point your fingers and nip them all!

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for Freedom! Hurrah for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fain would drink with you, my glass to Freedom clinking,
If 't were a better wine that here I see you drinking.

SIEBEL.

Once let us hear that speech again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I must fear the landlord might complain,
I 'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,
Did some dear out our cellar's treasure.

SIEBEL.

Just treat and let the landlord me arraign!

FROSCH.

And if the wine be good, our praises shall be ample.
But do not give too very small a sample;
For, if its quality I decide,
With a good mouthfull I must be supplied.

ALTMAYER *(aside)*.

They 're from the Rhine! I guessed as much, before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ng me a gimlet here!

BRANDER.

What shall therewith be done?
u 've not the casks already at the door?

ALTMAYER.

nder, within the landlord's box of tools, there 's one!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(takes the gimlet).*

(To FROSCH.*)*

›w, give me of your taste some intimation?

FROSCH.

ɔw do you mean? Have you so many kinds?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ıe choice is free: make up your minds.

ALTMAYER *(to* FROSCH*).*

ıa! you lick your chops, from sheer anticipation.

FROSCH.

ɔod! if I have the choice, so let the wine be Rhenish!
ır Fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where FROSCH *sits).*

ɛt me a little wax, to make the stoppers, quick!

ALTMAYER.

ı! I perceive a juggler's trick.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* BRANDER*).*

nd you?

BRANDER.

Champagne shall be my wine,
And let it sparkle fresh and fine!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(bores: in the mean time one has made the wax stoppers, and plugged the holes with them.)

BRANDER.

What 's foreign one can't always keep quite clear of
For good things, oft, are not so near;
A German can't endure the French to see or hear of,
Yet drinks their wines with hearty cheer.

SIEBEL

(as MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches his seat).*

For me, I grant, sour wine is out of place;
Fill up my glass with sweetest, will you?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(boring).*

Tokay shall flow at once, to fill you!

ALTMAYER.

No—look me, Sirs, straight in the face!
I see you have your fun at our expense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O no! with gentlemen of such pretence,
That were to venture far, indeed.
Speak out, and make your choice with speed!
With what a vintage can I serve you?

ALTMAYER.

With any—only satisfy our need.

(After the holes have been bored and plugged.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(with singular gestures).

Grapes the vine-stem bears,
Horns the he-goat wears!
The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,
The wooden table gives wine as good!
Into the dephts of Nature peer,—
Only believe, there 's a miracle here!

Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill![81]

ALL

(as they draw out the stoppers, and the wine which has been desired flows into the glass of each).

O beautiful fountain, that flows at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But have a care, that you nothing spill!

(They drink repeatedly.)

ALL *(sing).*

As 't were five hundred hogs, we feel
So cannibalic jolly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, now, the race is happy—it is free!

FAUST.

To leave them is my inclination.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take notice, first! their bestiality
Will make a brilliant demonstration.

SIEBEL

(drinks carelessly: the wine spills upon the earth, and turns to flame).

Help! Fire! Help! Hell-fire is sent!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(charming away the flame).

Be quiet, friendly element!

(To the revellers.)

A bit of purgatory 't was for this time, merely.

SIEBEL.

What mean you? Wait!—you 'll pay for 't dearly!
You 'll know us, to your detriment.

FROSCH.

Don't try that game a second time upon us!

ALTMAYER.

I think we 'd better send him packing quietly.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir! you dare to make so free,
And play your hocus-pocus on us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still, old wine-tub.

SIEBEL.

Broomstick, you!
You face it out, impertinent and heady?

BRANDER.

Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

ALTMAYER

(draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies in his face).

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

'T is magic! Strike—
The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

(They draw their knives and rush upon MEPHISTOPHELES.*)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

(with solemn gestures).

False word and form of air,
Change place, and sense ensnare![82a]
Be here—and there!

(They stand amazed and look at each other.)

ALTMAYER.

e am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCH.

? Can I trust my eyes?

SIEBEL.

And purple grapes at hand!

BRANDER.

, over this green arbor bending,
what a vine! what grapes depending!

ikes SIEBEL *by the nose: the others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES *(as above).*

e, Error, from their eyes the band,
how the Devil jests, be now enlightened!

disappears with FAUST*: the revellers start and separate.)*

SIEBEL.

: happened?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose I tightened?

BRANDER *(to* SIEBEL*).*

yours that still I have in hand?

ALTMAYER.

It was a blow that went through every limb!
Give me a chair! I sink! my senses swim.

FROSCH.

But what has happened, tell me now?

SIEBEL.

Where is he? If I catch the scoundrel hiding,
He shall not leave alive, I vow.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding
Out of the cellar-door, just now.
Still in my feet the fright like lead is weighing.

(He turns towards the table.)

Why! If the fount of wine should still be playing?

SIEBEL.

'T was all deceit, and lying, false design!

FROSCH.

And yet it seemed as I were drinking wine.

BRANDER.

But with the grapes how was it, pray?

ALTMAYER.

Shall one believe no miracles, just say!

VI.

WITCHES' KITCHEN.[83]

n a low hearth stands a great caldron, under which a fire rning. Various figures appear in the vapors which rise from caldron. An ape sits beside it, skims it, and watches lest it over. The he-ape, with the young ones, sits near and warms self. Ceiling and walls are covered with the most fantastic witch-implements.]

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

IESE crazy signs of witches' craft repel me!
shall recover, dost thou tell me,
rough this insane, chaotic play?
om an old hag shall I demand assistance?
id will her foul mess take away
ll thirty years from my existence?[84]
oe 's me, canst thou naught better find!
nother baffled hope must be lamented:
as Nature, then, and has a noble mind
ot any potent balsam yet invented?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

nce more, my friend, thou talkest sensibly.
here is, to make thee young, a simpler mode and
apter;
ut in another book 't is writ for thee,
nd is a most eccentric chapter.

FAUST.

'et will I know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! the method is revealed
Without or gold or magic or physician.

Betake thyself to yonder field,
There hoe and dig, as thy condition;
Restrain thyself, thy sense and will
Within a narrow sphere to flourish;
With unmixed food thy body nourish;
Live with the ox as ox, and think it not a theft
That thou manur'st the acre which thou reapest;-
That, trust me, is the best mode left,
Whereby for eighty years thy youth thou keepest!

FAUST.

I am not used to that; I cannot stoop to try it–
To take the spade in hand, and ply it.
The narrow being suits me not at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then to thine aid the witch must call.

FAUST.

Wherefore the hag, and her alone?
Canst thou thyself not brew the potion?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a charming sport, I own:
I 'd build a thousand bridges meanwhile, I 've notion.
Not Art and Science serve, alone;
Patience must in the work be shown.
Long is the calm brain active in creation;
Time, only, strengthens the fine fermentation.
And all, belonging thereunto,
Is rare and strange, howe'er you take it:
The Devil taught the thing, 't is true,
And yet the Devil cannot make it.

(Perceiving the Animals.)

See, what a delicate race they be!
That is the maid! the man is he!

(To the Animals.)

It seems the mistress has gone away?

THE ANIMALS.

Carousing, to-day!
Off and about,
By the chimney out!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

: time takes she for dissipating?

THE ANIMALS.

ɜ we to warm our paws are waiting.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*)*.

findest thou the tender creatures?

FAUST.

ırder than I ever yet did see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

, just such talk as this, for me,
at which has the most attractive features!
(To the Animals.)
tell me now, ye curséd puppets,
do ye stir the porridge so?

THE ANIMALS.

're cooking watery soup for beggars.[85]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ı a great public you can show.

THE HE-APE
(comes up and fawns on MEPHISTOPHELES*)*.

O cast thou the dice!
Make me rich in a trice,
Let me win in good season!
Things are badly controlled,
And had I but gold,
So had I my reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How would the ape be sure his luck enhances,
Could he but try the lottery's chances!

(In the mean time the young apes have been playing with a ball, which they now roll forward.)

THE HE-APE.

The world 's the ball:
Doth rise and fall,
And roll incessant:
Like glass doth ring,
A hollow thing,—
How soon will 't spring,
And drop, quiescent?
Here bright it gleams,
Here brighter seems:
I live at present!
Dear son, I say,
Keep thou away!
Thy doom is spoken!
'T is made of clay,
And will be broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means the sieve?

THE HE-APE *(taking it down).*

Wert thou the thief,[86]
I 'd know him and shame him.

(He runs to the SHE-APE, *and lets her look through it.)*

Look through the sieve!
Know'st thou the thief,
And darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(approaching the fire).*

And what 's this pot?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE.

The fool knows it not!
He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Impertinent beast!

THE HE-APE.

Take the brush here, least,
And sit down on the settle!

(He invites MEPHISTOPHELES *to sit down.)*

FAUST

(who during all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching and now retreating from it.)

What do I see? What heavenly form revealed[87]
Shows through the glass from Magic's fair dominions!
O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,
And bear me to her beauteous field!
Ah, if I leave this spot with fond designing,
If I attempt to venture near,
Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms appear! —
A woman's form, in beauty shining!
Can woman, then, so lovely be?
And must I find her body, there reclining,
Of all the heavens the bright epitome?
Can Earth with such a thing be mated?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, surely, if a God first plagues Himself six days,
Then, self-contented, *Bravo!* says,
Must something clever be created.
This time, thine eyes be satiate!
I 'll yet detect thy sweetheart and ensnare her,

And blest is he, who has the lucky fate,
Some day, as bridegroom, home to bear her.

(Faust continually in the mirror. Mephistopheles, as before, in the middle, and playing with the brush, continues to speak.)

So sit I, like the King upon his throne:
I hold the sceptre here,—and lack the crown alone.

The Animals

(who up to this time have been making all kinds of fantastic and awkward gyrations, bring a crown to Mephistopheles with a loud noise).

O be thou so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to belime!

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces with which they spring around.)

'T is done, let it be!
We speak and we see,
We hear and we rhyme![89]

Faust *(before the mirror).*

Woe 's me! I fear to lose my wits.

Mephistopheles *(pointing to the Animals).*

My own head, now, is really nigh to sinking.

The Animals.

If lucky our hits,
And everything fits,
'T is thoughts, and we 're thinking!

Faust *(as above).*

My bosom burns with that sweet vision;
Let us, with speed, away from here!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(in the same attitude).*

must, at least, make this admission—
r 're poets, genuine and sincere.

caldron, which the SHE-APE *has up to this time neglected to , begins to boil over: there ensues a great flame, which blazes e chimney. The* WITCH *comes careering down through the flame, with terrible cries.)*

THE WITCH.

Ow! ow! ow! ow!
The damnéd beast—the curséd sow!
To leave the kettle, and singe the Frau!
Accurséd fere!
(Perceiving FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.*)*
What is that here?
Who are you here?
What want you thus?
Who sneaks to us?
The fire-pain
Burn bone and brain!

plunges the skimming-ladle into the caldron, and scatters flames towards FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the Animals:. The Animals whimper.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES

sing the brush, which he has been holding in his hand, and striking among the jars and glasses).

In two! in two!
There lies the brew!
There lies the glass!
The joke will pass,
As time, foul ass!
To the singing of thy crew.

(As the WITCH *starts back, full of wrath and horror:)*

know'st thou me? Abomination, thou!
w'st thou, at last, thy Lord and Master?
t hinders me from smiting now

Thee and thy monkey-sprites with fell disaster?
Hast for the scarlet coat no reverence?
Dost recognise no more the tall cock's-feather?
Have I concealed this countenance?—
Must tell my name, old face of leather?

THE WITCH.

O pardon, Sir, the rough salute!
Yet I perceive no cloven foot;
And both your ravens, where are *they* now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This time, I 'll let thee 'scape the debt;
For since we two together met,
'T is verily full many a day now.
Culture, which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the Devil sticks.
The days of that old Northern phantom now are over:
Where canst thou horns and tail and claws discover?
And, as regards the foot, which I can't spare, in truth,
'T would only make the people shun me;
Therefore I 've worn, like many a spindly youth,
False calves these many years upon me.

THE WITCH *(dancing)*.

Reason and sense forsake my brain,
Since I behold Squire Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, from such a name refrain!

THE WITCH.

Why so? What has it done to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It 's long been written in the Book of Fable;[89]
Yet, therefore, no whit better men we see:
The Evil One has left, the evil ones are stable.
Sir Baron call me thou, then is the matter good;

.valier am I, like others in my bearing.
ı hast no doubt about my noble blood:
here 's the coat-of-arms that I am wearing!

(He makes an indecent gesture.)

THE WITCH *(laughs immoderately).*

ha! That 's just your way, I know:
ogue you are, and you were always so.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*).*

friend, take proper heed, I pray!
manage witches, this is just the way.

THE WITCH.

erein, Sirs, can I be of use?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

e us a goblet of the well-known juice!
:, I must beg you, of the oldest brewage;
e years a double strength produce.

THE WITCH.

th all my heart! Now, here 's a bottle,
ıerefrom, sometimes, I wet my throttle,
ıich, also, not the slightest, stinks;
d willingly a glass I 'll fill him.

(Whispering.)

:t, if this man without due preparation drinks,
well thou know'st, within an hour 't will kill him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

e is a friend of mine, with whom it will agree,
nd he deserves thy kitchen's best potation:
ome, draw thy circle, speak thine adjuration,
nd fill thy goblet full and free!

THE WITCH

with fantastic gestures draws a circle and places mysterious articles

therein; meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, the caldron to sing and make a musical accompaniment. Finally she brings a great book, and stations in the circle the Apes, who are obliged to serve as reading-desk, and to hold the torches. She then beckons FAUST *to approach).*

FAUST *(to* MEPHISTOPHELES*).*

Now, what shall come of this? the creatures antic,
The crazy stuff, the gestures frantic,—
All the repulsive cheats I view,—
Are known to me, and hated, too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O, nonsense! That 's a thing for laughter;
Don't be so terribly severe!
She juggles you as doctor now, that, after,
The beverage may work the proper cheer.
(He persuades FAUST *to step into the circle.)*

THE WITCH

(begins to declaim, with much emphasis, from the book).

See, thus it 's done!
Make ten of one,
And two let be,
Make even three,
And rich thou 'lt be.
Cast o'er the four!
From five and six
(The witch's tricks)
Make seven and eight,
'T is finished straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none.
This is the witch's once-one's-one![90]

FAUST.

She talks like one who raves in fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou 'lt hear much more before we leave her.

is all the same: the book I can repeat,
h time I 've squandered o'er the history:
:ontradiction thus complete[91]
lways for the wise, no less than fools, a mystery.
: art is old and new, for verily
ages have been taught the matter,—
Three and One, and One and Three,
)r instead of Truth to scatter.
:y prate and teach, and no one interferes;
from the fellowship of fools are shrinking.
ı usually believes, if only words he hears,
.t also with them goes material for thinking!

THE WITCH *(continues).*

The lofty skill
Of Science, still
From all men deeply hidden!
Who takes no thought,
To him 't is brought,
'T is given unsought, unbidden!

FAUST.

ıt nonsense she declaims before us!
head is nigh to split, I fear:
eems to me as if I hear
ıundred thousand fools in chorus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sibyl excellent, enough of adjuration!
: hither bring us thy potation,
d quickly fill the beaker to the brim!
ıis drink will bring my friend no injuries;
: is a man of manifold degrees,
ıd many draughts are known to him.

The WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup; as* FAUST *sets it to his lips, a light flame arises.)*

)own with it quickly! Drain it off!
I will warm thy heart with new desire:

[illegible]

[illegible] (*to* FAUST, *who*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[illegible]

THE WITCH.

[illegible]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH).

[illegible]

THE WITCH.

[illegible]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

[illegible]

FAUST.

[illegible]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no! The paragon of all, believe me,
Thou soon shalt see, alive and warm.

(Aside.)

Thou'lt find, this drink thy blood compelling,
Each woman beautiful as Helen!

VII.

A STREET.

FAUST. MARGARET *(passing by).*

FAUST.

lady, let it not offend you,
arm and escort I would lend you!

MARGARET.[93]

neither lady, neither fair,
home I can go without your care.

[*She releases herself, and exit.*

FAUST.

Ieaven, the girl is wondrous fair!
ll I 've seen, beyond compare;
weetly virtuous and pure,
yet a little pert, be sure!
lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn,
not forget while the world rolls on!
she cast down her timid eyes,
) in my heart imprinted lies:
short and sharp of speech was she,[94]
, 't was a real ecstasy!

*(*MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.)*

FAUST.

r, of that girl I 'd have possession!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ch, then?

FAUST.

The one who just went by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She, there? She 's coming from confession,
Of every sin absolved; for I,
Behind her chair, was listening nigh.
So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she had no need.
I have no power o'er souls so green.

FAUST.

And yet, she 's older than fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now! You 're talking like Jack Rake,
Who every flower for himself would take,
And fancies there are no favors more,
Nor honors, save for him in store;
Yet always does n't the thing succeed.

FAUST.

Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed![95]
Let not a word of moral law be spoken!
I claim, I tell thee, all my right;
And if that image of delight
Rest not within mine arms to-night,
At midnight is our compact broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But think, the chances of the case!
I need, at least, a fortnight's space,
To find an opportune occasion.

FAUST.

Had I but seven hours for all,
I should not on the Devil call,
But win her by my own persuasion.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You almost like a Frenchman prate;
Yet, pray, don't take it as annoyance!

ıy, all at once, exhaust the joyance?
ur bliss is by no means so great
if you 'd use, to get control,
sorts of tender rigmarole,
d knead and shape her to your thought,
in Italian tales 't is taught.[96]

FAUST.

thout that, I have appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

t now, leave jesting out of sight!
ell you, once for all, that speed
th this fair girl will not succeed:
storm she cannot captured be;
e must make use of strategy.

FAUST.

et me something the angel keeps!
ad me thither where she sleeps!
et me a kerchief from her breast,—
garter that her knee has pressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

hat you may see how much I 'd fain
rther and satisfy your pain,
e will no longer lose a minute;
'll find her room to-day, and take you in it.

FAUST.

nd shall I see—possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
nto a neighbor she must go,
nd meanwhile thou, alone, mayst glow
ith every hope of future pleasure,
reathing her atmosphere in fullest measure.

FAUST.

Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is too early yet.

FAUST.

A gift for her I bid thee get!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents at once? That's good: he 's certain to get at
Full many a pleasant place I know,
And treasures, buried long ago:
I must, perforce, look up the matter.

VIII.

EVENING.

A SMALL, NEATLY KEPT CHAMBER.

MARGARET

(plaiting and binding up the braids of her hair).

I 'D something give, could I but say
Who was that gentleman, to-day.
Surely a gallant man was he,
And of a noble family;
So much could I in his face behold,—
And he would n't, else, have been so bold!

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in, but gently: follow me!

FAUST *(after a moment's silence).*

ve me alone, I beg of thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(prying about).*

every girl keeps things so neat.

FAUST *(looking around).*

welcome, twilight soft and sweet,[97]
it breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
:et pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
: heart that on the dew of hope must pine!
w all around a sense impresses
quiet, order, and content!
is poverty what bounty blesses!
at bliss within this narrow den is pent!

He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.)

:eive me, thou, that in thine open arms
parted joy and pain wert wont to gather!
w oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
ng here, around this throne, where sat the father!
·chance my love, amid the childish band,
ateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
re meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
eel, O maid! thy very soul
order and content around me whisper,—
ich leads thee with its motherly control,
e cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee unroll,
ie sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.
dearest hand, to thee 't is given
) change this hut into a lower heaven!
id here!

(He lifts one of the bed-curtains.)

What sweetest thrill is in my blood!
ere could I spend whole hours, delaying:
lere Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
he angel blossom from the bud.

Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer presen
The form diviner beings wear!

And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved, this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?
Miserable Faust! I know thee now no more.

Is there a magic vapor here?
I came, with lust of instant pleasure,
And lie dissolved in dreams of love's sweet leisu
Are we the sport of every changeful atmosphere

And if, this moment, came she in to me,
How would I for the fault atonement render!
How small the giant lout would be,
Prone at her feet, relaxed and tender!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be quick! I see her there, returning.

FAUST.

Go! go! I never will retreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, not unmeet,
Which elsewhere I have just been earning.
Here, set it in the press, with haste!
I swear, 't will turn her head, to spy it:
Some baubles I therein had placed,
That you might win another by it.
True, child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not, should I do it?[98]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ask you, pray?
elf, perhaps, would keep the bubble?
I suggest, 't were fair and just
›are the lovely day your lust,
ıpare to me the further trouble.
ıre not miserly, I trust?
my hands, in expectation tender—

(e places the casket in the press, and locks it again.)

quick, away!
ıweet young maiden to betray,
at by wish and will you bend her;
you look as though
ıe lecture-hall you were forced to go,—
stood before you, gray and loath,
:s and Metaphysics both!
way!

[*Exeunt.*

MARGARET *(with a lamp).*

so close, so sultry, here!

(She opens the window.)

yet 't is not so warm outside.
, I know not why, such fear!—
ł mother came!—where can she bide?
ody 's chill and shuddering,—
but a silly, fearsome thing!

(She begins to sing, while undressing.)

There was a King in Thule,[99]
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:

His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!

(She opens the press in order to arrange her clothes, and perceives casket of jewels.)

How comes that lovely casket here to me?
I locked the press, most certainly.
'T is truly wonderful! What can within it be?
Perhaps 't was brought by some one as a pawn,
And mother gave a loan thereon?
And here there hangs a key to fit:
I have a mind to open it.
What is that? God in Heaven! Whence came
Such things? Never beheld I aught so fair!
Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
On highest holidays might wear!
How would the pearl-chain suit my hair?
Ah, who may all this splendor own?

(She adorns herself with the jewelry, and steps before the mirr

e but the ear-rings mine, alone!
has at once another air.
.t helps one's beauty, youthful blood?
may possess them, well and good;
none the more do others care.
y praise us half in pity, sure:
gold still tends,
gold depends
all! Alas, we poor!

IX.

PROMENADE.

(FAUST, *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

all love ever rejected! By hell-fire hot and unsparing!
ish I knew something worse, that I might use it for swearing!

FAUST.

iat ails thee? What is 't gripes thee, elf?
face like thine beheld I never.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

would myself unto the Devil deliver,
I were not a Devil myself!

FAUST.

'hy head is out of order, sadly:
: much becomes thee to be raving madly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think, the pocket of a priest should get
The trinkets left for Margaret!
The mother saw them, and, instanter,
A secret dread began to haunt her.
Keen scent has she for tainted air;
She snuffs within her book of prayer,
And smells each article, to see
If sacred or profane it be;
So here she guessed, from every gem,
That not much blessing came with them.
"My child," she said, "ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.
Before the Mother of God we 'll lay it;
With heavenly manna she 'll repay it!"
But Margaret thought, with sour grimace,
"A gift-horse is not out of place,
And, truly! godless cannot be
The one who brought such things to me."
A parson came, by the mother bidden:
He saw, at once, where the game was hidden,
And viewed it with a favor stealthy.
He spake: "That is the proper view,—
Who overcometh, winneth too.
The Holy Church has a stomach healthy:
Hath eaten many a land as forfeit,
And never yet complained of surfeit:
The Church alone, beyond all question,
Has for ill-gotten goods the right digestion."

FAUST.

A general practice is the same,
Which Jew and King may also claim.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then bagged the spangles, chains, and rings,
As if but toadstools were the things,
And thanked no less, and thanked no more

if a sack of nuts he bore,—
ed them fullest heavenly pay,
eeply edified were they.

FAUST.

largaret?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits unrestful still,
nows not what she should, or will;
s on the jewels, day and night,
ore on him who gave her such delight.

FAUST.

larling's sorrow gives me pain.
ıou a set for her again!
rst was not a great display.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

, the gentleman finds it all child's-play!

FAUST.

ıd arrange it to my will;
ın her neighbor try thy skill!
be a Devil stiff as paste,
et fresh jewels to her taste!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

gracious Sir, in all obedience!

[*Exit* FAUST.

an enamored fool in air would blow
noon, and all the starry legions,
ve his sweetheart a diverting show.

[*Exit.*

X.

THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.[101]

MARTHA *(solus).*

GOD forgive my husband, yet he
Has n't done his duty by me!
Off in the world he went straightway,—
Left me lie in the straw where I lay,
And, truly, I did naught to fret him:
God knows I loved, and can't forget him!

(She weeps.)

Perhaps he 's even dead! Ah, woe!—
Had I a certificate to show!

MARGARET *(comes).*

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Margaret! what 's happened thee!

MARGARET.

I scarce can stand, my knees are trembling!
I find a box, the first resembling,
Within my press! Of ebony,—
And things, all splendid to behold,
And richer far than were the old.

MARTHA.

You must n't tell it to your mother!
'T would go to the priest, as did the other.

MARGARET.

Ah, look and see—just look and see!

MARTHA *(adorning her).*

O, what a blessed luck for thee!

MARGARET.

But, ah! in the streets I dare not bear them,
Nor in the church be seen to wear them.

MARTHA.

Yet thou canst often this way wander,
And secretly the jewels don,
Walk up and down an hour, before the mirror yonder.—
We 'll have our private joy thereon.
And then a chance will come, a holiday,
When, piece by piece, can one the thing display
A chain at first, then other ornament.
Thy mother will not see, and some way

MARGARET.

Whoever could have brought the thing
That something 's wrong, I fear

(A knock.)

Good Heaven! My mother can that

MARTHA *(peeping through the blind).*

'T is some strange gentleman.—Come in

*(*MEPHISTOPHELES *enters).*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I so boldly introduce me,
I beg you, ladies, to excuse me.
(Steps back reverently, on seeing Margaret.)
For Martha Schwerdtlein I 'd inquire

MARTHA.

I 'm she: what does the gentleman

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside to her).*

It is enough that you are she:
You 've a visitor of high degree.
Pardon the freedom I have ta'en,—
Will after noon return again.

MARTHA *(aloud).*

Of all things in the world! Just hear—
He takes thee for a lady, dear!

MARGARET.

I am a creature young and poor:
The gentleman 's too kind, I 'm sure.
The jewels don't belong to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, not alone the jewelry!
The look, the manner, both betray—
Rejoiced am I that I may stay!

MARTHA.

What is your business? I would fain—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would I had a more cheerful strain!
Take not unkindly its repeating:
Your husband 's dead, and sends a greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead? Alas, that heart so true!
My husband dead! Let me die, too!

MARGARET.

Ah, dearest dame, let not your courage fail!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear me relate the mournful tale!

MARGARET.

erefore I 'd never love, believe me!
loss like this to death would grieve me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

y follows woe, woe after joy comes flying.

MARTHA.

elate his life's sad close to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Padua buried, he his lying
eside the good Saint Antony,[102]
ithin a grave well consecrated,
or cool, eternal rest created.

MARTHA.

e gave you, further, no commission?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

es, one of weight, with many sighs:
hree hundred masses buy, to save him from perdition!
My hands are empty, otherwise.

MARTHA.

What! Not a pocket-piece? no jewelry?
What every journeyman within his wallet spares,
And as a token with him bears,
And rather starves or begs, than loses?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, it is a grief to me;
Yet, on my word, his cash was put to proper uses.
Besides, his penitence was very sore,
And he lamented his ill fortune all the more.

MARGARET.

Alack, that men are so unfortunate!

Surely for his soul's sake full many prayer I 'll proffer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You well deserve a speedy marriage-offer:
You are so kind, compassionate.

MARGARET.

O, no! As yet, it would not do.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a beau for you!
It is the greatest heavenly blessing,
To have a dear thing for one's caressing.

MARGARET.

The country's custom is not so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom, or not! It happens, though.

MARTHA.

Continue, pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood beside his bed of dying.
'T was something better than manure,—
Half-rotten straw: and yet, he died a Christian, sure,
And found that heavier scores to his account were lying.
He cried: "I find my conduct wholly hateful!
To leave my wife, my trade, in manner so ungrateful!
Ah, the remembrance makes me die!
Would of my wrong to her I might be shriven!"

MARTHA *(weeping)*.

The dear, good man! Long since was he forgiven.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Yet she, God knows! was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

He lied! What! On the brink of death he slandered?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the last throes his senses wandered,
If I such things but half can judge.
He said: "I had no time for play, for gaping freedom:
First children, and then work for bread to feed 'em,—
For bread, in the widest sense, to drudge,
And could not even eat my share in peace and quiet!"

MARTHA.

Had he all love, all faith forgotten in his riot?
My work and worry, day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so: the memory of it touched him quite.
Said he: "When I from Malta went away
My prayers for wife and little ones were zealous,
And such a luck from Heaven befell us;
We made a Turkish merchantman our prey,
That to the Soldan bore a mighty treasure.
Then I received, as was most fit,
Since bravery was paid in fullest measure,
My well-apportioned share of it."

MARTHA.

Say, how? Say, where? If buried, did he own it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows, now, wither the four winds have blown it?
A fair young damsel took him in her care,
As he in Naples wandered round, unfriended;
And she much love, much faith to him did bear,
So that he felt it till his days were ended.

MARTHA.

The villain! From his children thieving!

Even all the misery in him cast
Could not prevent his shameful way of living!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But see! He 's dead therefrom, at last.
Were I in *your* place, do not doubt me,
I 'd *mourn* him decently a year.
And for another keep, meanwhile, my eyes about m

MARTHA.

Ah, *God!* another one so dear
As was my first, this world will hardly give me.
There never was a sweeter fool than mine.
Only he loved to roam and leave me,
And foreign wenches and foreign wine.
And the damned throw of dice, indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! That might have done, however,
If he had only been as clever,
And treated *your* slips with as little heed.
I swear, with this condition, too.
I would, myself, change rings with you.

MARTHA.

The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

I 'll cut away, betimes, from here:
She 'd take the Devil at his word, I fear.
(To MARGARET.*)*
How fares the heart within your breast?

MARGARET.

What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

Sweet innocent, thou :
(Aloud.)
Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

A moment, ere we part!
like to have a legal witness,
re, how, and when he died, to certify with fitness.
ular ways I 've always hated;
nt his death in the weekly paper stated.[103]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

my good dame, a pair of witnesses
ys the truth establishes.
ve a friend of high condition,
'll also add his deposition.
bring him here.

MARTHA.

Good Sir, pray do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

this young lady will be present, too?
llant youth! has travelled far:
:s with him delighted are.

MARGARET.

e him I should blush, ashamed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

e no king that could be named!

MARTHA.

d the house, in my garden, then,
eve we 'll expect the gentlemen.

XI.

STREET.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it? under way? and soon complete?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! Do I find you burning?
Well, Margaret soon will still your yearning:
At Neighbor Martha's you 'll this evening meet.
A fitter woman ne'er was made
To ply the pimp and gypsy trade!

FAUST.

'T is well.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet something is required from us.

FAUST.

One service pays the other thus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 've but to make a deposition valid
That now her husband's limbs, outstretched and pall
At Padua rest, in consecrated soil.

FAUST.

Most wise! And first, of course, we 'll make t
journey thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! no need of such a toil;
Depose, with knowledge or without it, either!

FAUST.

've naught better, then, I tear your pretty plan!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

there you are! O holy man!
he first time in your life you 're driven
ar false witness in a case?
d, the world and all that in it has a place,
n, and all that moves the being of his race,
you not terms and definitions given
brazen forehead, daring breast?
if you 'll probe the thing profoundly,
you so much—and you 'll confess it roundly!—
re of Schwerdtlein's death and place of rest?

FAUST.

art, and thou remain'st, a sophist, liar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

knew I not more deeply thy desire.
ilt thou not, no lover fairer,
Margaret flatter, and ensnare her,
ll thy soul's devotion swear her?

FAUST.

rom my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is very fine!
endless love, thy faith assuring,
ne almighty force enduring,—
hat, too, prompt this heart of thine?

FAUST.

hold! It will!—If such my flame,
for the sense and power intense
, and cannot find, a name;
range with all my senses through creation,

Craving the speech of inspiration.
And call this ardor, so supernal,
Endless, eternal and eternal,—
Is that a devilish lying game?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet I 'm right!

FAUST.

Mark this, I beg of thee!
And spare my lungs henceforth: whoever
Intends to have the right, if but his tongue be clever,
Will have it, certainly.
But come: the further talking brings disgust,
For thou art right, especially since I must.[104]

XII.

GARDEN.

(MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*)

MARGARET.

I FEEL, the gentleman allows for me,
Demeans himself, and shames me by it:
A traveller is so used to be
Kindly content with any diet.
I know too well that my poor gossip can
Ne'er entertain such an experienced man.

FAUST.

A look from thee, a word, more entertains
Than all the lore of wisest brains.
(He kisses her hand.)

MARGARET.

ı't incommode yourself! How could you ever kiss it?
s so ugly, rough to see!
at work I do,—how hard and steady is it!
ther is much too close with me.

[*They pass.*

MARTHA.

d you, Sir, travel always, do you not?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ıs, that trade and duty us so harry!
ıth what a pang one leaves so many a spot,
ıd dares not even now and then to tarry!

MARTHA.

young, wild years it suits your ways,
ıis round and round the world in freedom sweeping;
ıt then come on the evil days,
ıd so, as bachelor, into his grave a-creeping,
one ever found a thing to praise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

dread to see how such a fate advances.

MARTHA.

hen, worthy Sir, improve betimes your chances!

[*They pass.*

MARGARET.

'es, out of sight is out of mind!
'our courtesy an easy grace is;
3ut you have friends in other places,
Ind sensibler than I, you 'll find.

FAUST.

Trust me, dear heart! what men call sensible
Is oft mere vanity and narrowness.

MARGARET.

How so?

FAUST.

Ah, that simplicity and innocence ne'er know
Themselves, their holy value, and their spell!
That meekness, lowliness, the highest graces
Which Nature portions out so lovingly—

MARGARET.

Think but a little moment's space on me!
To think on you I have all times and places.[105]

FAUST.

No doubt you 're much alone?

MARGARET.

Yes, for our household small has grown,
Yet must be cared for, you will own.
We have no maid: I do the knitting, sewing, sweeping,
The cooking, early work and late, in fact;
And mother, in her notions of housekeeping,
Is so exact!
Not that she needs so much to keep expenses down
We, more than others, might take comfort, rather
A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house, a little garden near the town.
But now my days have less of noise and hurry;
My brother is a soldier,
My little sister 's dead.
True, with the child a troubled life I led,
Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worr
So very dear was she.

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and it was fond of me.
Father had died before it saw the light,

And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,
So weak and miserable she lay;
And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.
She could not think, herself, of giving
The poor wee thing its natural living;
And so I nursed it all alone
With milk and water: 't was my own.
Lulled in my lap with many a song,
It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST.

The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARGARET.

But surely, also, many a weary hour.
I kept the baby's cradle near
My bed at night: if 't even stirred, I 'd guess it,
And waking, hear.
And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,
And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake,
And dandling back and forth the restless creature take,
Then at the wash-tub stand, at morning's break;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending,
Day after day, the same thing, never-ending.
One's spirits, Sir, are thus not always good,
But then one learns to relish rest and food.

[*They pass.*

MARTHA.

Yes, the poor women are bad off, 't is true:
A stubborn bachelor there 's no converting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It but depends upon the like of you,
And I should turn to better ways than flirting.

MARTHA.

Speak plainly, Sir, have you no one detected?
Has not your heart been anywhere subjected?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says: One's own warm hearth
And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth.

MARTHA.

I mean, have you not felt desire, though ne'er so slightly?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 've everywhere, in fact, been entertained politely.

MARTHA.

I meant to say, were you not touched in earnest, ever?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One should allow one's self to jest with ladies never.

MARTHA.

Ah, you don't understand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm sorry I 'm so blind:
But I am sure—that you are very kind.

[*They pass.*

FAUST.

And me, thou angel! didst thou recognize,
As through the garden-gate I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

And thou forgiv'st my freedom, and the blame
To my impertinence befitting,
As the Cathedral thou wert quitting?

MARGARET.

as confused, the like ne'er happened me;
one could ever speak to my discredit.
thought I, in my conduct has he read it—
ıething immodest or unseemly free?
seemed to have the sudden feeling
ıt with this wench 't were very easy dealing.
ill confess, I knew not what appeal
your behalf, here, in my bosom grew;
I was angry with myself, to feel
ıt I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST.

et darling!

MARGARET.

Wait a while!

plucks a star-flower, 106 *and pulls off the leaves, one after the other.)*

FAUST.

Shall that a nosegay be?

MARGARET.

it is just in play.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go! you 'll laugh at me.

(She pulls off the leaves and murmurs.)

FAUST.

murmurest thou?

MARGARET *(half aloud).*

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST.

Thou sweet, angelic soul!

MARGARET *(continues)*.

Loves me—not—loves me—not—

(plucking the last leaf, she cries with frank delight:)

He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes, child! and let this blossom-word
For thee be speech divine! He loves thee!
Ah, know'st thou what it means? He loves thee!

(He grasps both her hands.)

MARGARET.

I 'm all a-tremble!

FAUST.

O tremble not! but let this look
Let this warm clasp of hands declare thee
What is unspeakable!
To yield one wholly, and to feel a rapture
In yielding, that must be eternal!
Eternal!— for the end would be despair.
No, no,—no ending! no ending!

MARTHA *(coming forward)*.

The night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! we must away.

MARTHA.

I 'd ask you, longer here to tarry,
But evil tongues in this town have full play.
It 's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry,[1]
Nor other labor,

spying all the doings of one's neighbor:
one becomes the talk, do whatsoe'er one may.
e is our couple now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Flown up the alley yonder,
wilful summer-birds!

MARTHA.

He seems of her still fonder,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

she of him. So runs the world away!

XIII

A GARDEN

ARET *comes in, conceals herself behind the door, puts the finger to her lips, and peeps through the crack.*

MARGARET.

omes!

FAUST *(entering).*

Ah, rogue! a tease thou art!
e thee!

(He kisses her.)

MARGARET

(clasping him, and returning the kiss).

Dearest man! I love thee [illegible]

(MEPHISTOPHELES disappears.)

UST. I.

FAUST *(stepping to him).*

Who 's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is time to separat

MARTHA *(coming).*

Yes, Sir, 't is late.

FAUST.

May I not, then, upon you wait

MARGARET.

My mother would—farewell!

FAUST.

Ah, can I not remain

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

And soon to meet again!

[*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES

MARGARET.

Dear God! However is it, such

man can think and know so much?
stand ashamed and in amaze,
ıd answer "Yes" to all he says,
poor, unknowing child! and he—
can't think what he finds in me!

[*Exit.*

XIV.

FOREST and CAVERN.[108]

FAUST *(solus).*

PIRIT sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
'or which I prayed. Not unto me in vain
Iast thou thy countenance revealed in fire.
Thou gav'st me Nature as a kingdom grand,
Vith power to feel and to enjoy it. Thou
Jot only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
But grantest, that in her profoundest breast
gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
The ranks of living creatures thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know my brothers
In air and water and the silent wood.
And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,
The giant firs, in falling, neighbor boughs
And neighbor trunks with crushing weight bear down,
And falling, fill the hills with hollow thunders,—
Then to the cave secure thou leadest me,
Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast
The deep, mysterious miracles unfold.
And when the perfect moon before my gaze
Comes up with soothing light, around me float
From every precipice and thicket damp
The silvery phantoms of the ages past,
And temper the austere delight of thought.

9*

That nothing can be perfect unto Man
I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
Thou gavest the comrade, whom I now no more
Can do without, though cold and scornful, he
Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
A word, transforms thy gifts to nothingness.
Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form:
Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES enters.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not led this life quite long enough?
How can a further test delight you?
'T is very well, that once one tries the stuff,
But something new must then requite you.

FAUST.

Would there were other work for thee!
To plague my day auspicious thou returnest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! I 'll engage to let thee be:
Thou darest not tell me so in earnest.
The loss of thee were truly very slight,—
A cursèd crazy, rude, repelling:
One has one's hands full all the day and night;
If what one does, or leaves undone, is right,
From such a face as thine there is no telling.

FAUST.

There is, again, thy proper tone!—
That thou hast bored me, I must thankful be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, how couldst thou thus alone
Have led thy life, bereft of me?

for a time, at least, have worked thy cure;
Thy fancy's rickets plague thee not at all:
Had I not been, so hadst thou, sure,
Walked thyself off this earthly ball.
Why here to caverns, rocky hollows slinking,
Sit'st thou, as 't were an owl a-blinking?
Why suck'st, from sodden moss and dripping stone,
Toad-like, thy nourishment alone?
A fine way, this, thy time to fill!
The Doctor 's in thy body still.

FAUST.

What fresh and vital forces, canst thou guess,
Spring from my commerce with the wilderness?
But, if thou hadst the power of guessing,
Thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge my soul the blessing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A blessing drawn from supernatural fountains!
In night and dew to lie upon the mountains;
All Heaven and Earth in rapture penetrating;
Thyself to Godhood haughtily inflating;
To grub with yearning force through Earth's dark marrow,
Compress the six days' work within thy bosom narrow
To taste, I know not what, in haughty power,
Thine own ecstatic life on all things showered,
Thine earthly self behind thee cast,
And then the lofty instinct, thus
(With a gesture)
I dare n't say how—to pluck the final flower.

FAUST.

Shame on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, thou findest that ... ...

Thou hast the moral right to cry me "shame!" at present.
One dares not that before chaste ears declare,[109]
Which chaste hearts, notwithstanding, cannot spare;
And, once for all, I grudge thee not the pleasure
Of lying to thyself in moderate measure.
But such a course thou wilt not long endure;
Already art thou o'er-excited,
And, if it last, wilt soon be plighted
To madness and to horror, sure.
Enough of that! Thy love sits lonely yonder,[110]
By all things saddened and oppressed;
Her thoughts and yearnings seek thee, tenderer, fonder,—
A mighty love is in her breast.
First came thy passion's flood and poured around her
As when from melted snow a streamlet overflows;
Thou hast therewith so filled and drowned her,
That now *thy* stream all shallow shows.
Methinks, instead of in the forests lording,
The noble Sir should find it good,
The love of this young silly blood
At once to set about rewarding.
Her time is miserably long;
She haunts her window, watching clouds that stray
O'er the old city-wall, and far away.
"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song,[111]
Day long, and half night long.
Now she is lively, mostly sad,
Now, wept beyond her tears;
Then again quiet she appears,—
Always love-mad.

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

Ha! do I trap thee?

FAUST.

Get thee away with thine offences,
Reprobate! Name not that fairest thing,
Nor the desire for her sweet body bring
Again before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldst thou, then? She thinks that thou art flown;
And half and half thou art, I own.

FAUST.

Yet am I near, and love keeps watch and ward;
Though I were ne'er so far, it cannot falter:
I envy even the Body of the Lord
The touching of her lips, before the altar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is very well! *My* envy *oft* reposes
On your twin-pair, that feeds among the lilies!

FAUST.

Away, thou pimp!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You rail, and it is fine to me
The God, who fashioned youth and maid
Perceived the noblest purpose of his trade
And also made their opportunity.
Go on! It is a woe profound!
It is for your sweetheart's room you ...
And not for death, indeed.

FAUST.

What are, within her arms, the ...
Though I be glowing with her ...
Do I not always share her need?
I am the fugitive, all houseless ...

The monster without aim or rest,
That like a cataract, down rocks and gorges foami
Leaps, maddened, into the abyss's breast!
And side-wards she, with young unwakened sens
Within her cabin on the Alpine field
Her simple, homely life commences,
Her little world therein concealed.
And I, God's hate flung o'er me,
Had not enough, to thrust
The stubborn rocks before me
And strike them into dust!
She and her peace I yet must undermine:
Thou, Hell, hast claimed this sacrifice as thine
Help, Devil! through the coming pangs to push
What must be, let it quickly be!
Let fall on me her fate, and also crush me,—
One ruin whelm both her and me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Again it seethes, again it glows!
Thou fool, go in and comfort her!
When such a head as thine no outlet knows,
It thinks the end must soon occur.
Hail him, who keeps a steadfast mind!
Thou, else, dost well the devil-nature wear:
Naught so insipid in the world I find
As is a devil in despair.

XV.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET [113]

(at the spinning-wheel, alone).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,
The grave is here;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
Is racked and crazed;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,
At the pane I sit;
To meet him, him only,
The house I quit.

His lofty gait,
His noble size,
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

My bosom yearns
For him alone;
Ah, dared I clasp him,
And hold, and own!

And kiss his mouth,
To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
At last expire!

XVI.

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARGARET.

PROMISE me, Henry!—

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

)w is 't with thy religion, pray?
ou art a dear, good-hearted man,
d yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

FAUST.

ve that, my child! Thou know'st my love is tender;
love, my blood and life would I surrender,
l as for Faith and Church, I grant to each his own.

MARGARET.

t 's not enough; we must believe thereon.

FAUST.

t we?

MARGARET.

Would that I had some influence!
n, too, thou honorest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST.

nor them.

MARGARET.

Desiring no possession
; long since thou hast been to mass
evest thou in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who
)elieve in God!" to say?
priest or sage the answer to decline
l it will seem a mocking play,
arcasm on the asker.

MARGARET.

Then thou

FAUST.

Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance![114]
Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him,
Saying: I believe in Him!
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not!
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds he not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches not there the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
And rise not, on us shining,
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
And feel'st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, round thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
Call it, then, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name to give it!
Feeling is all in all:
The Name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARGARET.

All that is fine and good, to hear it so:
Much the same way the preacher spoke,
Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST.

The same thing, in all places,
All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day—

ı in its language—say;
ı why not I, in mine, as well?

MARGARET.

hear it thus, it may seem passable:
yet, some hitch in 't there must be
thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

r love!

MARGARET.

I 've long been grieved to see
.t thou art in such company.

FAUST.

v so?

MARGARET.

The man who with thee goes, his chief
hin my deepest, inmost soul I hate;
ıll my life there 's nothing
; given my heart so keen a pang
his repulsive face has done.

FAUST.

·, fear him not, my sweetest one!

MARGARET.

:el his presence like something ill.
·e else, for all, a kindly will,
, much as my heart to see thee yearneth;
ɜ secret horror of him returneth;
ı I think the man a knave, as I live!
do him wrong, may God forgive!

FAUST.

ɜre must be such queer birds, however

MARGARET.

Live with the like of him, may I never!
When once inside the door comes he,
He looks around so sneeringly,
And half in wrath:
One sees that in nothing no interest he hath:
'T is written on his very forehead
That love, to him, is a thing abhorréd.
I am so happy on thine arm,
So free, so yielding, and so warm,
And in his presence stifled seems my heart.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET.

It overcomes me in such degree,
That wheresoe'er he meets us, even,
I feel as though I 'd lost my love for thee.
When he is by, I could not pray to Heaven.
That burns within me like a flame,
And surely, Henry, 't is with thee the same.

FAUST.

There, now, is thine antipathy!

MARGARET.

But I must go.

FAUST.

Ah, shall there never be
A quiet hour, to see us fondly plighted,
With breast to breast, and soul to soul united?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I only slept alone!
I 'd draw the bolts to-night, for thy desire;
But mother's sleep so light has grown,

f we were discovered by her,
uld be my death upon the spot!

FAUST.

angel, fear it not!
s a phial: in her drink
·ee drops of it measure,
:epest sleep will on her senses sink.

MARGARET.

/ould I not, to give thee pleasure?
not harm her, when one tries it?

FAUST.

·uld, my love, would I advise it?

MARGARET.

arest man, if but thy face I see,
not what compels me to thy will:
h have I already done for thee,
arcely more is left me to fulfil.

[*Exit.*

(Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.*)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

nkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Hast played the spy again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ard, most fully, how she drew thee.
ctor has been catechised, 't is plain;
ood, I hope, the thing will do thee.
ls have much desire to ascertain
s prim and good, as ancient rules compel:
he 's led, they think, he 'll follow them as well.

FAUST.

nonster, wilt nor see nor own

How she rejects with scorn the gifts so lowly,
Scarce touches them unwittingly.—
The casket mine
That I procured from —with scruples holy
Lo, not the child is lost the man she loves so well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This odd of sensual, super-sensual desire,
A girl's soul is leading thee.

FAUST.

Accursed mock of fire and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then how masterly she reads physiognomy!
When I am present she's impressed, she knows not how;
She in my mask a hidden sense would read:
She feels that surely I'm a genius now,—
Perhaps the very Devil, indeed!
Well, well —to-night—?

FAUST.

What's that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Am my delight it will also be!

XVII.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.[115]

MARGARET *and* LISBETH *with pitchers.*

LISBETH.

.ST nothing heard of Barbara?

MARGARET.

, not a word. I go so little out.

LISBETH.

s true, Sibylla said, to-day.
: 's played the fool at last, there 's not a doubt.
h taking-on of airs!

MARGARET.

How so?

LISBETH.

It stinks!
: 's feeding two, whene'er she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

!

LISBETH.

And so, at last, it serves her rightly.
e clung to the fellow so long and tightly!
ıat was a promenading!
: village and dance parading!
s the first they must everywhere shine,
nd he treated her always to pies and wine,
ıd she made a to-do with her face so fine;
o mean and shameless was her behavior,

She took all the presents the fellow gave her.
'T was kissing and coddling, on and on!
So now, at the end, the flower is gone.

MARGARET.

The poor, poor thing!

LISBETH.

Dost pity her, at that?
When one of us at spinning sat,
And mother, nights, ne'er let us out the door
She sported with her paramour.
On the door-bench, in the passage dark,
The length of the time they 'd never mark.
So now her head no more she 'll lift,
But do church-penance in her sinner's shift!

MARGARET.

He 'll surely take her for his wife.

LISBETH.

He 'd be a fool! A brisk young blade
Has room, elsewhere, to ply his trade.
Besides, he 's gone.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

LISBETH.

If him she gets, why let her beware!
The boys shall dash her wreath on the floor,
And we 'll scatter chaff before her door![116]

MARGARET *(returning home).*

How scornfully I once reviled,
When some poor maiden was beguiled!
More speech than any tongue suffices
I craved, to censure others' vices.

ıs it seemed, I blackened still,
ıcker yet was in my will;
ɜssed myself, and boasted high,—
w—a living sin am I!
l that drove my heart thereto,
as so good, so dear, so true!

XVIII.

DONJON.[117]

ı niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater Dolorosa. Pots of flowers before it.)

MARGARET

(putting fresh flowers in the pots).

INE, O Maiden,
u sorrow-laden,
gracious countenance upon my pain!

sword Thy heart in,
ı anguish smarting,
u lookest up to where Thy Son is slain!

u seest the Father;
sad sighs gather,
bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

past guessing,
ɔnd expressing,
pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
r this anxious heart so burneth,
r it trembleth, why it yearneth,
west Thou, and Thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
I 'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
Alas! my tears did wet,
As in the early morning
For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
The morning sun shone red:
I sat, in utter sorrow,
Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline Thy countenance upon my pain!

XIX.

NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE[118]

(a soldier, MARGARET'S *brother).*

I have sat at some carouse,
each to each his brag allows,
many a comrade praised to me
nk of girls right lustily,
brimming glass that spilled the toast,
lbows planted as in boast:
in unconcerned repose,
eard the swagger as it rose.
troking then my beard, I 'd say,
g, the bumper in my hand:
well enough in her own way,
there one in all the land
ister Margaret, good as gold,—
at to her can a candle hold?"
clang! "Here 's to her!" went around
oard: "He speaks the truth!" cried some;
the flower o' the sex is found!"
the swaggerers were dumb.
ow!—I could tear my hair with vexation,
sh out my brains in desperation!
rned-up nose each scamp may face me,
eers and stinging taunts disgrace me,
e a bankrupt debtor sitting,
e-dropped word may set me sweating!
ugh I thresh them all together,
call them liars, either.

comes sneaking, *there,* to view?
ke not, there *are two.*

If *he* 's one, let me at him drive!
He shall not leave the spot alive.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from the window of the sacristy
Upward th' eternal lamp sends forth a glimmer
That, lessening side-wards, fainter grows and dim
Till darkness closes from the sky!
The shadows thus within my bosom gather.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm like a sentimental tom-cat, rather,
That round the tall fire-ladders sweeps,
And stealthy, then, along the coping creeps:
Quite virtuous, withal, I come,
A little thievish and a little frolicsome.
I feel in every limb the presage
Forerunning the grand Walpurgis-Night:
Day after to-morrow brings its message,
And one keeps watch then with delight.

FAUST.

Meanwhile, may not the treasure risen be,
Which there, behind, I glimmering see?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shalt soon experience the pleasure,
To lift the kettle with its treasure.
I lately gave therein a squint—
Saw splendid lion-dollars in 't.[119]

FAUST.

Not even a jewel, not a ring,
To deck therewith my darling girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw, among the rest, a thing
That seemed to be a chain of pearl.

FAUST.

: 's well, indeed! For painful is it
bring no gift when her I visit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

u shouldst not find it so annoying,
out return to be enjoying.
, while the sky leads forth its starry throng,
ı 'lt hear a masterpiece, no work completer:
sing her, first, a moral song,
surer, afterwards, to cheat her.

(Sings to the cither.)

What dost thou here[120]
In daybreak clear,
Kathrina dear,
Before thy lover's door?
Beware! the blade
Lets in a maid,
That out a maid
Departeth nevermore!

The coaxing shun
Of such an one!
When once 't is done
Good-night to thee, poor thing!
Love's time is brief:
Unto no thief
Be warm and lief,
But with the wedding-ring!

VALENTINE *(comes forward).*

m wilt thou lure? God's-element!
catching piper, thou!—perdition!
the Devil, first, the instrument!
the Devil, then, the curst musician!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

cither 's smashed! For nothing more 't is fitting.

VALENTINE.

There 's yet a skull I must be splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*)*.

Sir Doctor, don't retreat, I pray!
Stand by: I 'll lead, if you 'll but tarry:
Out with your spit, without delay![122]
You 've but to lunge, and I will parry.

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not? 't is light.

VALENTINE.

That, too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course.

VALENTINE.

I think the Devil must
How is it, then? my hand 's already lame.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*)*.

Thrust home!

VALENTINE *(falls)*.

O God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
But come, away! 'T is time for us to fly;
For there arises now a murderous cry.
With the police 't were easy to compound it,
But here the penal court will sift and sound it

[Exit with

MARTHA *(at the window).*

ne out! come out!

MARGARET *(at the window).*

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA *(as above).*

y swear and storm, they yell and fight!

PEOPLE.

: lies one dead already—see!

MARTHA *(coming from the house).*

murderers, whither have they run?

MARGARET *(coming out).*

, lies here?

PEOPLE.

'T is thy mother's son!

MARGARET.

ighty God! what misery!

VALENTINE.

ı dying! That is quickly said,
l quicker yet 't is done.
y howl, you women there? Instead,
ne here and listen, every one!

(All gather around him.)

Margaret, see! still young thou art,
not the least bit shrewd or smart,
y business thus to slight:
this advice I bid thee heed—
w that thou art a whore indeed,
y, be one then, outright!

MARGARET.

[illegible]

VALENTINE.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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Scene XX.

MARTHA.

mend your soul to God for pardon,
t you your heart with slander harden!

VALENTINE.

ou pimp most infamous, be still!
uld I thy withered body kill,
would bring, for all my sinful pleasure,
orgiveness in the richest measure.

MARGARET.

Iy brother! This is Hell's own pain!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, from thy tears refrain!
When thou from honor didst depart
It stabbed me to the very heart.
Now through the slumber of the grave
I go to God as a soldier brave.
(Dies.)

XX.

CATHEDRAL.[123]

SERVICE, ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

(MARGARET *among much people: the* EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.)

EVIL SPIRIT.

How otherwise was it, Margaret,
When thou, still innocent,
Here to the altar cam'st,
And from the worn and fingered book

Thy prayers didst prattle,
Half sport of childhood,
Half God within thee!
Margaret!
Where tends thy thought?
Within thy bosom
What hidden crime?
Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul,
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and through th
Upon thy threshold whose the blood?
And stirreth not and quickens
Something beneath thy heart,
Thy life disquieting
With most foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!
Would I were free from the thoughts
That cross me, drawing hither and thither,
Despite me!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa[124]
Solvet sæclum in favilla!
(Sound of the organ.)

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath takes thee!
The trumpet peals!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
To fiery torments
Now again requickened,
Throbs to life!

MARGARET.

Would I were forth!
I feel as if the organ here

breath takes from me,
very heart
olved by the anthem!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,[125]
Quidquid latet, adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

nnot breathe!
massy pillars
rison me!
vaulted arches
sh me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

e thyself! Sin and shame
never hidden.
Light?
to thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,[126]
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

EVIL SPIRIT.

y turn their faces,
glorified, from thee:
pure, their hands to offer,
ldering, refuse thee!
!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

ghbor! your cordial![127]

(She falls in a swoon.)

XXI.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.[128]

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

District of Schierke and Elend.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost thou not wish a broomstick-steed's assistance
The sturdiest he-goat I would gladly see:
The way we take, our goal is yet some distance.

FAUST.

So long as in my legs I feel the fresh existence,
This knotted staff suffices me.
What need to shorten so the way?
Along this labyrinth of vales to wander,
Then climb the rocky ramparts yonder,
Wherefrom the fountain flings eternal spray,
Is such delight, my steps would fain delay.
The spring-time stirs within the fragrant birches,
And even the fir-tree feels it now:
Should then our limbs escape its gentle searches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I notice no such thing, I vow!
'T is winter still within my body:
Upon my path I wish for frost and snow.
How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,[129]
And lights so dimly, that, as one advances,
At every step one strikes a rock or tree!
Let us, then, use a Jack-o'-lantern's glances:
I see one yonder, burning merrily.

ɔ, there! my friend! I 'll levy thine attendance:
hy waste so vainly thy resplendence?
= kind enough to light us up the steep!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

y reverence, I hope, will me enable
o curb my temperament unstable;
ɔr zigzag courses we are wont to keep.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

deed? he 'd like mankind to imitate!
ɔw, in the Devil's name, go straight,
· I 'll blow out his being's flickering spark!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

ɔu are the master of the house, I mark,
ıd I shall try to serve you nicely.
ıt then, reflect: the mountain's magic-mad to-day,
ıd if a will-o'-the-wisp must guide you on the way,
ɔu must n't take things too precisely.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP
(in alternating song).

We, it seems, have entered newly
In the sphere of dreams enchanted.
Do thy bidding, guide us truly,
That our feet be forwards planted
In the vast, the desert spaces!

See them swiftly changing places,
Trees on trees beside us trooping,
And the crags above us stooping,
And the rocky snouts, outgrowing,—
Hear them snoring, hear them blowing!
O'er the stones, the grasses, flowing
Stream and streamlet seek the hollow.
Hear I noises? songs that follow?
Hear I tender love-petitions?
Voices of those heavenly visions?

Summits of hope, of love undying!
And the echoes, like traditions
Of old days, come faint and hollow.

Huhu-hoo! Shoo-hoo! Nearer hover
Jay and screech-owl, and the plover,—
Are they all awake and crying?
Is it the salamander pushes,
Sharp-bellied, through the bushes?
And the roots, like serpents twisted,
Through the sand and boulders toiling,
Form us, weirdest links uncoiling
To entrap us, unresisted:
Living knees and gnarls uncanny
Feel with polypus-antennæ
For the wanderer. Mice are flying,
Thousand-colored, herd-wise hieing
Through the moss and through the heathe
And the fire-flies wink and darkle,
Crowded swarms that soar and sparkle,
And in wildering escort gather!

Tell me, if we still are standing,
Or if further we 're ascending?
All is turning, whirling, blending,
Trees and rocks with grinning faces,
Wandering lights that spin in mazes,
Still increasing and expanding!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp my skirt with heart undaunted!
Here a middle-peak is planted.
Whence one seeth, with amaze,
Mammon in the mountain blaze.

FAUST.

How strangely glimmers through the hollows
A dreary light, like that of dawn!
Its exhalation tracks and follows

The deepest gorges, faint and wan.
There steam, there rolling vapor sweepeth,
There burns the glow through film and haze:
Now like a tender thread it creepeth,
Now like a fountain leaps and plays.
There winds away, and in a hundred
Divided veins the valley braids:
Here, in a corner pressed and sundered,
Itself detaches, spreads and fades.
There gush the sparkles incandescent
Like scattered showers of golden sand;—
But, see! in all their height, at present
The rocky ramparts blazing stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Has not Sir Mammon grandly lighted
His palace for this festal night?
'T is lucky thou hast seen the sight;
The boisterous guests approach that were invited.

FAUST.

How raves the tempest through the air![131]
With what fierce blows upon my neck 't is beating!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Under the old ribs of the rock retreating,
Hold fast, lest thou be hurled down the abysses there!
The night with the mist is black;
Hark! how the forests grind and crack!
Frightened, the owlets are scattered;
Hearken! the pillars are shattered,
The evergreen palaces shaking!
Boughs are groaning and breaking,
The tree-trunks terribly thunder,
The roots are twisting asunder!
In frightfully intricate crashing
Each on the other is dashing,
And over the wreck-strewn gorges
The tempest whistles and surges!

Hear'st thou voices higher ringing?
Far away, or nearer singing?
Yes, the mountain's side along,
Sweeps an infuriate glamouring song!

WITCHES *(in chorus).*

The witches ride to the Brocken's top,[132]
The stubble is yellow, and green the crop.
There gathers the crowd for carnival:
Sir Urian sits over all.
And so they go over stone and stock;
The witch she ——s, and ——s the buck.

A VOICE.

Alone, old Baubo 's coming now;[133]
She rides upon a farrow-sow.

CHORUS.

Then honor to whom the honor is due!
Dame Baubo first, to lead the crew!
A tough old sow and the mother thereon,
Then follow the witches, every one.

A VOICE.

Which way com'st thou hither?

VOICE.

O'er the Ilsen-st
I peeped at the owl in her nest alone:
How she stared and glared!

VOICE.

Betake thee to Hell!
Why so fast and so fell?

VOICE.

She has scored and has flayed me:
See the wounds she has made me!

WITCHES *(chorus).*

The way is wide, the way is long:
See, what a wild and crazy throng!
The broom it scratches, the fork it thrusts,
The child is stifled, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS *(semichorus).*

As doth the snail in shell, we crawl:
Before us go the women all.
When towards the Devil's House we tread,
Woman 's a thousand steps ahead.[134]

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

We do not measure with such care:
Woman in thousand steps is there,
But howsoe'er she hasten may,
Man in one leap has cleared the way.

VOICE *(from above).*

me on, come on, from Rocky Lake!

VOICE *(from below).*

oft we 'd fain ourselves betake.
e 've washed, and are bright as ever you will,
:t we 're eternally sterile still.[135]

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the star shoots by,
The dreary moon forsakes the sky;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.[136]

VOICE *(from below).*

Halt, there! Ho, there!

VOICE *(from above).*

Who calls from the rocky cleft below there?

WITCH (*dance*).

Take me, not take me not!
I'm climbing now three hundred years.
And yet the summit cannot see
Among my equals I count me.

WITCH (*changes*).

Bears the broom and bears the stick.
Bears the fork and bears the buck
Who cannot raise himself to-night
Is evermore a ruined wight.

HALF-WITCH (*creeping*).

So long I stumble, ill bestead,
And the others are now so far ahead!
At home I've neither rest nor cheer,
And yet I cannot gain them here.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

To cheer the witch will salve avail:
A rag will answer for a sail:
Each trough a goodly ship supplies:
He ne'er will fly, who now not flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

When round the summit whirls our flight,
Then lower, and on the ground alight;
And far and wide the heather press
With witchhood's swarms of wantonness!

(*They settle down.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and push, they roar and clatter!
They whirl and whistle, pull and chatter!
They shine, and spurt, and stink, and burn!
The true witch-element we learn.
Keep close! or we are parted, in our turn.
Where art thou?

FAUST *(in the distance).*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! whirled so far astray?
ıse-right I must use, and clear the way.
)m! Squire Voland comes![138] Room, gentle rabble, room!
ıctor, hold to me: in one jump we 'll resume
· space, and from the crowd be free:
much, even for the like of me.
with special light, there 's something shining clearer
ıose bushes; I 've a mind to see.
! we 'll slip a little nearer.

FAUST.

Contradiction! On! I 'll follow straight.
nned most wisely, if I judge aright:
) the Brocken's top in the Walpurgis-Night,
ıitrarily, here, ourselves we isolate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

what motley flames among the heather!
a lively club together:
:r circles one is not alone.

FAUST.

e summit, I must own:
'e and whirling smoke I see.
:k the Evil One in wild confusion:
igmas there might find solution.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ɜ enigmas also knotted be.
· the multitude their riot!
l we house ourselves in quiet.
old, transmitted trade,

That in the greater world the little worlds are made
I see stark-nude young witches congregate,
And old ones, veiled and hidden shrewdly:
On my account be kind, nor treat them rudely!
The trouble 's small, the fun is great.
I hear the noise of instruments attuning,—
Vile din! yet one must learn to bear the crooning
Come, come along! It *must* be, I declare!
I 'll go ahead and introduce thee there,
Thine obligation newly earning.
That is no little space: what say'st thou, friend?
Look yonder! thou canst scarcely see the end:
A hundred fires along the ranks are burning.
They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, t
court:
Now where, just tell me, is there better sport?

FAUST.

Wilt thou, to introduce us to the revel,
Assume the part of wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm mostly used, 't is true, to go incognito,
But on a gala-day one may his orders show.
The Garter does not deck my suit,
But honored and at home is here the cloven fo
Perceiv'st thou yonder snail? It cometh, slow
steady;
So delicately its feelers pry,
That it hath scented me already:
I cannot here disguise me, if I try.
But come! we 'll go from this fire to a newer:
I am the go-between, and thou the wooer.

(To some, who are sitting around dying embers:)

Old gentlemen, why at the outskirts? Enter!
I 'd praise you if I found you snugly in the c
With youth and revel round you like a zone:
You each, at home, are quite enough alone.

GENERAL.

, who would put his trust in nations,
ve'er for them one may have worked and planned?
with the people, as with women,
ıth always has the upper hand.

MINISTER.

ey 're now too far from what is just and sage.
raise the old ones, not unduly:
en we were all-in-all, then, truly,
en was the real golden age.

PARVENU.

: also were not stupid, either,
d what we should not, often did;
t now all things have from their bases slid,
t as we meant to hold them fast together.

AUTHOR.

ıo, now, a work of moderate sense will read?
ch works are held as antiquate and mossy;
ıd as regards the younger folk, indeed,
ıey never yet have been so pert and saucy.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(who all at once appears very old).[139]

feel that men are ripe for Judgment-Day,
ɔw for the last time I 've the witches'-hill ascended:
nce to the lees *my* cask is drained away,
he world's, as well, must soon be ended.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

ɜ gentlemen, don't pass me thus!
ɜt not the chance neglected be!
ɜhold my wares attentively:
he stock is rare and various.
nd yet, there 's nothing I 've collected—
o shop, on earth, like this you 'll find!—

Which has not once sore sin inflicted
Upon the world and on mankind.
No dagger 's here, that set not blood to flowing;
No cup, that hath not once within a healthy
Poured speedy death in poison glowing:
No gems, that have not brought a maid to shame
No sword, but severed ties for the unwary.
Or from behind struck down the adversary.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! the times thou badly comprehendest:
What 's done has happed—what haps, is done!
'T were better if for novelties thou sendest:
By such alone can we be won.

FAUST.

Let me not lose myself in all this pother!
This is a fair, as never was another!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whirlpool swirls to get above:
Thou 'rt shoved thyself, imagining to shove.

FAUST.

But who is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Note her especially,
'T is Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife is she.
Beware the lure within her lovely tresses,
The splendid sole adornment of her hair!
When she succeeds therewith a youth to snare
Not soon again she frees him from her jesses.

FAUST.

se two, the old one with the young one sitting,
y 've danced already more than fitting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

rest to-night for young or old!
y start another dance: come now, let us take hold!

FAUST *(dancing with the young witch).*

A lovely dream once came to me;[142]
I then beheld an apple-tree,
And there two fairest apples shone:
They lured me so, I climbed thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples have been desired by you,
Since first in Paradise they grew;
And I am moved with joy, to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(dancing with the old one).*

A dissolute dream once came to me:
Therein I saw a cloven tree,
Which had a —— —— ——;
Yet, —— as 't was, I fancied it.

THE OLD ONE.

I offer here my best salute
Unto the knight with cloven foot!
Let him a —— —— prepare,
If him —— —— —— does not scare.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.[143]

:urséd folk! How dare you venture thus?
d you not, long since, demonstration
at ghosts can't stand on ordinary foundation?
d now you even dance, like one of us!

solace this, whereof he 's most assured:
when upon his rump the leeches hang and fuddle,
ll be of spirits and of Spirit cured.

(To FAUST, *who has left the dance:)*

:refore forsakest thou the lovely maiden,
t in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

in the midst of it there sprang
ed mouse from her mouth—sufficient reason!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

at 's nothing! One must not so squeamish be;
the mouse was not gray, enough for thee.
o 'd think of that in love's selected season?

FAUST.

en saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there,
one and far, a girl most pale and fair?
e falters on, her way scarce knowing,
; if with fettered feet that stay her going.
must confess, it seems to me
; if my kindly Margaret were she.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

:t the thing be! All thence have evil drawn:
is a magic shape, a lifeless eidolon.
ich to encounter is not good;
heir blank, set stare benumbs the human blood,
id one is almost turned to stone.
edusa's tale to thee is known.

FAUST.

[illegible] dying,
[illegible]
[illegible]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[illegible]

FAUST.

[illegible]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

SERVIBILIS.[148]

'T will shortly recommence
A new performance—'t is the last of seven.
To give that number is the custom here:
'T was by a Dilettante written,
And Dilettanti in the parts appear.

ıow I vanish, pardon, I entreat you!
ettante I the curtain raise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I upon the Blocksberg meet you,
it good: for that 's your proper place.

XXII.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ɜERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.[149]

INTERMEZZO.

MANAGER.

SONS of Mieding, rest to-day![150]
Needless your machinery:
Misty vale and mountain gray,
That is all the scenery.

HERALD.

That the wedding golden be,
Must fifty years be rounded:
But *the Golden* give to me,
When the strife 's compounded.

OBERON.

Spirits, if you 're here, be seen—
Show yourselves, delighted!
Fairy king and fairy queen,
They are newly plighted.

PUCK.[151]

Cometh Puck, and, light of limb,
Whisks and whirls in measure:
Come a hundred after him,
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.[152]

Ariel's song is heavenly-pure,
His tones are sweet and rare ones:
Though ugly faces he allure,
Yet he allures the fair ones.

OBERON.

Spouses, who would fain agree,
Learn how we were mated!
If your pairs would loving be,
First be separated!

TITANIA.

If her whims the wife control,
And the man berate her,
Take him to the Northern Pole,
And her to the Equator!

ORCHESTRA. TUTTI.[153]

Fortissimo.

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
And kin of all conditions,
Frog in grass, and cricket-trill,—
These are the musicians!

SOLO.[154]

See the bagpipe on our track!
'T is the soap-blown bubble:
Hear the *schnecke-schnicke-schnack*
Through his nostrils double!

SPIRIT, JUST GROWING INTO FORM.[155]

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
And little wings—we know 'em!
A little creature 't will not be,
But yet, a little poem.

A LITTLE COUPLE.[156]

Little step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance:
You 'll never mount the airy steep
With all your tripping vagrance.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.[157]

Is 't but masquerading play?
See I with precision?
Oberon, the beauteous fay,
Meets, to-night, my vision!

ORTHODOX.[158]

Not a claw, no tail I see!
And yet, beyond a cavil,
Like "the Gods of Greece," must he
Also be a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.[159]

I only seize, with sketchy air,
Some outlines of the tourney;
Yet I betimes myself prepare
For my Italian journey.

PURIST.

My bad luck brings me here, alas!
How roars the orgy louder!
And of the witches in the mass,
But only two wear powder.

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder becomes, like petticoat,

A gray and wrinkled noddy;
So I sit naked on my goat,
And show a strapping body.

MATRON.

We 've too much tact and policy
To rate with gibes a scolder;
Yet, young and tender though you be,
I hope to see you moulder.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,
Don't swarm so round the Naked!
Frog in grass and cricket-trill,
Observe the time, and make it!

WEATHERCOCK *(towards one side).*[160]

Society to one's desire!
Brides only, and the sweetest!
And bachelors of youth and fire,
And prospects the completest!

WEATHERCOCK *(towards the other side).*

And if the Earth don't open now
To swallow up each ranter,
Why, then will I myself, I vow,
Jump into hell instanter!

XENIES.[161]

Us as little insects see!
With sharpest nippers flitting,
That our Papa Satan we
May honor as is fitting.

HENNINGS.[162]

How, in crowds together massed,
They are jesting, shameless!
They will even say, at last,
That their hearts are blameless.

MUSAGETES.

Among this witches' revelry
His way one gladly loses;
And, truly, it would easier be
Than to command the Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

The proper folks one's talents laud:
Come on, and none shall pass us!
The Blocksberg has a summit broad,
Like Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Say, who 's the stiff and pompous man?
He walks with haughty paces:
He snuffles all he snuffle can:
"He scents the Jesuits' traces."

CRANE.[163]

Both clear and muddy streams, for me
Are good to fish and sport in:
And thus the pious man you see
With even devils consorting.

WORLDLING.[164]

Yes, for the pious, I suspect,
All instruments are fitting;
And on the Blocksberg they erect
Full many a place of meeting.

DANCER.

A newer chorus now succeeds!
I hear the distant drumming.
"Don't be disturbed! 't is, in the reeds,
The bittern's changeless booming."

DANCING-MASTER.

How each his legs in nimble trip
Lifts up, and makes a clearance!

The crooked jump, the heavy skip,
Nor care for the appearance.

GOOD FELLOW.[165]

The nibble by such bait are held,
To maim and slay delights them:
As Orpheus' lyre the brutes compelled,
The bagpipe here unites them.

DOGMATIST.

I 'll not be led by any lure
Of doubts or critic-cavils:
The Devil must be something, sure,—
Or how should there be devils?

IDEALIST.[166]

This once, the fancy wrought in me
Is really too despotic:
Forsooth, if I am all I see,
I must be idiotic!

REALIST.

This racking fuss on every hand,
It gives me great vexation;
And, for the first time, here I stand
On insecure foundation.

SUPERNATURALIST.

With much delight I see the play,
And grant to these their merits,
Since from the devils I also may
Infer the better spirits.

SCEPTIC.[167]

The flame they follow, on and on,
And think they 're near the treasure:
But *Devil* rhymes with *Doubt* alone,
So I am here with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog in green, and cricket-trill,
Such dilettants!—perdition!
Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,—
Each one 's a fine musician!

THE ADROIT.[164]

Sanssouci, we call the clan
Of merry creatures so, then;
Go a-foot no more we can,
And on our heads we go, then.

THE AWKWARD.

Once many a bit we sponged; but now,
God help us! that is done with:
Our shoes are all danced out, we trow,
We 've but naked soles to run with.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.[169]

From the marshes we appear,
Where we originated;
Yet in the ranks, at once, we 're here
As glittering gallants rated.

SHOOTING-STAR.

Darting hither from the sky,
In star and fire light shooting,
Cross-wise now in grass I lie:
Who 'll help me to my footing?

THE HEAVY FELLOWS.

Room! and round about us, *room*!
Trodden are the grasses:
Spirits also, spirits come,
And they are bulky masses.

PUCK.

Enter not so stall-fed quite,
Like elephant-calves about one!

And the heaviest weight to-night
Be Puck, himself, the stout one!

ARIEL.

Hearing Nature at your back,
Or Mind the wings encloses,
Follow up my airy track
To the mount of roses!

ORCHESTRA.

Pianissimo.

Cloud and trailing mist o'erhead
Are now illuminated:
Air in leaves, and wind in reed,
And all is dissipated.[170]

XXIII.

DREARY DAY.[171]

A FIELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! In despair! Long wretchedly ast
the face of the earth, and now imprisoned!
gracious, ill-starred creature shut in a dungeon as
inal, and given up to fearful torments! To thi
come! to this!—Treacherous, contemptible spi
thou hast concealed it from me!—Stand, then,—
Roll the devilish eyes wrathfully in thy head! Sta
defy me with thine intolerable presence! Impr
In irretrievable misery! Delivered up to evil spir

ondemning, unfeeling Man! And thou hast lulled meanwhile, with the most insipid dissipations, hast ealed from me her increasing wretchedness, and red her to go helplessly to ruin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ıe is not the first.

FAUST.

og! Abominable monster! Transform him, thou ite Spirit! transform the reptile again into his dog- e, in which it pleased him often at night to scamper efore me, to roll himself at the feet of the unsuspect- anderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell! ısform him again into his favorite likeness, that he crawl upon his belly in the dust before me,—that I trample him, the outlawed, under foot! Not the O woe! woe which no human soul can grasp, that than one being should sink into the depths of this y,—that the first, in its writhing death-agony under eyes of the Eternal Forgiver, did not expiate the of all others! The misery of this single one pierces e very marrow of my life; and thou art calmly grin- at the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ow we are already again at the end of our wits, e the understanding of you men runs wild. Why thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not it out? Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizzi- ! Did we thrust ourselves upon thee, or thou thy- upon us?

FAUST.

ıash not thus thy devouring teeth at me! It fills me horrible disgust. Mighty, glorious Spirit, who hast hsafed to me Thine apparition, who knowest my t and my soul, why fetter me to the felon-comrade, feeds on mischief and gluts himself with ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou done?

FAUST.

Rescue her, or woe to thee! The fearfullest curse [illegible] upon thee for thousands of ages!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger, nor undo [illegible] bolts. Rescue her? Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I, or thou?

(FAUST looks around wildly.)

Will thou grasp the thunder? Well, that it has not been given to you, miserable mortals! To crush to pieces the innocent respondent—that is the tyrant-fashion of relieving one's self in embarrassments.

FAUST.

Take me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself? Know that the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the spot where the victim fell, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and liberate her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will convey thee there; and hear, what I can do! Have I all the power in Heaven and on Earth? I will bewilder the jailer's senses: get possession of the key, and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch:

: magic steeds are ready, I will carry you off. So ıch is in my power.

FAUST.

ɒ and away!

XXIV.

NIGHT.

OPEN FIELD.[172]

'AUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *speeding onward on black horses.)*

FAUST.

/HAT weave they there round the raven-stone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST.

ɔaring up, sweeping down, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

\ witches'-guild.

FAUST.

Fhey scatter, devote and doom!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! on!

XXV.

DUNGEON.

FAUST

(with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door)

A SHUDDER, long unfelt, comes o'er me;
Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before n
And all her crime was a delusion dear!
What! I delay to free her?
I dread, once again to see her?
On! my shrinking only brings Death more near.

(He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside

My mother, the harlot,[273]
Who put me to death;
My father, the varlet,
Who eaten me hath!
Little sister, so good,
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay:
Then was I a beautiful bird o' the woo
Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST *(unlocking).*

She does not dream her lover listens near;
That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can l

(He enters.)

MARGARET *(hiding herself on the pallet).*

Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness

FAUST *(whispering).*

Hush! hush! The hour is come that frees thee.

MARGARET *(throwing herself before him).*

t thou a man, then pity my distress!

FAUST.

ıy cries will wake the guards, and they will seize thee!

(He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.)

MARGARET *(on her knees).*

ho, headsman! unto thee such power
ver me could give?
ıou 'rt come for me at midnight-hour:
ave mercy on me, let me live!
't not soon enough when morning chime has rung?

(She rises.)

ıd I am yet so young, so young!
ıd now Death comes, and ruin!
too, was fair, and that was my undoing.
y love was near, but now he 's far;
orn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms ...
ize me not thus so violently!
pare me! What have I done to thee?
et me not vainly entreat thee!
never chanced, in all my days, thy ...

FAUST.

hall I outlive this misery?

MARGARET.

ow am I wholly in thy might.
ut let me suckle, first, my baby!
blissed it all this livelong night;
hey took 't away, to vex me, maybe,
ınd now they say I killed the child outright
ınd never shall I be glad again.
hey sing songs about me! 't is bad of them.
here 's an old story has the same ending.
Who bade them so construe it?

FAUST *(falling upon his knees).*

[illegible]

MARGARET *(springing towards him).*

[illegible]

FAUST *(rising).*

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET *(attentively listening).*

That was the voice of my lover!

(She springs to her feet: the fetters fall off.)

Where is he? I heard him call me.
I am free. No one shall enthrall me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom lie
On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret!* calling,
Midst of Hell's howling and noises appalling,
Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision!

FAUST.

'T is I!

MARGARET.

'T is thou! O, say it once again!

(Clasping him.)

'T is he! 't is he! Where now is all my pain?
The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?

'T is thou! Thou comest to save me,
And I am saved!—
Again the street I see
Where first I looked on thee;
And the garden, brightly blooming,
Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

FAUST *(struggling to leave).*

Come! Come with me!

MARGARET.

Delay, now!
So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

(Caressing him.)

FAUST.

Away, now!
If longer here thou stayest,
We shall be made to dearly rue it.

MARGARET.

Kiss me!—canst no longer do it?
My friend, so short a time thou 'rt missing,
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?
Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,
A heaven thy loving words expressed,
And thou didst kiss, as thou wouldst suffocate me—
Kiss me!
Or I 'll kiss thee!

(She embraces him.)

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill,
And still.
How changed in fashion
Thy passion!
Who has done me this ill?

(She turns away from him.)

FAUST.

Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:
I 'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousand-f
But follow now! 'T is all I beg of thee.

MARGARET *(turning to him).*

And is it thou? Thou, surely, certainly?

FAUST.

'T is I! Come on!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt unloose my chair
And in thy lap wilt take me once again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from m
Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st

FAUST.

Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET.

My mother have I put to death;
I 've drowned the baby born to thee.
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too!—'T is thou! It scarcely true doth se
Give me thy hand! 'T is not a dream!
Thy dear, dear hand?—But, ah, 't is wet!
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
There 's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
Do not affray me!

FAUST.

O, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET.

No, no! Thou must outlive us.

›w I 'll tell thee the graves to give us:
ıou must begin to-morrow
ıe work of sorrow!
ıe best place give to my mother,
ıen close at her side my brother,
ıd me a little away,
ıt not too very far, I pray!
ıd here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
›body else will lie beside me!—
ı, within thine arms to hide me,
ıat was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
ıt no more, no more can I attain it!
would force myself on thee and constrain it,
ıd it seems thou repellest my kiss:
ıd yet 't is thou, so good, so kind to see!

FAUST.

thou feel'st it is I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

ut yonder?

FAUST.

o freedom.

MARGARET.

If the grave is there,
'eath lying in wait, then come!
rom here to eternal rest:
'o further step—no, no!
'hou goest away! O Henry, if I could go!

FAUST.

'hou canst! Just will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

dare not go: there 's no hope any more.
Vhy should I fly? They 'll still my steps waylay
t is so wretched, forced to beg my living,

And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
And I 'd still be followed and taken!

FAUST.

I 'll stay with thee.

MARGARET.

Be quick! Be quick!
Save thy perishing child!
Away! Follow the ridge
Up by the brook,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
To the left, where the plank is placed
In the pool!
Seize it in haste!
'T is trying to rise,
'T is struggling still!
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

Recall thy wandering will!
One step, and thou art free at last!

MARGARET.

If the mountain we had only passed!
There sits my mother upon a stone,—
I feel an icy shiver!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And her head is wagging ever.
She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'e
She slept so long that she wakes no more.
She slept, while we were caressing:
Ah, those were the days of blessing!

FAUST.

Here words and prayers are nothing worth;
I 'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARGARET.

—let me go! I 'll suffer no force!
sp me not so murderously!
e done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST.

e day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

y? Yes, the day comes,—the last day breaks for me!
r wedding-day it was to be![174]
:ll no one thou hast been with Margaret!
oe for my garland! The chances
'e over—'t is all in vain!
e shall meet once again,
ıt not at the dances!
he crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
ıe square below
ıd the streets overflow:
he death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
am seized, and bound, and delivered—
ıoved to the block—they give the sign!
ow over each neck has quivered
he blade that is quivering over mine.
umb lies the world like the grave!

FAUST.

had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(appears outside).*

ff! or you 're lost ere morn.
seless talking, delaying and praying!
y horses are neighing:
he morning twilight is near.

MARGARET.

What rises up from the threshold here?
de! he! suffer him not!

What does he want in this holy spot?
He seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*)*.

Come! or I 'll leave her in the lurch, and the

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,[175]
Camp around, and from evil ward me!
Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged![176]

VOICE *(from above)*.

She is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST*)*.

Hither to me!

(He disappears with FAUST.*)*

VOICE *(from within, dying away)*.

Henry! Henry!

NOTES.

Denn bei den alten lieben Todten
Braucht man Erklärung, will man Noten;
Die Neuen glaubt man blank zu verstehn
Doch ohne Dolmetsch wird's auch nicht gehn.

Goethe.

INTRODUCTION.

In a work which has been the subject of such extensive and continual comment, the passages which seem to require elucidation have, for the most part, been already determined. At every point where the reader is supposed to be doubtful in regard to the true path, not one, but a score of tracks has been prepared for him. From the exhaustive and somewhat wearisome work of Düntzer to the latest critical essay which has issued from the German press, the references in the text to contemporary events or fashions of thought have been detected; the words of old or new coinage have been tested and classified; and the obscure passages have received such a variety of interpretation, that they finally grow clear again by the force of contrast.

My first intention was, to give the substance of German criticism concerning both parts of Faust; but the further I advanced, the more unprofitable appeared such a plan. The work itself grew in clearness and coherence in proportion as I withdrew from the cloudy atmosphere of its interpreters. I have examined every commentary of importance, from Schubarth (1820) and Hinrichs (1825) to Kreyssig (1866), with this advantage, at least,—that each and all have

led me back to find in the author of Faust his own best commentator. After making acquaintance, sometimes at the cost of much patience, with the theories of many sincere though self-asserting minds, and ascertaining what marvellous webs of meaning may be spun by the critic around a point of thought simple enough in its poetical sense, I have always returned to Goethe's other works, to his correspondence (especially with Schiller and Zelter) and his conversations, sure of gaining new light and refreshment.*

I should only confuse the reader by attempting to set forth all the forms of intellectual, ethical, or theological significance which have been attached to the characters of Faust. The intention of the work, reduced to its simplest element, is easily grasped; but if every true poet builds larger than he knows, this drama, completed by the slow accretion of sixty years of thought, may be assumed to have a vaster background of design, change, and reference than

* I am glad to find that this method, drawn from my own experience, is substantially confirmed by Mr. Lewes, who, in his *Life of Goethe* (Book VI.), says: "Critics usually devote their whole attention to an exposition of the Idea of Faust; and it seems to me that in this laborious search after a remote explanation they have overlooked the more obvious and natural explanation furnished by the work itself. The reader who has followed me thus far will be aware that I have little sympathy with that Philosophy of Art which consists in translating Art into Philosophy, and that I trouble myself, and him, very little with 'considerations on the Idea.' Experience tells me that the Artists themselves had quite other objects in view than that of developing an Idea; and experience further says that the Artistic public is by no means primarily anxious about the Idea, but leaves it entirely to the critics,—who cannot agree upon the point among themselves."

almost anything else in Literature. Like an old Gothic pile, its outline is sometimes obscured in a labyrinth of detail. While, in the Notes which succeed, it will now and then be necessary for me to give the conflicting interpretations, I shall endeavor to wander from the text as little as possible, and, even when dealing with enigmas, to keep open a way *past*, if not through them. The embarrassing abundance of the material is somewhat diminished for me by the omission of all technical or philological criticism, and my chief task will be to distinguish between those helps which all readers require and the points which are interesting only to special students of the work.

In many instances, I have simply illustrated the text by parallel passages. Where I have discovered these, in Goethe's works or correspondence, they have often been of service in suggesting (in the absence of any direct evidence) the probable time when certain scenes were written, and thereby the interests or influence which may have then swayed the author's mind. The variation in tone between different parts of the work, though sometimes very delicate, is always perceptible; and the reader to whom the original is an unknown tongue needs all the side-lights which can be thrown upon its translated forms.

The "Paralipomena" (Supplementary Fragments) to Faust have not heretofore been given by any English translator. Yet in a work of such importance we may also learn from what the author has omitted, not less than from what he has accepted. The variations made in his original design assist us to a clearer comprehension of the design itself. I consider, therefore,

that the passages of the "Paralipomena" have, properl
the character of explanatory notes; and for this reas
I have inserted each, as nearly as possible, in i
appropriate place, instead of giving them in a bod
as in the standard German edition of Goethe.

Perhaps the most satisfactory commentary on Fa
would be a biography of Goethe, written with spec
reference to this one work. In the Chronology
Faust (Appendix II.) I have given such particulars
are necessary to the illustration of its interrupted
life-long growth. It has not been found possible
combine the Notes and the Chronology without c
fusing the material; yet the two should be taken
parallel explanations, which the reader needs to foll
at the same time. In conclusion, let me beg
not to be discouraged, if, on the first reading,
meaning of some passages, and their significance
portions of an "incommensurable" plan,—as Goe
himself characterized it,—should not be entirely cl
When he has become familiar with the history
the work, and is able to overlook it as a whole,
fitness—or the unfitness—of the multitude of p
becomes gradually evident; the compressed mean
expand into breadth and distinctness; and even t
enigmas which seem to defy an ultimate analysis
charm him by dissolving into new ones, or by sho
him forms of thought which fade and change a
seeks to retain them.

NOTES.

1. Dedication.

The Dedication was certainly not written earlier than the ır 1797, when Goethe, encouraged by Schiller's hearty inter- in the work, determined to complete the "Fragment" of : First Part of Faust, published in 1790. Twenty-four years ł therefore elapsed since the first scenes of the work were itten: the poet was forty-eight years old, and the conceptions ich had haunted him in his twenty-first year seemed already belong to a dim and remote Past. The shadowy forms of ≥ drama, which he again attempts to seize and hold, bring th them the phantoms of the friends to whom his earliest ngs were sung. Of these friends, his sister Cornelia, Merk, nz, Basedow, and Gotter were dead; Klopstock, Lavater, d the Stolbergs were estranged; and Jacobi, Klinger, Kestner, d others were separated from him by the circumstances of eir lives. Gotter died in March, 1797, and, as it is evident om Goethe's letters to Schiller that he worked upon Faust dly in the months of May and June, in that year, the Dedi- tion was probably then written.

Nothing of Goethe has been more frequently translated than ese four stanzas,—and nothing, I may add, is more difficult) the translator.

2. Prelude on the Stage.

I am unable to ascertain precisely when this was written; from Goethe's correspondence, some inferences, which point o the year 1798, may be drawn. It is unnecessary to follow the critics in their philosophical analyses of this prelude, which is sufficiently explained by calling it a "poetic preface" to the work. Göschen's edition of Goethe's works, in 1790, had not been a successful venture: the "Fragment" of Faust, although illy appreciated by the few, seemed to have made no impression upon the public, while it had been assailed and ridiculed by he author's many literary enemies. Goethe always published is poetical works without a preface; but in the "Prelude on ne Stage" he makes use of the occasion to unfold the

Poet's purest activity with the tastes and desires of the Publ two classes of which are represented by the Manager and Mer Andrew. The dialogue indicates, in advance, the various e ments—imagination, fancy, shrewd experience, folly, a "dramatic nonsense"—which will be woven into the wo At the same time, it indirectly admits and accounts for author's unpopularity, and the lack of recognition which he anticipates.

3. *The posts are set, the booth of boards completed.*

The "booth of boards" purposely refers to the rude, t portable puppet theatres in which Goethe first saw F represented. There is already a foreshadowing of some of qualities of Faust and Mephistopheles in the Poet and Mana

4. *They come to look, and they prefer to stare.*

Goethe writes, in 1802 ("*Weimarisches Hoftheater*"): " can show the public no greater respect than in forbearin treat it as a mob. The mob hurry unprepared to the th demand that which may be immediately enjoyed, desire to be amazed, laugh, weep, and therefore compel the mana who are dependent on them, to descend more or less to level."

5. *Who offers much, brings something unto many.*

"One should give his works the greatest possible v and excellence, so that each reader may be able to select thing for himself, and thus, in his own way, become a ticipant."—*Goethe to Schiller* (1798).

6. *This, aged Sirs, belongs to you.*

It is the Poets whom the Merry-Andrew thus add His assertion of the perpetual youth of Genius is not ir but (as appears from the Manager's remarks) is intende compliment.

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the pov manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and with the appearances which every day, for perhaps fort had rendered familiar,—

'Both sun and moon, and stars throughout the yea
And man and woman,'—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one marks which distingusih genius from talent."—*Coleridge.*

7. *From Heaven, across the World, to Hell.*

Goethe says to Eckermann (in 1827): "People cor ask, what idea I have embodied in my Faust? As if I

ınd could express it! *'From Heaven, across the World,*
-that might answer, if need were; but it is not an idea,
course of the action."
:eference in this line: curiously enough, is to the course
ı in the old Faust-Legend, not to the close of the
?art, the scene of which is laid in Heaven, instead of
et at the time when the line was written the pro-
he Second Part—in outline, at least—was completed.
the simply intend to keep his secret from the reader?

8. Prologue in Heaven.

: of Goethe's commentators suppose that this Prologue was
r him, from the circumstance that the design of Faust was
:rstood, in the "Fragment" first published. It appears
been written in June, 1797, before the "Prelude on
e," and chiefly for the purpose of setting forth the
ıd intellectual problem which underlies the drama.
ı possibly suggested by the Prologue in Hell of two
ppet-plays, its character is evidently drawn from the inter-
Satan with the Lord, in the first and second chapters of
on this point, Goethe (in 1825) said to Eckermann: "My
pheles sings a song of Shakespeare: and why should
Why should I give myself the trouble to compose a
ş, when Shakespeare's was just the right one, saying
vhat was necessary? If, therefore, the scheme of my
s some resemblance to that of Job, that is also quite
ıd I should be praised rather than censured on account

earnest reader will require no explanation of the problem
led in the Prologue. Goethe states it without obscurity,
es it in no uncertain terms at the close of the Second
he mocking irreverence of Mephistopheles, in the pre-
the Lord, although it belongs to the character which
throughout, seems to have given some difficulty to
r English translators. Lord Leveson Gower terminates
ɔgue with the Chant of the Archangels; Mr. Blackie
entirely, but adds it in an emasculated form, as an
ĸ; while Dr. Anster satisfies his spirit of reverence by
Der Herr where the English text requires, "The
Coleridge's charge of "blasphemy" evidently refers to
ogue; but at the time when he made the charge, Cole-
ıs hardly capable of appreciating the spirit in which
ıs written.
very clear, from hints which Goethe let fall, that he
ime contemplated the introduction into Faust of the
ascribed to Origen,—that it was possible for Satan
t and be restored to his former place as an angel of

light. Falk reports Goethe as saying: "Yet even the clever Madame de Staël was greatly scandalized that I kept the devil in such good-humor. In the presence of God the Father, she insisted upon it, he ought to be more grim and spiteful. What will she say if she sees him promoted a step higher,—nay, perhaps, meets him in heaven?" On another occasion, he exclaimed (if we may trust Falk): "At bottom, the most of us do not know how either to love or to hate. They 'don't like' me! An insipid phrase!—I don't like them either. Especially when, after my death, my Walpurgis-Sack comes to be opened and all the tormenting Stygian spirits, imprisoned until then, shall be let loose to plague all even as they plagued me; or if, in the continuation of Faust, they should happen to come upon a passage where the Devil himself receives Grace and Mercy from God,—that, I should say, they would not soon forgive!"

9. CHANT OF THE ARCHANGELS.

The three Archangels advance in the order of their dignity, as it is given in the "Celestial Hierarchy" of Dionysius Areopagita; who was also Dante's authority on this point (*Paradiso, Canto* XXVIII). Raphael, the inferior, commences, and Michael, the chief, closes the chant.

Shelley speaks of this "astonishing chorus," and very truly says: "It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification: even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*."

I shall not, however, imitate Shelley in adding a literal translation. Here, more than in almost any other poem, the words acquire a new and indescribable power from their rhythmical collocation. The vast, wonderful atmosphere of space which envelops the lines could not be retained in prose, however admirably literal. The movement of the original is as important as its meaning. Shelley's translation of the stanzas, however, is preferable to Hayward's, which contains five inaccuracies.

The magnificent word *Donnergang*—"thunder-march" (first stanza, fourth line)—had already occurred in a fine line of one of Schiller's earliest poems,—"Elysium"—

"Berge bebten unter dessen Donnergang."

10. *Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after.*

Mephistopheles here refers to the Chant of the Archangels. His mocking spirit is at once manifested in these lines, and in his ironical repetition of "the earliest day."

11. *While Man's desires and aspirations stir,*
He cannot choose but err.

he original of this is the single, well-known line: *Es irrt lensch, so lang er strebt.* It has seemed to me impossible ve the full meaning of these words—that error is a natural npaniment of the struggles and aspirations of Man—in a : line. Here, as in a few other places, I do not feel bound nfine myself to the exact measure and limit of the original. eader may be interested in comparing some other versions:—
AYWARD.—Man is liable to error, while his struggle lasts.
NSTER.—Man's hour on Earth is weakness, error, strife.
ROOKS.—Man errs and staggers from his birth.
WANWICK.—Man, while he striveth, is prone to err.
LACKIE.—Man must still err, so long he strives.
ARTIN.—Man, while his struggle lasts, is prone to stray.
ERESFORD.—Man errs as long as lasts his strife.
IRCH.—Man 's prone to err in acquisition. (!)
LAZE.—L'homme s'égare, tant qu'il cherche son but.

12. *A good man, through obscurest aspiration,*
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

1 these lines the direction of the plot is indicated. They st, in advance, its moral *dénouement*, at the close of the d Part. Goethe, on one occasion, compared the "Pro- in Heaven" to the overture of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, ich a certain musical phrase occurs which is not repeated the *finale;* and his comparison had reference to the idea ssed in these lines.

13. *But ye, God's sons in love and duty.*

lere the Lord, turning away from Mephistopheles, suddenly sses the Archangels and the Heavenly Hosts. The ex- ion *Das Werdende*, in the third following line, which I translated "Creative Power," means, literally, "that which veloping into being." Shelley, who was not, and did not nd to be, a good German scholar, entirely misses the ing of the closing quatrain, notwithstanding he avoids the ed translation. His lines,

"Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thought
The floating phantoms of its loveliness,"

: nothing of the suggestive force and fulness of the original. Hayward quotes, apparently from a private letter, Carlyle's rpretation of the passage: "There is, clearly, no translating these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet it ns to me that the meaning of them is pretty distinct. The

Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters), he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fullness of the beautiful (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned): let Being (or Existence), which is everywhere a glorious birth, into higher being, as it forever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye, by enduring thought, make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende*, the thing that is a-being, mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it by 'Existence, which is everywhere a birth, into higher Existence,' and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out that quatrain."

The intention of the passage, we might suppose, is sufficiently clear. It was Goethe's habit, as an author, to quietly ignore the conventional theology of his day: yet Mr. Heraud insists that "The Lord" of the Prologue is the Second Person of the Trinity, and that the four lines commencing with *Das Werdende* are simply another form of invoking "the fellowship of the Holy Ghost!" The unusual construction of these lines—the first half implying a benediction, and the second half a command—has been retained in the translation.

14. *Faust's Monologue.*

This scene, from its commencement to the close of Wagner's interview with Faust, was probably written as early as 1773. In style, as well as in substance, it suggests the puppet-play rather than the published Faust legend. In *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Goethe says, in describing his intercourse with Herder, in Strasburg (1770): "The puppet-play echoed and vibrated in many tones through my mind. I, also, had gone from one branch of knowledge to another, and was early enough convinced of the vanity of all. I had tried life in many forms, and the experience had left me only the more unsatisfied and worried. I now carried these thoughts about with me, and indulged myself in them, in lonely hours, but without committing anything to writing. Most of all, I concealed from Herder my mystic-cabalistic chemistry, and everything connected with it."

The text of various puppet-plays, which has been recovered by Simrock, Von der Hagen, and other zealous German scholars enables us to detect the source of Goethe's conception,—the original corner-stone whereupon he builded. In the play, as given in Ulm and Strasburg, there is a brief Prologue in Hell in which Pluto orders the temptation of Faust. Notwith-

standing the variation of the action in the different plays, the opening scene possesses very much the same character in all of them. As performed by Schütz, about the beginning of this century, Faust is represented as seated at a table, upon which lies an open book. His soliloquy commences thus: "With all my learning, I, Johannes Faust, have accomplished just so much, that I must blush with self-shame. I am ridiculed everywhere, no one reads my books, all despise me. How fain am I to become more perfect! Therefore I am rigidly resolved to instruct myself in necromancy."

In Geisselbrecht's puppet-play, Faust also sits at a table and turns over the leaves of a book. He says: "I seek for learning in this book and cannot find it. Though I study all books from end to end, I cannot discover the touchstone of wisdom. O, how unfortunate art thou, Faust! I have all along thought that my luck must change, but in vain. . . . . O Fatherland! thus thou rewardest my industry, my labor, the sleepless nights I have spent in fathoming the mysteries of Theology! But, no! By Heaven, I will no longer delay, I will take upon myself all labor, so that I may penetrate into that which is concealed, and fathom the mysteries of nature!"

In the Augsburg puppet-play, Faust exclaims: "I, too, have long investigated, have gone through all arts and sciences. I became a Theologian, consulted authorities, weighed all, tested all,—polemics, exegesis, dogmatism. All was babble: nothing breathed of Divinity! I became a Jurist, endeavored to become acquainted with Justice, and learned how to distort justice. I found an idol, shaped by the hands of self-interest and self-conceit, a bastard of Justice, not herself. I became a Physician, intending to learn the human structure, and the methods of supporting it when it gives way; but I found not what I sought,—I only found the art of methodically murdering men. I became a Philosopher, desiring to know the soul of man, to catch Truth by the wings and Wisdom by the forelock; and I found shadows, vapors, follies bound into a system!"

The reader is referred to the "Faust-Legend" (Appendix I.) for further information concerning these plays. I have given the above quotations, to indicate Goethe's starting-point—which is also his point of divergence—from the popular story.

I have also added the opening scene of Marlowe's "Faustus" (Appendix III.) for the sake of convenient comparison.

15. *Fly! Up and seek the broad, free land!*

"Moreover, there are forces which increase one's productiveness in rest and sleep; but they are also found in movement. There are such forces in water, and especially in the atmosphere. In the fresh air of the open fields is where we

properly belong; it is as if the Spirit of God is there immediately breathed upon man, and a divine power exercises its influence over him."—*Goethe to Eckermann* (1828).

16. *From Nostradamus' very hand.*

The astrologer Nostradamus (whose real name was Michel de Notre-Dame) was born at St. Remy, in Provence, in the year 1503. At first celebrated as a physician, he finally devoted himself to astrology, and published, in 1555, a collection of prophecies in rhymed quatrains, entitled *Les Propheties de Michel Nostradamus*, which created an immediate sensation, and found many believers; especially as the death of Henry II. of France seemed to verify one of his mystical predictions. He was appointed physician to Charles IX. and continued the publication of his prophecies, asserting however that the study of the planetary aspects was not alone sufficient, but that the gift of second-sight, which God grants only to a few chosen persons, is also necessary. He died in the year 1566; and even as late as the year 1781 his prophecies were included in the Roman *Index expurgatorius*, for the reason that they declare the downfall of the Papacy.

17. *The Sign of the Macrocosm.*

The term "Macrocosm" was used by Pico di Mirandola, Paracelsus, and other mystical writers, to denote the universe. They imagined a mysterious correspondence between the Macrocosm (the world in large) and the Microcosm (the world in little), or Man; and most of the astrological theories were based on the influence of the former upon the latter. From some of Goethe's notes, still in existence, we learn that during the time when the conception of Faust first occupied his mind (1770—73), he read Welling's *Opus mago-cabbalisticum*, Paracelsus, Valentinus, the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, and even the Latin poet Manilius.

Mr. Blackie, in his Notes, quotes a description of the Macrocosm from a Latin work of Robert Fludd, published at Oppenheim in 1619; but the theory had already been given in the *Heptaplus* of Pico di Mirandola (about 1490). The universe, according to him, consists of three worlds, the earthly, the heavenly, and the super-heavenly. The first includes our planet and its enveloping space, as far as the orbit of the moon; the second, the sun and stars; the third, the governing Divine influences. The same phenomena belong to each, but have different grades of manifestation. Thus the physical element of fire exists in the earthly sphere, the warmth of the sun in the heavenly, and a seraphic, spiritual fire in the empyrean; the first burns, the second quickens, the third loves. "In addition to these three worlds (the Macrocosm)," says Pico,

·e is a fourth (the Microcosm), containing all embraced in them. This is Man, in whom are included a body ıed of the elements, a heavenly spirit, reason, an angelic soul, a resemblance to God."

The work of Cornelius Agrippa, *De occulta philosophia*, :h was also known to Goethe, contains many references hese three divisions of the Macrocosm, and their reciprocal ıences. The latter are described in the passage commenc- : "How each the Whole its substance gives!"

Hayward quotes, as explanatory of these lines, the follow- sentence from Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte Menschheit*: "When, therefore, I open the great book of ıven, and see before me this measureless palace, which ıe, and everywhere, the Godhead only has power to fill, onclude, as undistractedly as I can, from the whole to the ticular, and from the particular to the whole."

The four lines which Faust apparently quotes ("What says sage, now first I recognize") are not from Nostradamus. :y may possibly have been suggested by something in Jacob hme's first work, "Aurora, or the Rising Dawn," but it is at all necessary that they should be an actual quotation.

18. *The Sign of the Earth Spirit.*

"The Archæus of the Orphic doctrine, the spirit of the ıentary world, of the powerful, multiformed earthly universe, vhich Faust feels himself nearer."—*Düntzer.*

"The mighty and multiform universality of the Earth itself." *ılk.*

"But few succeed in calling up, that is to say, grasping in ired contemplation—the Earth-Spirit, the spirit of History, he movement of the human race; and still fewer is the num- of those who can endure the 'form of flame,'—whose ridiuality is strong enough not to be swallowed up in it."— *vssig.*

19. *In the tides of Life, in Action's storm.*

This chant of the Earth-Spirit recalls the "Creative Power :h eternally works and lives" in the Prologue in Heaven. closing line may have been suggested by a passage in the ı, *De sensu rerum*, of the Dominican monk, Campanella: *ındus ergo totus est sensus, vita, anima, corpus statua Dei ımi.*" The "living garment of the Deity," however, is a ı finer expression. The Spirit's chant probably lingered in ley's memory, when he wrote:—

"Nature's vast frame—the web of human things,
Birth and the grave."

20. *O Death!—I know it—'t is my Famulus!*

The Latin word *famulus* (servant) was applied, in the Middle Ages, to the shield-bearers of the knights, and also to persons owing the obligation of service to the feudal lords. The Famulus of Faust, however, is at the same time a student, an amanuensis, an assistant in his laboratory, and a servitor, in the academic sense. The term is still applied, in the German Universities, to those poor students who fill various minor offices for the sake of eking out their means by the small salaries attached to them.

21. WAGNER.

The name—and perhaps also the primal suggestion of the character—of Faust's Famulus is taken from the old legend in which Christopher Wagner (see Appendix I.), after Faust's tragic end, succeeds to his knowledge and enters on a similar if not so brilliant a career.

It is an interesting coincidence that one of Goethe's early associates, during his residence in Strasburg and Frankfort, was Heinrich Leopold Wagner (who died in 1779), and who was also an author. Goethe not only read to him the early scenes of *Faust*, but imparted to him, in confidence, the fate of Margaret, as he meant to develop it; and Wagner was faithless enough to make use of the material for a tragedy of his own — *The Infanticide* — which was published in 1776. Schiller's poem, with the same title (apparently suggested by Wagner's play), and Bürger's ballad of "The Pastor of Tanbeheim's Daughter," in which the subject is very similar, were both written in the year 1781.

According to Hinrichs, Faust represents Philosophy, and Wagner Empiricism. Düntzer calls the latter "the representative of dead pedantry, of knowledge mechanically acquired"; while other critics consider that he symbolizes the *Philistine* element in German life,—the hopelessly material, prosaic, and commonplace. Deycks says of Wagner: "His thoroughly prosaic nature forms the sharpest contrast to Faust, and it is impossible for him to enter into any relation with Mephistopheles, because he restricts himself to beaten tracks, and is repelled by tricksy wantonness, even by all fresh, natural indulgence. He is the driest caricature of pure rational, formal knowledge without living thought or poetry, and especially without religion."

It was probably enough for Goethe that Wagner furnished a dramatic contrast of character,—a foil to the bound ideal cravings of Faust. He betrays his nature in the very words he utters, and is so admirably consistent throughout that the reader is never at a loss how to interpret him.

22. *Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper.*

This line, which reads, literally, "In which ye twist (or curl) papershreds for mankind," has been curiously misunderstood by most translators. The article *der* before *Menschheit* was supposed by Hayward to be in the *genitive* instead of the *dative* case, and he gives the phrase thus: "in which ye *crisp the shreds of humanity*"! Blackie even says "the shavings of mankind," and most of the other English versions repeat the mistake, in one or another form. In the French of Blaze and Stapfer, however, the reading is correct. Goethe employs the word *Schnitzel* (shreds or clippings) as a contemptuous figure of speech for the manner in which thought is presented to mankind in the discourses described by Faust. Therefore, by using the expression "shredded thought" in English, the exact sense of the original is preserved.

23. *Ah, God! but Art is long.*

Goethe was very fond of using the "*ars longa, vita brevis*" of Hippocrates. It occurs again in Scene IV., where he puts it into the mouth of Mephistopheles. The American reader is already familiar with the phrase, from Mr. Longfellow's beautiful application of it, in his "Psalm of Life."

24. *Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play.*

The German phrase, *Haupt- und Staatsaction*, was applied, about the end of the seventeenth century, to the popular puppet-plays which represented famous passages of history. It seems to have been, originally, a form of announcement invented by some proprietor of a wandering puppet-theatre, and may therefore be equivalently translated, as a "First-Class Political Performance!" The phrase was afterwards applied to plays acted upon the stage, and Goethe even makes use of it to designate Shakespeare's historical dramas. In the puppet-plays the heroic figures (Alexander, Pompey, Charlemagne, etc.) were in the habit of uttering the most grandiloquent, oracular sentences; they were as didactic in speech as they were reckless and melodramatic in action.

The word *pragmatical*, which I have adopted as it stands in the original, has a somewhat different signification in German. It indicates—here, at least—a pedantic assumption and ostentation, in addition to the sense of meddlesome interference which it possesses in English.

25. *Have evermore been crucified and burned.*

"There were need," said I, "of a second Redeemer coming, to deliver us from the austerity, the discomfort and the tremendous pressure of the circumstances under which we live."

"If he should come," Goethe answered, "the people would crucify him a second time."—*Goethe to Eckermann*, 1829.

26. *That so our learned talk might be extended.*

In "Faust: a Fragment," published in 1790, Wagner's conversation terminates with this line. The first four lines of Faust's following soliloquy are then added, and the scene suddenly ends. Then we abruptly break upon the conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, in Scene IV., at the line,

"And all of life for all mankind created."

The remainder of the Monologue, the scene before the city-gate, the first scene in Faust's study, and all of the second as far as the line just quoted, were first published in the completed edition of 1808. It is very certain, however, that portions of these omitted scenes were written before 1790, and were then withheld on account of their incompleteness.

27. *A thunder-word hath swept me from my stand.*

Faust here refers to the reply of the Earth-Spirit:—

"Thou 'rt like the spirit which thou comprehendest,
Not me!"

The overwhelming impression produced upon him by this phrase is only suspended during Wagner's visit, and now works with renewed force upon his morbid mood, until it swells to a natural climax.

28. *And here and there one happy man sits lonely.*

In the conversations of Goethe, recorded by Eckermann, Riemer, and Falk, he more than once, in referring to his early impressions of life, repeats the pessimistic idea contained in these lines. This was one of the causes which stirred in him the resolution to achieve, as far as possible, his own independent development. The subjective character of the early scenes of *Faust* is so clearly indicated that we should have recognized it without Goethe's admission. In 1826, he said to Eckermann: "In *Werther* and *Faust*, I was obliged to delve in my own breast; for the source of that which I communicated lay near at hand."

29. *Sought once the shining day, and then in twilight dull.*

The two adjectives in this line are *leicht* (easy, buoyant) and *schwer* (heavy). Hartung thinks that the former is a misprint for *licht* (shining, bright); but he is evidently mistaken,

nce the adjectives are chosen to express opposite qualities, ıd the phrase *lichten Tag* occurs in the sixth line following. have chosen English words which are not precisely literal, ut, by their antithetic character, convey a similar meaning.

30. *Earn it anew, to really possess it!*

It was a favorite maxim of Goethe that no man can really possess that which he has not personally acquired. He considered his own inherited wealth and the many opportunities of his life as means, the value of which must be measured by the results attained by their use. On one occasion he said: "Every *bon mot* which I have uttered, has cost me a purse of money; half a million of my private property has run through my hands, to enable me to learn what I know—not only the entire estate of my father, but also my salary and my considerable literary income for more than fifty years." At the close of the Second Part, he makes the aged Faust say:—

"He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew."

31. *On Earth's fair sun I turn my back.*

Here, again, Goethe recalls a phase of his own psychological experience, which he describes at some length in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Book XIII.). Even before Jerusalem's suicide at Wetzlar had furnished him with the leading idea of *Werther*, he had been drawn, by what he calls the gloomy element in English literature,—especially by *Hamlet*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and the melancholy rhapsodies of *Ossian*,—to study the phenomena of self-murder and apply them, in imagination, to himself. Among all the instances with which he was acquainted, none seemed to him nobler than that of the Emperor Otho, who, after a cheerful banquet with his friends, thrust a dagger into his heart. "This was the only deed," he says (and in what follows, I suspect, there is as much *Dichtung* as *Wahrheit*), "which seemed to me worthy of imitation, and I was convinced that one who could not act like Otho had no right to go voluntarily out of the world. Through this conviction I rescued myself both from the intention and the morbid fancy of suicide, which haunted an idle youth in those fair times of peace. I possessed a tolerable collection of weapons, wherein there was a valuable, keen-edged dagger. This I placed constantly beside my bed, and, before putting out the light, endeavored to try whether it was possible to pierce my breast, an inch or two deep, with the sharp point. Since, however, the experiment never succeeded, I finally laughed at myself, discarded all hypochondric distortions of fancy, and determined to live."

32. CHORUS OF ANGELS.

In this first chorus I have been forced, by the prime necessity of preserving the meaning, to leave the second line unchanged. The word *schlechthinden*, in the fourth line, which I have endeavoured to express by "clinging" (Hayward has "creeping," Blackie "through his veins creeping," and Dr. Hedge "trailing"), is nearly equivalent to the English phrase "dogging one's steps." The first of the three Angelic Choruses rejoices over Christ's release from Mortality, the second calls him as the "Loving One," and the third celebrates his restoration to the Divine creative activity.

Goethe heard a similar chant sung by the common people in Rome, in the year 1788; but his immediate model was undoubtedly the German Easter-hymn of the Middle Ages, many variations of which are given in Wackernagel's work. One of these, dating from the thirteenth century, thus commences:—

"Christus ist erstanden
gewaerliche von dem tôt,
von allen sinen Banden
ist er erledigôt."

[Christ is arisen
verily from death;
From all his bonds
is he released.]

The universal Easter greeting, at this day, among the Greeks, is *Christos aneste!* and the answer: *alethos aneste!* The same custom prevails throughout Russia, and in some parts of Catholic Germany.

In 1772, Goethe, writing to Kestner on Christmas Day, says: "The watchman on the tower trumpeted his hymn and awakened me: *Praised be thou, Jesus Christ!* I dearly love this time of the year, and the hymns that are sung."

33. *And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.*

Again Goethe recalls his own early memories. These lines describe the religious exaltation excited in his boyish nature by Fräulein von Klettenburg, whom he has introduced into *Wilhelm Meister* (Book VI.), in the "Confessions of a Fair Spirit." The above line suggests a passage of this episode: "Once I prayed, out of the depth of my heart: 'now, Almighty One, give me faith!' I was then in the condition in which one must be, but seldom is, when one's prayers may be accepted by God. Who could paint what I then felt! A powerful impulse drew my soul to the Cross, on which Jesus perished. Thus my soul was near to Him who became Man and died on the Cross

hat moment I knew what faith is. 'This is faith!' I d sprang up, almost as in terror. For such emotions all words fail us."

34. *Is He, in glow of birth,*
Rapture creative near?

e two lines, in the original, are a marvel of compressed n. The closest literal translation is: "Is He, in the developing into (higher) being, near to the joy of cre- that is, the bliss of being born into the higher life He has ascended is scarcely less than the joy of the reative activity. The Disciples, left behind and still he woes of Earth, bewail the beatitude which parts n them.

final Chorus of the Angels, which follows, is a stum- ck to the translator, on account of its fivefold dactylic The lines are, literally:—

Actively praising him,
Manifesting love,
Brotherly giving food,
Preaching, travelling,
Promising blessedness,
To you is the Master near,
To you, He is here!

to retain the rhyme, I have been obliged to express nore prominently the idea of "Inasmuch as ye have unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye have unto me,"—which is implied in the original. Dr. I believe, is the only one who has hitherto endeavored duce the difficult structure of this Chorus. He thus s the five rhymes:—

"Active in charity
Praise him in verity!
His feast, prepare it ye!
His message, bear it ye!
His joy, declare it ye!"

35. BEFORE THE CITY-GATE.

he's landscapes, like those of an artist, were always om real studies;* and some of his commentators, there-

: scene of his *Elective Affinities*, for instance, has recently overed at Wilhelmsthal, near Eisenach. Not only the castle, lake, but even the wood-paths and the minutest features of nding landscape, are described with almost topographical

fore, have tried to discover the original of this scene. Stra
burg, Frankfurt, and even Weimar, have been suggested; b
the first of these places, on the level plain of the Rhine, do
not fit the description; while, judging from internal evidenc
the opening of the scene must have been written before Go
the's migration to Weimar. Such features as the river w
vessels, the ferry, the suburban places of resort, and the vi
of the town from a neighboring height, indicate Frankfurt; a
the gay, motley life of the multitude is another point of res
blance.

36. *'T is true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Nigh*

St. Andrew's Night is the 29th of November. It is c
brated, in some parts of Germany, by forms of divination v
similar to those which are practised in Scotland on Hallow E
(October 31st.). The maidens, as in Keats's *Eve of St. Ag*
believe that by calling upon St. Andrew, naked, before
ting into bed, the future sweet-heart will appear to them i
dream. Another plan is, to pour melted lead through the w
of a key wherein there is the form of a cross, into a basi
water fetched between eleven o'clock and midnight: the coo
lead will then take the form of tools which indicate
trade of the destined lover.

37. *She showed me mine, in crystal clear.*

A magic crystal, sometimes in the form of a sphere,
frequently, no doubt, as a lens, was employed for the pur
of divination. The methods, in fact, were varied to suit
superstition which employed them. In Pictor's "Varieties
Ceremonial Magic" (given in Scheible's *Kloster*), twenty-s
forms of divination are described at length, but Crystallom
is not among them. The ancients employed between forty
fifty different methods.

38. *Released from ice are brook and river.*

If this passage was not added, or at least re-written,
tween 1797 and 1808,—as is possible,—it is interesting
one of the first evidences of Goethe's interest in Color,
interest which finally developed into a passion, and
deceived him in regard to the importance of his observat
His *Farbenlehre* (Science of Colors) was commenced in
and completed in 1805, the year of Schiller's death, alth
it was not published for four or five years afterwards. E
therefore, the allusions to color in this early scene harmo

h the author's later views, or they were afterwards changed the sake of harmony.

39. *All for the dance the shepherd dressed.*

There is a reference to this song of the shepherds in *Wilhelm ister* (Apprenticeship), where Philine says: "'Old man, dost ou know the melody: "All for the dance the shepherd essed"?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'if you will sing and represent : song, I shall not fail in my part.' Philine arose and stood readiness. The old man struck up the melody, and she g a song which we cannot communicate to our readers, ause they perhaps might find it absurd or even improper." is portion of *Wilhelm Meister* was published in 1795, which another evidence of the early origin of the scene. The iceful measure of the song, which nevertheless expresses the ghest realism of German peasant-life, can only be approxi-tely given in another language.

This episode, also, is suggested by Goethe's earliest memories the various popular festivals in Frankfurt. In *Wahrheit und chtung* (Book I.), he says: "On the right bank of the Main, low the city, there is a sulphur spring, neatly enclosed, and rounded with immemorial linden-trees. Not far from it stands : 'Good People's Hall,' formerly an hospital, built on account this spring. The cattle of the neighborhood were brought ether upon the adjoining commons, on a certain day of the ar, and the herdsmen, with their maidens, had a rural festival, th dances and songs, with merriment and rough pranks. . . . e nurses and maids, who are always ready to treat them-ves to a walk, never failed, from our earliest years, to e us with them to such places, so that these country ersions are among the very first impressions which I now all."

40. *Sir Doctor, it is good of you.*

It is very rarely that the first and third lines of a quatrain : unrhymed in German. I have no doubt that Goethe in ded to represent, by a less musical verse, the more prosaic ture and speech of the common people. The words he ploys in the two addresses of the Old Peasant are the plest and plainest; the *tone* of the verse is entirely that of ose.

41. *Then also you, though but a youth.*

Düntzer conjectures that Goethe derived the idea of the lpful activity of Faust, upon which rests the episode with peasants, from the history of Nostradamus. In the year

1525, when the latter was twenty-two years old, Provence w devastated by a pestilence. The young physician went hi from house to house, through the villages, and saved the li of many of the sick, himself escaping all infection.

42. *There was a Lion red, a wooer daring.*

The jargon of the mediæval alchemists, from Raymond Li to Paracelsus, is used in this description. The system th that all substances, especially metals, had either masculine feminine qualities, as well as inherent affinities and antipa Campanella's doctrine, that all the elements of matter-w endowed with sense and feeling, was very generally ado by his successors in the art. Goethe drew his description the preparation of the panacea partly from Paracelsus, partly from Welling's *Opus mago-cabbalisticum*.

The "Lion red" is cinnabar, called a "wooer daring" account of the action of quicksilver in rushing to an int union (an amalgam) with all other metals. The Lily preparation of antimony, which bore the name of *Lilium Pan* Red, moreover, is the masculine, and white the feminine e The alembic containing these substances was first placed "tepid bath"—a vessel of warm water—and gradually he then "tormented by flame unsparing" ("open flame" in original); the two were driven from one "bridal chamber another,—that is, their wedded fumes were forced, by the from the alembic into a glass retort. If then, the "y Queen," the sublimated compound of the two substances peared with a brilliant color—ruby or royal purple being highly esteemed—in the retort, "this was the medicine." product reminds us of calomel, which is usually formed b sublimated union of mercury and chlorine.

43. *If there be airy spirits near.*

In his conversations, Goethe more than once speaks o youthful belief in spirits, even relating circumstances wh fancied their presence was manifested to him; and R considers that this passage is simply an expression of suc lief. Düntzer, on the other hand, insisted that Faust to the sylphs, or spirits of the air, as they were recog in the theories of the alchemists. I think it much more bable that the following passage, from the Faust legend oldest form (Frankfurt, 1587), lingered in Goethe's me Faust says to Mephistopheles: "My servant, declare what thou art!" The spirit answered and said: "*I am a spirit a flying spirit, potently ruling under the heavens!*" I four lines of the text, followed by the wish for a magic n (such as Mephistopheles afterwards furnishes), Faust u

sly invokes the spirit which is already lying in wait for and which, thus invited, appears immediately in the form black dog. Wagner, however, who comprehends nothing he dry lore with which he is crammed, sees in Faust's s only a reference to the weather-spirits, and thereupon ously airs his own knowledge of the latter.

'he expression, in the preceding couplet, that one part aust's dual spirit sweeps upwards "into the high ancestral s," suggests, equally, a passage in the Strasburg puppet-

He is there made to exclaim: "Invisible Spirits, receive I soar to your dominion. Yes, I will lift myself out of wretched atmosphere, which is only for common men!"

44. *Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp.*

'he belief in evil spirits inhabiting the nether regions of atmosphere is very ancient. Paul calls Satan "the prince e power of the air" (*Ephesians* ii. 2), and thus gives tian currency to a much older superstition. In the poem *cus vitæ*, of Marcellus Palingenius (written about the year), the different atmospheric demons are minutely described. r names are Typhurgus (Mist-bringer), Aplestus (the iable), Philokreus (Lover of Flesh), and Miastor (the Be- r). Wagner's classification indicates the effects of the four s upon the weather and the human frame. In Germany, east wind is dry and keen, and the west wind brings rain. Hayward, in his Notes, quotes the following additional orities:—

The spirits of the aire will mix themselves with thunder lightning, and so infest the clyme where they raise any est, that soudainely great mortality shall ensue to the in- ants."—*Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592.

The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all of invisible devils: this Paracelsus stiffly maintains."— on, *Anat.*, Part I.

Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and stubble?

'he appearance of Mephistopheles in the form of a dog part of the old legend. Manlius, in the report of his ersation with Melanchton, quotes the latter as having said: (Faust) had a dog with him, which was the Devil." The ogian, Johann Gast, in his *Sermones conviviales*, describes ner given by Faust at Basle, at which he was present, remarks: "He had also a dog and a horse with him, both hich I believe were devils, for they were able to do every- . Some persons told me that the dog frequently took the

shape of a servant and brought him food." In some of the early forms of the legend the name of the dog is given as *Prestigiar:* he is described in Widmann as large, shaggy, black, but in other versions he is of a dark red color. The Wagner-legends all agree in giving the latter, as attendant an evil spirit in the form of a monkey, whom he called *Auh Aahn* (moor-cock).

Burns, in *Tam O'Shanter*, says:—

"A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large."

46. *'T is written: "In the Beginning was the Word."*

"I need hardly point out to the reader how artfully the poet has managed by making Faust, in his perplexed state of mind, hit upon the most difficult passage in the whole Bible. The dissatisfaction which would thence arise would bring his mind into a fit state for listening to the suggestions of the tempter; and thus would this precipitate spirit of discontent wrest the words of truth to his own destruction. As to the interpretations he has given us of the ΛΟΓΟΣ, they are as consistent and intelligible as the speculations of human reason, upon one of the most obscure subjects to which it can be directed, can be supposed to be."—Blackie, Notes to his Translation of Faust (London, 1834).

This passage is not, as Blackie supposes, a fortunate inspiration of Goethe. It is directly suggested by the legend. In Widmann's "Veritable History of Dr. Faust" (Hamburg, 1599) I find, in the fifteenth chapter, that Mephistopheles thus answers Faust's proposition to discuss with him certain questions of theology: "In so far as it concerns the Bible, which thou again art of a mind to read, there shall be no more permitted to thee than, namely: the first, second and fifth books of Moses; all the others, except Job, shalt thou let be; and likewise in the New Testament thou mayst read the three Disciples that write of the deeds of Christ, that is to say, the tax-gatherer, the painter and the doctor (meaning Mattheum, Marcum and Lucam); *but John shalt thou avoid*, and I forbid also the chatterer Paul, and such others as wrote Epistles."

This prohibition of the Fourth Gospel led Goethe, at once, to the opening verse, the attempt to translate which becomes not only a source of new perplexity to Faust, but also serves to hasten the poodle's transformation. The fragments of Faust's soliloquy, showing that his soul is turned towards "the love of God," disturb the evil spirit incorporated with the beast; but the words of John, to which the spirit has a special antipathy, compel him to betray his presence.

The growth and terrible appearance of the poodle suggest passage in Neumann's "Curious Observations concerning the called Dr. Faust" (1702). He says, on the authority of er, the pupil of Cornelius Agrippa: "A schoolmaster of Gosslar learned from Faust, the magician, the formula by which tain verses may be used to imprison the Devil in a glass. order that he might not risk being interrupted, he went day into a forest; and while he was in the midst of his ocations, the Devil came unto him in a horrible form, with y eyes, a nose curved like a cow's horn, with wild and rful boar's-tusks, a rough cat's back, and every way frightful." One of the illustrations in Widmann's book represents phistopheles appearing to Faust in front of *the stove* in the ter's study, and conversing with him over the top of a fire- een. The Text says that Faust first became aware of the irit as a shadow moving around the stove.

47. *The Key of Solomon is good.*

Solomon's fame as a magician is mentioned by Josephus, d also by Origen, who was acquainted with a work on the nner of citing spirits to appear, ascribed to the Hebrew ng. There seems to be no doubt that Solomon was a chief thority with the Jewish exorcists, from whom his name and me of his supposed formulæ of invocation were transmitted, til we find them in the Cabbala of the Middle Ages. The *avicula Salomonis* is mentioned by Welling, Paracelsus, and her writers, and some copies have been preserved. It is imed that the genuine original contained only instructions which good spirits might be invoked to assist in good works, t the variations give also the method of summoning evil irits. In *Faust's Dreifacher Höllenzwang* (copied in Scheible's loster), the *Clavicula Salomonis* is given as it was communicated Pope Sylvester by Constantine, and translated in the Vatican, der Pope Julius II. It is called "The Necromantic Key of lomon, or the Key to the Magic Wisdom of Solomon, and compel the Spirits to every Manner of Service," and com- ences: "At first, pray (or sing) the following *canticum hebrai- m—Aba, sarka, maccaf, sofar, holech, (segolta), pasergadol,*" etc. hen follow a number of similar invocations, together with the Seal of the highest wisdom of Solomon,"—a very complicated gure of hexagonal form,—which must be held in the hand. aust, as the reader will remark, employs an entirely different ethod of exorcism.

48. *The words of the Four be addressed.*

The universal belief in elementary spirits, during the Middle Ages, was a natural inheritance from the ancient faith. So

much of their former half-divinity clung to them that they w assigned an intermediate place between men and genuine spi They were supposed to have positive and unchangeable for of a finer, more ethereal flesh and blood, and to be soul although the children born of their intercourse with hu beings received human souls. They were classified, accor to the element in which they lived, as Salamanders (in F Undines (in Water), Sylphs (in Air), and Gnomes (in Ea Of these, the two latter classes were supposed to be r familiar and friendly.

Pope (*Rape of the Lock*), in his Dedicatory Letter to Arabella Fermor, says, referring to the Rosicrucians: " best account I know of them is in a French book called *Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nym and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of the earth, de in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, the best conditioned creatures imaginable."

In the first canto of the *Rape of the Lock*, the pas occurs:—

> "For when the fair in all their pride expire,
> To their first elements their souls retire.
> The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
> Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
> Soft, yielding minds to water glide away,
> And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
> The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
> In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
> The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
> And sport and flutter in the fields of air."

In the *Comte de Gabalis*, to which Pope refers, the classes of the elementary spirits are very minutely desc It is there stated that they became invisible to the human through the sin of Adam, that they are more perfect than "proud in appearance, but docile in reality, great lov science, officious towards sages, intolerant towards fools."

Faust, it will be noticed, uses "the Words of the Four without effect. He then repeats the adjuration, in an and stronger form. Here, however, the word *Kobold* (G is omitted, and *Incubus*, the dwarfish, tricksy, household is substituted. In German fairy-lore, there is a relati between the two, but they are not identical. There see be no reason for the change; and, as Goethe attache great importance to the passage, the rhyme, alone, may suggested it.

49. *Now, to undisguise thee,*
Hear me exorcise thee!

ginal is: "Thou shalt hear me more strongly exorcise!"
that an infernal spirit dwells in the beast, Faust
e sign" of the cross, and the effect is immediately
Düntzer says, "He presents to him the name of
hich is certainly a misconception. Blackie quotes a
om Cornelius Agrippa, declaring that evil spirits are
by the sign of the cross.
, also, may have remembered the verse in the Epistle
ii. 19): "Thou believest that there is one God; thou
, the devils also believe, and tremble."

50. *The One, unoriginate.*

Christ is described, but not named. The four lines
y:

The Unoriginated,
Unuttered,
Diffused through all the Heavens,
Guiltily transpierced.

g spell is now working upon the spirit; and the
eat of "the threefold, dazzling glow"—the emblem
ine Trinity—or its ancient mystic symbol, the rayed
uffices to complete the exorcism.
in the old *Höllenzwang*, says: "Again I command
, by the words of might: *Jesus Christ is become flesh*—
I compel thee, and bind thee, and exorcise thee
ugh Lucifer and Beelzebub and all the leaders of the
st, whatever may be your names."

51. MEPHISTOPHELES.

riginal form of this name was *Mephostophiles*. There
uch discussion in regard to its meaning; but Düntzer's
is probably correct,—that it was imperfectly formed
one who knew little Greek, and was intended to
loving the light. The expressions which Mephis-
ses, in explaining his nature to Faust, would seem
e that this was also Goethe's understanding of the

gh, in most of the popular Faust-stories, Mephis-
s often referred to as "the Devil," it was well un-
that he was only *a* devil. In "Faust's Miraculous
Book of Marvels, or the Black Raven" (1469), the
id potentates of the Infernal Kingdom are thus given:
cifer; *Viceroy*, Belial; *Gubernatores*, Satan, Beelzebub,

Astaroth, Pluto; *Chief Princes*, Aziel, Mephistophilis, Marb
Ariel, Aniguel, Anisel, and Barfael.

Goethe took only the name and a few circumstances c
nected with the first appearance of Mephistopheles from
legend: the character, from first to last, is his own creat
Although he sometimes slyly used it (though less freque
than Faust) as a mask through which to speak with his
voice, he evidently drew the germ of some characteristics f
his early associate, Merck. His own strong instinct led
to avoid the danger of personifying abstract ideas, by seek
in life for all material which could give a dramatic reality
his characters; and he did not scruple to take that which
nearest and most intimate.

"Merck and I," said Goethe to Eckermann, in 1831, "alw
went together, like Faust and Mephistopheles. . . . . All
pranks and tricks sprang from the basis of a higher cal
but, as he was not a productive nature,—on the contrary
possessed a *strongly marked negative tendency*,—he was far r
ready to blame than praise, and involuntarily sought out ev
thing which might enable him to indulge his habit."

In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Book XII.) Goethe gives a
ful and doubtless a correct picture of Merck's character
temperament. "This singular man," he says, "who exer
the greatest influence upon my life, was a native of Darmst
When I first knew him, he was Military Paymaster there.
with spirit and intelligence, he had acquired much admi
knowledge, especially of modern literature, and had b
himself in all directions and with all the phenomena of
and History. He had the faculty of sharp and pointed
ment, and was esteemed both as an honest, energetic ma
business, and a rapid arithmetician. Thoroughly self-posse
he appeared everywhere as a most agreeable companion
those to whom he had not made himself dreaded by his
satirical speech. He was long and lean of form; his promi
pointed nose was a conspicuous feature; keen blue, pen
gray eyes, observantly moving to and fro, gave somethin
the tiger to his look* . . . .

"In his character there was a remarkable contradic
Naturally an upright, noble, worthy man, he was imbitt

* He was born in 1741, and was therefore eight years older
Goethe. He travelled, as a young man, with a Baron von Bibra,
ried a French woman in Geneva, and then settled in his native
His literary works were chiefly translations from the English (a
them, Addison's *Cato*), and critical and æsthetic papers in the pe
cals of the day; but his personal influence upon authors, espe
Herder, Goethe, and Lavater, was very great. His domestic life
not happy, his circumstances became embarrassed, and in 1791 he
mitted suicide.

: world, and allowed such full sway to this moody
that he felt an invincible inclination to show him-
y as a waggish knave,—nay, even a rogue. Calm,
, good, one moment, the next he would take a
: a snail thrusting out its horns, to do something
ıded, aggrieved, or even positively injured another.
e is attracted to associate with something dangerous,
imagines himself to be secure against its attack, my
ation was all the greater to live in his company and
ood qualities, since I felt the most confident presenti-
he would not turn his evil side towards me. As,
: hand, he disturbed society by this morally restless
continual necessity to deal with men spitefully and
, so, on the other hand, a different unrest, which
refully nourished within himself, undermined his own
t."

mann's Faust-book, Mephistopheles appears in the
f a monk. In the Geisselbrecht puppet-play Faust
him to put off his first terrible form, and says:
yst come as jurist, as doctor, or as hunter, but it
· that thou appearest as a student." In the Ulm
hen Mephistopheles asks: "In what form shall I
Faust answers: "Like as a man." In the Strasburg
asks, after having chosen Mephistopheles: "But
rest thou to me under this mask? I wished for
nd not one of my own race." Mephistopheles
Faust, perhaps we are then wholly devils, when we
ıu; at least, no other mask suits us better." He
ıext makes his appearance as a postillion.

; choice of the character of a travelling scholar—
d perhaps say, a vagabond scholar—was probably
the succeeding scene (IV.), which was first written.
ojected scene, given in the *Paralipomena* (and added
note), furnishes additional reasons. The travelling
the Middle Ages were a pretentious, adventurous
pedantic Bohemians of those days—who wandered
e, maintaining theses, entering into private or public
with equal flippancy, and sponging upon the univer-
nonasteries. The appearance of Mephistopheles in
ı is an ironical reflection upon Faust's devotion to
et the latter is unconscious of this, and his first
es way to a contemptuous laugh.

names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.

ıriginal, the first of these names is given as *Fliegen-*
d. For the sake of metre, I have substituted our

original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its va
is a head and heart breaking task. I can only say that,
returning to it again and again, during a period of six
I can offer nothing better.

57. *I come, a squire of high degree.*

The word *Junker*, which Mephistopheles uses, corres
exactly with "squire," as a term of chivalry. In the t
the puppet-play, when he makes his appearance the s
time, he is described as *wohlgekleidet*—respectably dressed.
costume on the puppet-stage was a red tunic, under a
mantle of black silk, and a cock's-feather in his hat. G
purposely retains this costume, because it is sufficiently
priate to his conception of the character, which he exp
declares is too negative to be *daimonic*. One of the ver
hints of his intention which he allowed to escape him
in his conversation with an English gentleman in 1825,
ported by Eckermann. "Really," said he, "I should not
advised you to read *Faust*. It 's fantastic stuff, and trans
all ordinary sentiment. But, since you have begun of you
accord, without asking me, you may get through it th
way you can. Faust is so singular an individual that
few persons can reproduce his spiritual conditions in thei
minds. Then the character of Mephistopheles, throug
irony, and as *the living result of a vast observation of the*
is also something very difficult to comprehend."

Compare, also, the remarks of Mephistopheles to the
in Scene VI.:—

"Culture, which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the Devil sticks."

58. *This life of earth, whatever my attire,*
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.

The first fragment of the *Paralipomena* possibly belong
although there is also a place for it towards the close
scene. In the following lines, omitted alike in the editi
1700 and 1808, Mephistopheles continues to advise a c
of costume:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When with externals thou art well endowed,
All will around thee flock, and flatter;
A chap, who 's not a little vain or proud,
Had better hang, and end the matter.

I have not been able to find any evidence concernin

date of these rejected passages of *Faust*. Most of the German critics agree that the first part of the scene, withheld in the first edition, was afterwards materially altered by Goethe; some of them even venture to point out the portions remaining from 1775, and those added in 1798, or later. Since, however, the slight difference of style perceptible in the text must disappear in the translation, it is not necessary to repeat their views.

59. *There, also, comes no rest to me.*

"When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint;

"Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:

"So that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life."—*Job* vii. 13, 14, 15.

60. Chorus of Spirits.

Faust's curse, which includes even the sentiment of childish faith that overcame him on the Easter morning, places him, unconsciously, in the power of Mephistopheles. The Chorus of Spirits indicates, in a few powerful lines, his rupture with the order of life. The first words of Mephistopheles which follow, would lead the reader to suppose that the spirits were infernal, and thus a singular discrepancy between their character and their expressions is implied. Düntzer says: "Their cry of woe and their lament over the beauty of the world, which Faust has shattered, together with his designation as demigod, can only be accepted as a scoffing irony of the spirits, which, equally with Mephistopheles, well know that they can give him no real compensation for the fortune which he has criminally rejected." Deyck's comment is less logical: "He (Faust) can only recover through his own act; in his resolute breast, by clear intelligence, he can create a soil wherefrom new songs will shoot. The spirits allure to a life of deeds and poetry, to the broad, great world. *And Mephistopheles offers himself as a guide.*"

In Leutbecher's work, however, I find a hint of what I believe to be the true intention of this Chorus. He says: "The pure spirits who direct the harmonies of existence lament over his (Faust's) step, and encourage him to commence another and fairer career. But Mephistopheles calls these voices precociously shrewd, and proposes the conditions of his compact, promising delights which, in advance, appear worthless to Faust." The lament is certainly not ironical; on the contrary, the course of the drama, as it is afterwards developed, is here shadowed forth by the spirits, and Mephistopheles no more comprehends

them than Faust. He is deceived, as in the Fifth Act of the Second Part.

In the Augsburg puppet-play, Faust is attended by a good Genius, who, when he has signed the compact with Mephistopheles, exclaims: "Woe to thy miserable soul!" and disappears.

61. *A High and Low our souls await.*

"Oh why must we, in order to speak of such things, use images which only represent external condition! Where is there anything high or low, obscure or enlightened, in His sight? We, only, have an Above and Below, a Day and a Night. And just therein did He (Christ) resemble us, because we should otherwise have no share in Him."—*Wilhelm Meister (Confessions of a Fair Spirit).*

Goethe also places one of these phrases—

"And *you* he dowers with Day and Night!"—

in the mouth of Mephistopheles, after the compact.

62. *Show me the fruits that, ere they 're gathered, rot.*

This passage has given rise to a great deal of discussion. The offer of Mephistopheles,—

"What no man ever saw, I 'll give to thee,—"

which provokes Faust's exclamation, is suggested by the puppet-play. In the Augsburg version, Mephistopheles says: "I will fill for thee the goblet of delight, full and foaming, as it never yet has been filled to any mortal."

Faust's reply seems to have puzzled many of the commentators, some of whom—as Deycks, Hartung, Rosencranz and Leutbecher—pass it over with slight notice, while others endeavor to analyze the meaning. The following quotations embrace the principal varieties of interpretation:—

1. "I know the rotten gifts, says Faust. Which of thy fine goods of the earth wilt thou offer me? How could the like of thee ever be capable of measuring the unquiet of man's breast? Hast thou food to serve up which never satisfies? Or canst thou only show trees which daily bloom anew and bud again? I loathe this foliage of yesterday, this tale which, ever the same, is told in the morning, and in the evening dies away again—'show me the fruit that rots before it is gathered, and trees that daily renew their green!'"—*Falk.*

2. "The promise of Mephistopheles appears to Faust but mockery. What can a devil give a man to satisfy him, when he is not capable of giving it to himself? The gifts of a devil, he says, are but delusions, and melt away in the same manner as his quicksilver-like gold; thus he can only bestow fruits

h would not rot before the plucking, but no ever-budding sprouts forth beneath his skill and fostering." — *Schubarth.*

. "The meaning plainly is:—I know well thou, poor devil, riches and other fleeting pleasures, that excite our longing that they may elude our grasp, that dazzle only to deceive, whose substantial worth is always in the inverse ratio of outward promise. Wouldst thou allure me, thou must out fruits that rot, not *after*, but *before* they are broken, thus cannot, like the fruits of mere sensuality, deceive us n external glow when tempting us on the tree, but rotting ıever the hand of enjoyment is stretched forth to pluck . Show me no frail blossom of a fleeting spring, but s which day by day their green repair.'"—*Blackie.*

. "The most probable supposition is, that Faust's meaning ·etty near the same as in the subsequent speech, in which xpresses a wish to enjoy all that is parcelled out among kind, pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, in- ·ently. Taking this wish into consideration, we may well ose him saying: 'You can give nothing of any real value he eyes of a man like me; but if you have the common hable enjoyments of humanity to bestow, let me have .'"—*Hayward.*

. "Faust admits that the devil has all the different kinds ›odom-apples which he has enumerated, gold that melts in the hand, glory that vanishes like a meteor, and pleasure perishes in the possession. But all these torments are too id for Faust's morbid and mad hankering after the luxury ›iritual pain. Show me, he says, the fruit that rots *before* can pluck it, and (a still stronger expression of his diseased ng for agony) trees that fade so quickly as to be every just putting forth new green, only to tantalize one with :tual promise and perpetual disappointment."—*Brooks.*

careful study of the structure of the passage does not it me to accept any of these interpretations. Omitting first three lines, the remainder is a single sentence, vio- interrupted by a *dash* (—) at the end of the eighth line. two lines which follow are contemptuous and scornful phors, summing up the catalogue of the deceitful gifts Faust admits Mephistopheles can offer. They simply t, in another form, what he has declared in the preceding

He commences the enumeration of the pleasures whose ılessness he knows,—gold, love, honor,—then, breaking npatiently, exclaims, referring to those pleasures:—

Show me the fruits that, ere they 're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!"

hese images express the cheating, di appointing, inade- character of all the usual desires of men, to "a human

soul, in its supreme endeavor." The tone of the passag keenly scornful and incredulous. Faust seriously desires not from Mephistopheles, not even the morbid luxury of self-torm and in the bet which he offers, immediately afterwards, his ference to "an idler's bed" seems to have been suggested the words of Mephistopheles, rather than by the craving o own nature for repose.

63. *When thus I hail the Moment flying:*
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"

Here Faust becomes earnest and definite. The one mo of supreme contentment is for him a symbol of endless exp for happiness. The wager with Mephistopheles rests upon couplet, which the reader must bear in his memory unt meets with it again, at the close of the Second Part.

There is no condition of this nature in the Faust-leg The compact there is, that Faust shall have whatever he d for the term of twenty-four years, when he passes, body soul, into the power of Mephistopheles. The only slig semblance to this passage, in any of the various versions, be found in the Augsburg play, where Mephistopheles "Faust, have I not said to thee, thou canst thyself brea hour-glass of thy time? Thou hast done it in this momen

64. *Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day.*

Mephistopheles refers to the inauguration feast, give taking a degree.

65. *And all of life for all mankind created.*

"We are justly told," Goethe continued, "that the cu tion in common of human capacities is desirable, and als most important of aims. But man was not born for that; perly each one must develop himself as a particular indiv but also endeavor to attain an apprehension of what al collectively."—*Eckermann*, 1825.

This scene commences with the above line, in the e of 1790, and continues to the end in its present form, w the change of a word.

66. *And I shall have thee fast and sure!—*

Goethe frequently makes use of a *dash* to denote b change in the address and a movement of the speaker. passage discussed in Note 62 is already an instance of th culiarity. Here, Mephistopheles looks after Faust's retr figure, and addresses him as if he were still present. A end of the above line, he turns away and continues his soli speaking of Faust in the third person.

67. Encheiresin naturæ, *this Chemistry names.*

With the introduction of the Student (whom we shall meet ain, in the Second Part, as *Baccalaureus*), Mephistopheles not ly assumes the mantle of Faust, but Goethe also assumes the sk of Mephistopheles. The episode, which is wholly his n invention, was written during his intercourse with Merck, l while his experience of academic teaching was still fresh l far from edifying. He gives the following account (in *ahrheit und Dichtung*) of his study of logic, at the University Leipzig: "I was at first diligent and faithful in attending lectures, but I remained as much in the dark about philo- phy as before. In logic, I found it altogether unaccountable y those operations of the mind, which I had from my ear- st years performed with the greatest ease, should first be atomized, individualized, and torn from their natural union, fore one could know how to use them. Of the subject-matter God, the world and the soul, I thought I knew just as ich as my master, and he seemed to me, on not a few points be sadly nonplussed."

The "Spanish boots", of which Mephistopheles speaks, were truments of torture used in the Middle Ages. They were ses of wood, into which wedges were driven until the calves the victim's legs were compressed into the smallest possible ace.

From logic, Mephistopheles passes to the method of scientific vestigation, wherein Goethe seems to have remembered the uplet of Pope:—

> "Like following life in creatures we dissect,
> We lose it in the moment we detect."

In a conversation with Falk (translated by Mrs. Austin) he presses corresponding views: "Our scientific men are rather o fond of details. They count out to us the whole consis- ncy of earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have separate name for every lot. That is argillaceous earth; that is artz; that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear em, I always think of the old lines in Faust,—

> '*Encheiresin naturæ* nennt's die Chemie,
> Bohrt sich selber Esel, und weiss nicht wie!'*

* This was the original form of the couplet, as written. The meaning the same as in its present form, and the expression "Bohrt sich selber el" (which Düntzer says came from the trick of putting the hands to sides of the head and wagging them, to represent ass's ears) was obably rejected, because it is pure slang.

"What am I the better for those lots? what for their nam
I want to know what it is that impels every several portion
the universe to seek out some other portion,—either to
or to obey it,—and qualifies some for the one part and s
for the other, according to a law innate in them all,
operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely
point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prev
In a letter to Wackenroder, Professor of Chemistry at J
written in January, 1832, Goethe says: "Notwithstanding
willingly allow to Nature her secret *Euchéiresis*, whereby
creates and sustains life, and, although no mystics, we
finally admit the existence of an inscrutable something,—
man cannot, if his aim be earnest, restrain himself fro
attempt to drive the Inscrutable into such close quarters
he is at least satisfied and willing to confess himself defe
The phrase *encheiresin naturæ* signifies, properly, "a
ment of Nature." Here, however, Goethe seems rather t
dicate the mysterious, elusive force by which Nature ope

68. *As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee.*

The practice of taking notes of the discourses which
hear, is universal among the German students. Many o
Professors encourage it by adopting a very slow, measured
of delivery. The advice of Mephistopheles is the keenest
upon these formal methods of imparting knowledge.

69. *On words let your attention centre.*

In the Witches' Kitchen (Scene VI.) Mephistopheles sa

"Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking."

Elsewhere, however, Goethe says: "Unfortunately,
are usually mere expedients for man; he mostly think
knows a thing better than he expresses it." In the abov
sage, Mephistopheles probably refers to "the letter that ki
and exalts it, in consonance with his character.

70. *The little world, and then the great, we 'll see.*

The programme of both parts of *Faust* is given in this
No reference to the cabalistic Microcosm and Macroco
intended: "the little world" is here Faust's individual expe
of human desires and passions; he issues from his seclusi
share in the ordinary history of men. This plan is deve
so far as necessary, in the First Part. "The great worl
life on a broader stage of action: intellectual forces ar
stituted for sentiments and passions: the narrow interests

ividual are merged in those of the race; and Government, :r, activity on a grand scale and for universal, permanent ls, succeed, in order that Faust's knowledge of the life of a shall be rounded into completeness. The Second Part of work is devoted to this latter experience.

71. *I feel so small before others, and thence*
Should always find embarrassments.

The following passage is the second of the *Paralipomena*, was undoubtedly designed as an answer to the above lines. eems to have been written at a later period, and we may ecture that Goethe omitted the lines because they are not iccord with the manner of Mephistopheles throughout the e:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learn then from me to meet Society!
I come, both cheerful and collected,
And every heart is well-affected;
I laugh, and each one laughs with me.
Rely, like me, upon your own pretences;
There 's something to be dared, you must reflect:
For even women easily forgive offences,
If one respectfully forgets respect.
Not in divining-rods nor mandrake tragic,
But in good-humor lies the best of magic:
If I 'm in unison with all,
I do not see how trouble could befall.
Then to the work, and show no hesitation;
I only dread the preparation.

72. *I gratulate thee on thy new career.*

The "Disputation," which Goethe projected, for the further clearer presentation of the character of Faust, Wagner, l Mephistopheles, was probably intended to follow this scene. m the rough draught of his plan, retained in the *Paralipena*, the reader may guess, not only the manner in which e rejected scene would have been developed, but also the siderations which compelled its rejection. I shall, therefore, re Goethe's brief and not always (to any but himself) in-ligible prose outline, inserting the half-dozen rhythmical frag-nts in what appear to be their appropriate places.

DISPUTATION.

First Semi-chorus, Second Semi-chorus, *Tutti* of the Students, pressing the situation. The crowd, the surging to and fro, he pressing in and out.

STUDENTS (*within*).

Just let us out! our dinners we are seeking.
Who speaks, forgets both meat and drink in speaking;
But he who hears, grows faint at last.

STUDENTS (*without*).

Just let us in! our stomachs we 've been testing;
At commons we have sought our cheer.
Just let us in! we 'll here do our digesting;
We had no wine, and spirit 's here!*

WAGNER, as opponent. He makes a compliment. Sepa voices. The Rector to the beadle. The beadles comm order.

The TRAVELLING SCHOLAR (Mephistopheles) enters. Ab the assembly. Chorus of students, half, entire. Abuses respondent. The latter declines.

THE TRAVELLING SCHOLAR.

Go out! come in! Each keep his place in quiet!
Upon this threshold what a riot!
Make room, without! let those within retire,
Then fill their seats as you desire!

FAUST accepts the challenge. Condemns his swagge Demands that he shall particularize.

MEPHISTOPHELES complies, but immediately begins a p of vagabondage and the experience which it gives.

SEMI-CHORUS.

STUDENTS.

He 's of the wandering race, the wight;
He swaggers, yet he 's in the right.

FAUST. Unfavorable picture of the vagabond.

SEMI-CHORUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forms of knowledge, lacking to the dom of the schools.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who speaks of doubts? Let me but hear
Who doubts, must never teach, 't is clear;
Who teaches, must be positive!

* There are parts of either Semi-chorus. Goethe's reference t commons is taken from the University of Leipzig, where, durin studies, a large number of the poorer students were gratuitously ished with a common dinner, but without wine.

FAUST. Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, in the finer sense. Challenges the onent to propose questions from experience, all of which st will answer.
MEPHISTOPHELES. Glaciers. Bolognese Fire. Fata Morgana. st. Man.
FAUST. Opposing question: where is the creative mirror?
MEPHISTOPHELES. Compliment. The answer another time.
FAUST. Conclusion. Dismissal.
CHORUS, as Majority and Minority of the hearers.
WAGNER's fear, that the Spirits may utter what man sup-s is whispered to himself.

It is also possible that this Disputation may have been gned as a substitute for the conversation between Mephis-eles and the Student, in which case it must have been ected at Rome, in the spring of 1788. On the 1st of March, year, Goethe writes: "It has been an abundant week, and nemory it seems like a month. First, I arranged the plan *Faust*," etc. Göschen's edition of his works, in 1790, was nt to be complete, up to that year, and the publication of *st*, as a "Fragment," in the seventh volume, may have been to that circumstance alone.

73. AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

The locality of this scene possesses a double interest, through connection with the early Faust-legend and with the aca-ic years of the young Goethe. If the stranger who visits pzig will seek the large, ancient house, No. 1, *Grimmaische sse*, near the Market-Place, the sign "AUERBACH'S KELLER," rly on a level with the sidewalk, will guide him down into two vaulted chambers which have echoed to the wit and g and revelry of four centuries of jolly companions. He may still e Faust's and Goethe's place, at the head of the table in farther room, order his wine from the seventieth or eightieth cessor of the original landlord, and, while awaiting preparation of some old-fashioned dish, study the two ious paintings, which have filled semicircular spaces under arches perhaps since the year 1525.
Legends of Faust are as plentiful in Germany as those of olds or subterranean emperors, but these pictures, I believe, the only local records left to our day. Widmann's "Veri-le History" (1599) mentions the year 1525 as the time when st began publicly to practise his magic arts, and the same e upon the pictures may signify either the year when they re painted, or when the event occurred which they illustrate. this point there is a difference of opinion among the anti-rians, since Faust's fate is mentioned in the inscriptions.

Auerbach's house was rebuilt in 1530, but the massive, va cellars were evidently left from the earlier building. Th tures, which were painted by no mean artist, have not grown very dingy, but they were partly repainted in the 1636, 1707, and 1759. Under the present inscriptions, w have also been renewed, there are marks of an older probably identical, although this cannot now be establishe a fact.

The first picture (about ten feet in length by four in he represents Faust, with a full beard, a ruff around his n mantle and fur cap, seated at the head of a table, wi chased goblet in his hand. Next to him is a student with lifted arm, is pouring wine from a glass, apparentl a libation. Seven others are seated at the table, two of t about to drink, while five are playing upon musical in ments,—a portable clavichord, a lyre, flute, violin, and l viol. At the left end of the picture there is a barrel of w with a Ganymede in trunk-hose waiting beside it. A s black dog, in the foreground, appears to be watching F Under this picture is the inscription:—

VIVE. BIBE. OBGRÆGARE. MEMOR FAVSTI HV ET HVIVS
POENÆ: ADERAT CLAVDO HÆC ASTERAT AMPL GRADV. 1525.

Some of the German scholars read the distich thus:—

Vive, bibe, obgræcare, memor Fausti hujus et hujus
Pœnæ: aderat claudo hæc, ast erat ampla gradu.

(Live, drink, carouse, remembering Faust and his pu ment: it came slowly, but was in ample measure.)

The other picture shows Faust, astride of the wine- which is flying through the door. His face is turned tow the company, and he lifts one hand as a parting salut The landlord, servants, and students gaze at him and at other with gestures expressive of fear and astonishment. six lines of German doggerel at the bottom of the picture indicate a later date, since they refer to Faust's punish Blackie's translation of this inscription is very good:—

"Doctor Faustus on that tyde,
From Auerbach's cellar away did ryde,
Upon a wine-cask speedilie,
As many a mother's son did see,
By subtle crafte he did that deede,
And he received the devil's meede."

Goethe thus followed the main legend in bringing Fau

Leipzig, after the compact with Mephistopheles. There are some satirical touches in the scene, however, which show that something of his own recollection was interwoven with the tradition. The other incidents taken from the legends receive a different coloring from the circumstance that Mephistopheles is made the principal actor, Faust being a passive, and even an unwilling, spectator.

74. *A nasty song! Fie! a political song.*

When this line was written, it probably expressed no more than a covert contempt for the pretence of a "holy Roman German) Empire," which was still kept up in the coronation at Frankfurt, and in various legal and official forms. Nevertheless, the line has been frequently quoted by Goethe's literary enemies as an evidence that he would exclude all political aspiration from literature. His silence during the great national movement of 1813 and 1814 has been charged to an absolute indifference in the fortunes of his country and race, and very arbitrary inferences have been drawn in regard to his own political sentiments. In a conversation with Soret, in 1830, Goethe, after confessing his hearty admiration of the political songs of Béranger, thus expresses his own views:—

"A political poem is to be considered, however, even in the most fortunate case, as the voice of a single nation, and in most cases as the voice of a certain party; but, when it succeeds, it inspires the highest enthusiasm of the nation or the party. Moreover, a political poem is also the product of a certain temporary phase of things, which, in passing away, deducts from the poem whatever value it may have derived directly from the subject."

He further said, in answer to Soret's reference to the attacks of which he had been the object, in 1814 and afterwards: 'How could I have taken up arms without hate? and how could I have hated without youth? If those events had found me as a young man of twenty, I should certainly not have been the last, but I was already well over sixty years old, when they came..... National hatred is quite a peculiar thing. You will always find that it is strongest and fiercest, in the lowest stages of culture. But there is also a stage where it entirely disappears, where one stands to some extent *above* the nations, and sympathizes with the weal or woe of a neighbor people as with that of one's own. This latter stage of culture suited my nature, and I had confirmed myself in it long before reaching my sixtieth year."

So little significance is given to the expression which Brander uses, that shortly afterwards, in the same scene, Mephistopheles sings a song which is nothing but the keenest political satire

75. *Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale.*

The couplet which Frosch sings belongs to several of the early songs of the people. The "Message of Love," written in 1639, commences:—

"Soar up, Dame Nightingale, speed high,
And to my sweetheart's window fly!"

Another song of the same period, has these lines:—

"Dame Nightingale, Dame Nightingale,
Many thousand times my sweetheart hail!"

The term "Dame Nightingale" was first used by the Minnesingers as early as the eleventh century, and has been perpetuated in the popular songs and ballads. The second fragment which Frosch sings, to annoy Siebel (who has been jilted and resents these strains of love), appears to be Goethe's.

76. *There was a rat in the cellar-nest.*

This song, which is entirely Goethe's own, was probably written in September, 1775, during the height of his passion for "Lili." In a letter to the Countess Augusta von Stolberg, written from Offenbach, he says: "The day has gone by passably, yet rather heavily: when I got up in the morning, I felt well, and wrote a scene of my Faust." Then, after describing the incidents of the day, he adds: "I felt, all the time, like a rat that has eaten poison: it scampers into all holes, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, and its entrails burn with unquenchable fire." In the song, it is not only Brander satirizing Siebel, but also Goethe satirizing himself, in order to escape the unrest of the strongest attachment of his life.

The introduction of Luther's burly figure as a comparison seems also intended to ridicule Siebel, who is afterwards described by Altmayer as "the bald-pate pot belly," and is thus drawn by Cornelius, in his illustration of the scene. The line, nevertheless, gave great offence in certain quarters; and when *Faust* (under Tieck's direction) was prepared for representation on the stage, in Dresden, the opening quatrain of the song was changed in this wise:—

There was a rat in the cellar-nest
Who lived on butter and cheeses;
He had a paunch beneath his vest,
Like the wisest of the Chineses!

77. *Paris in miniature, how it refines its people.*

Leipzig, under the supreme rule of Gottsched, was a faint

d not seldom a ridiculous reflection of Parisian taste, in art, litera-
re and society. Although Lessing, twenty years before Goethe,
d dealt the first blow at the pedantry and affectation of the
hool, Gottsched was still living, and only partially shorn of
s authority, when Goethe entered the University. In *Wahr-
it und Dichtung* he gives a lively picture of the assumed
finements in dress, speech, and manners in Leipzig, and the
noyance which he endured from being compelled to imitate
em. The rough, racy directness of the Rhine-German was
ohibited to him, as being vulgar; he was told to use the
me expression in speech as in writing, and even his gestures
id movements were subjected to a continual censorship.

78. *No doubt 't was late when you from Rippach started?*

Rippach is the last post-station before reaching Leipzig, on
e road from Weissenfels. The remark of Frosch is a part
the "chaff" with which the older *Burschen* were accustomed
entertain the *Foxes*, or Freshmen. "Hans von Rippach" is
slang name, denoting a coarse, awkward, boorish fellow,—
fact, an equivalent for the Scotch *Sawney*, as it is used in
me localities. By hinting that Faust and Mephistopheles have
en supping with Hans von Rippach, Frosch takes a delicate
ay of saying that they are ignorant country clowns, in com-
rison with the refined Parisians of Leipzig.

In Wieland's correspondence, there is a letter to Merck,
herein he complains of the manner in which the world is
verned by "children, dandies, night-caps, blockheads, Don
uixotes and Hans von Rippachs."

79. *There was a king once reigning.*

The commentators are agreed that this song is the keenest
id coarsest satire upon those court-favorites who make their
ay to place and power, provide for all the members of their
mily, and attack and annoy society with perfect impunity, so
ng as they possess the favor of the ruling prince. It is con-
ctured by some that Goethe had in view a particular favorite
the Court of Weimar. Falk says that the couplet at the
lose, repeated as chorus, expresses the freedom of the people
om the restraints of the court-circles. The former are at li-
erty to suppress plagues and parasites whenever they become
nnoying.

80. *A German can't endure the French to see or hear of.*

Brander's assertion, in this line, must not be understood in
political sense. The national German sentiment, in literature,
receded by many years the political hostility, which first be-

came general and permanent under the oppresions of Napo
But at the time this scene was written, there was a stron
action, both against Gottsched and his school, and again
subserviency to French literature and taste manifested by
of the reigning princes of Germany, Frederick the Great at
head. Lessing, and Klopstock in a still greater measure,
already laid the basis of a literary *Deutschthum* (Germa
which Goethe and his contemporaries confirmed for all
The change of sentiment was first accepted by the yo
generation, and especially by the students, of whom Ba
is the shrewdest and most respectable representative pres
Auerbach's Cellar.

81. *Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill!*

Goethe took this specimen of jugglery from the le
where, however, it is not performed by Mephistopheles
by Faust. It is related as having taken place in Erfurt: "S
he (Faust), whether they would not like to try a foreign
or two: answered they, Yes, whereupon he further a
whether it should be Rephal, Malvasie, Spanish or F
wine, and one of them laughing made answer, all those
were good. Then Faust demanded a gimlet, began to
four holes, one after another, on the border of the leaf o
table, stuck in stoppers, even as people stick spigots in
heads of casks, called for several fresh glasses, and, whe
this had been done, he drew out one stopper after an
and behold! out of each of the aforesaid holes flowed unto
one the wine he had required, even as out of four casks,
the dry leaf of the table."

By making Mephistopheles the active agent in these
lusions, the scene in Auerbach's Cellar assumes a diff
character from that which it bears in the legend. Faust sp
but twice, once simply in greeting, and again to expres
wish to leave. From this point, he has nothing in con
with the traditional Faust.

82. *False word and form of air,*
Change place, and sense ensnare!

This last prank of Mephistopheles is also borrowed
the Faust-legend, although it appears to be derived from
older tradition. It is thus related in the work of Camer
(1602): "Once, when he (Faust) was in company with
of his acquaintances, who had heard much of his magic
they begged him to give them a specimen of his powers.
refusing for a long while, he finally yielded to the tumul
request of the not wholly sober company, and promised to

em whatever they desired. When they then unanimously asked r a vine full of ripe grapes, in the belief that he would not e able to furnish such a thing in that season (it being winter, amely), Faust promised that he would cause a vine to grow stantly forth from the table, under the condition, that, until e should allow them to cut off the grapes, they would observe ie deepest silence and not stir in their seats, otherwise they ould be in peril of death. When they had accepted this con- tion, he so deluded the eyes and senses of the carousing ompany that they fancied to see a very beautiful vine, with many wonderfully great bunches of grapes on it as there ere persons present. Enticed by the marvel of the thing, and irsty from drinking, they took hold of their knives, awaiting ie moment when they should be allowed to cut off the bunches. aust left them for a considerable time in their delusion, until ually the vine and grapes disappeared as a vapor, and they erceived that they had taken the noses of each other to be ie bunches, and had set their knives thereto."

The refrain, "As 't were five hundred hogs," etc., which ie students sing, after drinking the various wines, has the haracter of certain coarse Bacchanalian measures, still common their class. Perhaps the resemblance in sound between *sauf'* will!) and *sau* (sow) originally suggested the use of the latter s a vulgar slang word. Even Goethe once speaks of himself, a letter to Merck, as being *sauwohl*.

83. *Witches' Kitchen.*

Neither this scene nor the Walpurgis-Night (Scene XXI.) as any connection with the Faust-legend. The chief motive f the Witches' Kitchen is, of course, the passional rejuvenation f Faust, as introductory to the episode of Margaret; but Goethe, vith a wilful spirit, not unfrequently manifested in his life and vritings, seems to have also designed burlesquing the machinery f witchcraft and its use in literature. He wrote the scene towards the lose of March, 1788, in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, outside he wall of Rome, at a time when his mind was thoroughly ossessed with the grace and beauty and irrecoverable symmetry f ancient art. Perhaps, therefore, the very contrast between is strong æsthetic passion and the character of his theme led im to give the latter the ugliest, coarsest, and absurdest expres- ion. The scene has been a puzzle to many commentators, because in the dialogues of Mephistopheles, the Witch, and the Animals, some occult meaning is often provokingly implied. Goethe was too admirable an artist not to have intended this very effect, and not to have accomplished it by the simplest method,—that of giving the jargon of witchcraft to his own definite ideas; but, that there was no necessary coherence be-

tween those ideas, no consistent allegory intended, is evi
from his own words, reported by Falk: "They have now l
tormenting themselves for nearly thirty years with the brooms
of the Blocksberg and the cat-dialogues of the Witches' Kit
but they have never yet rightly succeeded in interpreting
allegorizing that *dramatic-humoristic nonsense*. Really, one o
to play the joke oftener in his youth, and give them such no
as the Brocken." [There is an untranslatable pun in the origin
solche Brocken wie den Brocken.]

There has been a great deal of not very important discu
as to the meaning of the word *Meerkatze*. It has been trans
"Monkey," "Baboon," "Cat-Ape," "Cat," and "Little F
tailed Monkey." I follow Mephistopheles, himself, in t
the word "Ape," (*Wie glücklich würde sich der Affe schätz*
which will answer as well as any other for those who i
on symbolism. Goethe probably took his *Meerkatzen* from
legend of Reineke Fuchs, wherein they are introduced.

84. *Full thirty years from my existence.*

There is here an apparent contradiction between the
of Faust and that which is implied in the first scene.
deduction of thirty years, we must suppose, should leave
as a youth of twenty, to begin his new experience of life;
we can hardly imagine the man who has been teaching
only ten years, and has barely attained his Doctor's degre
be more than thirty-five. Düntzer thinks this is an over
of Goethe, arising from the long interval between the com
tion of the two scenes.

85. *We 're cooking watery soup for beggars.*

Here we have a clew to some of the masked satire in
scene. In July, 1797, Goethe writes to Schiller concerni
volume which he sends at the same time: "Herewith goes
again murdered, or rather putrefied, Gustavus III.; it is r
just such a beggars' soup as the German public likes."
died before the correspondence was published, or he would
have given the following explanation of the line: "An iro
reference to the coarse superstitions which extend with a
palpable shade among all nations throughout the history o
world." There seems to be no doubt that in this expre
and in the disjointed rhymes uttered by the he-ape, G
meant to designate certain classes of literary works, popul
Germany at the time.

86. *Wert thou the thief.*

The art of divination by means of a sieve (*koskinom*
was known to the ancients: it is mentioned in the thired
of Theocritus. In the life of Campanella—the Dominican m

th whose work, *De sensu rerum*, Goethe appears to have en acquainted—the following story occurs: "Some boys had st a mantle, and in order to find out whither it had taken ; flight, they hung up a sieve by the middle on a peg, and en uttered the words 'In the name of St. Peter and in the name of . Paul, has not so and so stolen the mantle?' They went over a mber of names in the same manner, but the sieve remained movable, till they pronounced the name of Flavius, and then it gan to wheel round about. Campanella, who saw it, was much tonished, and prayed with the boys that God would not suffer em to be blinded by the devil; and, on making the trial ain, as soon as the name of Flavius was pronounced, it began wheel round about in a circle."—*Adelung*, Blackie's translation.

87. *What do I see? What heavenly form revealed.*

Some of the commentators insist that the form which Faust es in the magic mirror is that of Margaret, whom he meets the following scene; others suppose it to be Helena, although hen she appears in the Second Part (end of Act I.) he expressly eclares that the vision in the mirror was but "a frothy phantom f such beauty." A reference to Goethe's letters from Rome all that is needed to satisfy us that it is not an individual, ut the perfect beauty of the female form, which fascinates the yes and brain of Faust. Indeed, his exclamation, "Is it possible, en, that woman is so beautiful?" indicates this, without any rther evidence.

For nearly a year Goethe occupied himself with the study f the human form, drawing from the antique and from life, odelling in clay, and striving to develop a little technical bility in Art. At the commencement of this period of study e writes: "Now at last I am possessed by the *alpha* and *omega* f all known things, the human form, and I cry: 'Lord, I will ling to thee until thou blessest me!' though I grow lame in e struggle." Eight or nine months later, just before his depar- re from Rome, he says: "In such a presence [that of the ntique sculptures] one becomes more than one's ordinary self; ne feels, that the noblest subject with which we can be oc- upied, is the human form." In other letters he speaks of the isinclination with which he returns to "*formless* Germany."

The image in the mirror is not a sensual but a purely æsthetic mbol, the significance of which is not further developed in e First Part of the work. The coarser element through which lephistopheles achieves a temporary power over Faust is re- resented by the potion which the witch administers to the latter.

88. *We hear and we rhyme.*

These lines, with the preceding and following ones, have

(perhaps purposely) a mixed significance. [The crown w
the animals bring may be that of France, which, though
or belimed with the sweat and blood of the people, was
tually broken at the time the passage was written; yet the
quoted above certainly refers again to the dreary jingle
inferior class of poets, who now and then, by sheer good
get possession of a thought. The remark of Mephistopl
just before the appearance of the witch, must be under
in the same sense. The reader must not expect more th
half-interpretation of these passages, and that only by g
up the idea of a coherent design.

89. *It 's long been written in the Book of Fable.*

The conversation between Mephistopheles and the wit
full of ironical suggestions. It ridicules the popular idea
Devil, with his horns, hoofs, and the attendant ravens (born
from Odin); it slyly refers to the denial of a personal
of Evil, promulgated by Kant in his philosophy and Sch
macher in his theology; it asserts that, although men ma
rid of the Evil One, there is not therefore any the less
in the world; and, by implication, satirizes the aristocracy th
the claim of Mephistopheles to the title of Baron.

90. *This is the witch's once-one's-one!*

The common schoolboy term for the multiplication-
in Germany is *Einmaleins*, from its commencement, *E
eins ist eins*—once one is one! The jargon which the
declaims from the book is nothing but a nonsensical pa
of the cabalistic formula of the Middle Ages, wherein my
properties are attributed to numbers.

In the *Paralipomena*, there is a verse which is gen
attributed to the omitted Disputation, yet which seems
appropriate in this place. Mephistopheles says (apparent
Faust):—

> Now, once for all, mark this, I pray—
> A maxim weighty for thine actions!
> No mystery the numbers here convey,
> Yet there 's a great one in the fractions.

91. *A contradiction thus complete.*

The irreverent irony of Mephistopheles in this passage h
needs explanation. Some of the commentators have shown
skill in avoiding the true interpretation. Hinrichs, for exa
asserts that it refers to Hegel's system of philosophy! Di
says: "One should properly attribute this irony to Mephisto
alone, and entirely absolve the poet from it." Goethe, n

ss, used the mask of Mephistopheles whenever it suited his enience. In 1824, when speaking to Eckermann of his life, he said: "I believed in God, in Nature, and in the triumph of Good over Evil; but that was not enough for pious souls. I was also required to believe that Three One, and One was Three, against which the instinct of in my soul revolted: moreover, I could not perceive how ould be helped thereby, in the slightest degree."

Although the witch bewilders Faust when she speaks again, she rtheless expresses an article of Goethe's poetic creed—that truest and deepest insight into things is not the result of cious labor, but falls upon the mind as a free, pure, unected gift. His distaste for metaphysics arose from the fact it forced him to think about his thinking; whereas his object ys was to preserve the freedom, freshness, and spontaneous rity of his mind. The lines declaimed by the witch suggest her of his aphoristic fragments:—

> Yes, that is the proper way,
> When one can't say
> What one thinks,
> If one thinks;
> But everything comes as if freely given!

92. *The noble indolence I 'll teach thee then to treasure.*

Mephistopheles understands very well that an indolent, unlated habit of life contributes to the growth of all forms physical appetite. He shows, throughout, such familiarity theological matters, that we may not unreasonably suspect of having taken a hint from Dr. Watts:—

> "For Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Perhaps Mephistopheles also recalled these lines, from Mil-'s *Paradise regained:*—

> "For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full!
> Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
> Higher design than to enjoy his state;
> Thence to the bait of women lay exposed."

93. MARGARET.

We now take leave of the original Faust-legend, which l not again be encountered until the appearance of Helena, the Second Part. The episode of Margaret is Goethe's own ation, from beginning to end, and here, even more than in first monologue of Faust, he "delved in his own breast" the passion which he represents. Margaret is drawn partly

from her namesake, whom Goethe, as a boy of sixteen, imag
he loved; and partly from his betrothed, Lili (Anna E
beth Schönemann, the daughter of a banker in Frankfurt)
whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at
time these scenes of his *Faust* were written.

Gretchen (Maggie), or Margaret, is one of the fairest
sweetest figures in the fifth book of *Wahrheit und Dich*
Goethe describes how his facility in writing poems for occa
brought him accidentally into society very much below
into which he was born. Some of these chance compa
were even disreputable, and his association with them
finally broken off by the legal investigations concerning a fo
which one of them committed. At a house where they
Margaret first appeared to wait upon them in the place
maid-servant. She was three or four years older than Go
who was then in his sixteenth year, and her quiet g
beauty, and natural dignity made an instant and deep impre
upon him. "She was for the most part," he says, "calm
quiet. Her habit was to sit with her arms crossed, le
upon the table, a position which showed her to great advan
and she would thus sit for a long time together, with
and then a slight motion of her head, which, however,
never made without meaning. At times she threw in a
to help on the conversation, but when she had done this
immediately resumed her calm and quiet attitude of attent

The account he gives of her manner suggests Faust's
interview with Margaret: "She gave no one her hand, not
me; she allowed no one to touch her; only, she often sat
beside me, especially when I wrote or read aloud, and
she placed her arm familiarly on my shoulder, looked int
book, or on my verses, but when I attempted to take the
freedom with her she immediately drew back, and did no
turn so soon again. Yet she often repeated this position,
indeed, there was a great uniformity in all her gestures
motions, though they were always graceful and beautiful."

The last time Goethe saw her, just before the arrest o
forger, she kissed him on the forehead at parting; but
his love and self-love were bitterly wounded when, in th
vestigation which took place—and from which she came
with a spotless character—she testified that she had lo
upon him as a boy in whom she felt the interest of an
sister, and had encouraged his innocent liking for her fo
purpose of watching over and protecting him. She left F
furt soon afterwards, and Goethe never heard of her agai

The engagement between Goethe and Lili, to whom
wrote some of his finest brief lyrics, was broken off b
opposition of their respective families. The uncertainty

interest of his love is reflected in that of Faust. All the scenes in which Margaret appears, up to that in the Cathedral (Scene XX.), with the exception of Faust's encounter with Valentine Scene XIX.), were written during the spring of 1775, and Goethe's relation to Lili was not finally broken off until August of that year.

Margaret is one of the most pure and pathetic creations in literature. Ignorant, uneducated (she uses none but the simplest words and sometimes speaks ungrammatically), artlessly vain, yielding to deceit, and finally led to infamy, crime, and madness, she is both real in her words and ways and ideal in her embodiment of the pure woman-nature, and of that alone. The German critics have made her typical of many things, but she will always remain what Goethe intended her to be—simply a woman. In her language, throughout, there are no references except to Goethe's own early experiences of love: the reader may study her character for himself, although an indescribable bloom and freshness is lost in transferring her story to another language.

94. *How short and sharp of speech was she.*

Perhaps the word "snappish" would best express the meaning of the German phrase *kurz angebunden.* Lord Leveson Gower, deceived by the form of the idiom, fell into a very amusing blunder. He translates the couplet:—

"As with her gown held up, she fled,
That well-turned ankle well might turn one's head!"

We are less surprised that a French translator should have made the same mistake, and given the first line thus: "*Comme elle avait des courtes jupes!*" Even Blaze, whose translation in many other respects is so careful and intelligent, says: "*Quel corsage bien pris!*"

95. *Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed!*

The original, *Mein Herr Magister Lobesan*, is given in a different form by almost every translator. Goethe perhaps borrowed the expression from the title of a satirical poem by Neumeister, published in 1624—"The Crowned M., in German, Magister Lobesan." Düntzer says it is a nickname applied to a Magister who makes a pompous display of his dignity. Inasmuch as Faust ironically assumes that Mephistopheles attempts to teach him morals, I have chosen the word "Pedagogue" as an equivalent. The following are some of the varieties of translation, and they may help the reader to a clearer comprehension of the phrase:—

BLACKIE.—Sir Knight of Pedantry.
HAYWARD.—My good Mr. Sermonizer.

BROOKE.—My worthy Master Gravity.
MARTIN.—Master Graveairs.
LEVESON GOWER.—Mr. Check-my-speed.
ANSTER.—Most Reverend.
BERESFORD.—Sir Laudable.

96. *As in Italian tales 't is taught.*

The word *welsche* (or *wälsche*) may signify either Fre or Italian: in the Middle Ages it was often used in the s of "foreign." Hartung supposes that by *welsche Geschi* Goethe simply meant romances, of whatever country; bu seems more probable that he had in mind the amorous st of Boccaccio, or the Heptameron.

97. *O welcome, twilight soft and sweet!*

The reader will not fail to notice the entire chang Faust, since the preceding scene, although only a few h are supposed to have elapsed. The "atmosphere" upon w Mephistopheles has calculated in advance, exercises an influ of which he seems to be ignorant, while Faust, after his surrender to the new impression, hardly recognizes him At the meeting with Margaret, it is the witch's potion w speaks through him: here, the better though obscure aspir (*vide* the "Prologue in Heaven") re-possesses him, under new blissful, yet disquieting form of love. Mephistophele naturally, incapable of understanding the transformation Faust's feelings, because the strongest negation of his den nature is that of love.

Goethe was not only keenly sensitive to the operatio atmospheric influences upon the mind, but he also believe the existence of a spiritual *aura*, through which impress independent of the external senses, might be communic It is the atmosphere of peace, and order, and contentn and chastity, which unconsciously touches Faust, in Marga chamber; and it is the sultry breath of evil, of impen temptation and ruin, which oppresses Margaret on her re

98. *I know not, should I do it?*

Faust is so far redeemed by his awakening love tha hesitates to use the gift which he had commanded Me topheles to furnish. The latter purposely misunderstands hesitation, and accuses him of wishing to keep the cask jewels for himself. Nevertheless, it is he, and not Faust, places the casket in the press.

99. *There was a King in Thule.*

According to Goethe's statement this ballad was written in uly, 1774, when he repeated it to his friend Jacobi. It does ot appear to have been originally intended for *Faust*, as were ne songs in Auerbach's Cellar; yet it is most fitting that Mar-aret, in this crisis of her fate, should sing a ballad of love nd death, wherein the word *Buhle* (mistress or leman) has a rophetic character. The "King of Thule" was first published a 1782 in a collection of "Songs of the People," set to usic by Baron von Seckendorff, with the announcement added: From Goethe's Dr. Faust." This was eight years before the ublication of this scene, in the "Fragment."

It would seem impossible for any one to read the ballad nd not be satisfied with the story it so simply tells; yet one f Goethe's commentators, Hartung, insists on the following nterpretation: "It is based, like the ballad of 'The Fisher,' n a deeper meaning. For, while the dying King grants all lse to his heirs, the elements, he gives only to the great cean that which is most precious to him—his Self, his soul, hich he desires shall be united to the world-soul, no matter hether it shall melt as a drop into the element of soul-ether, r, hardened into a pearl, continue its individual existence."

As I have stated in the Preface, the feminine rhymes of the first and third lines of each verse have been omitted, in order to make the translation strictly literal. I have taken this liberty (the only one I have allowed myself, in the lyrical passages of the work) the more readily, because the redundant syllable partly atones to the ear for the absence of rhyme. In this instance I have considered it especially necessary to preserve the simplicity of the original, and (if that be possible) the weird, mystic sweetness of its movement. To show how entirely these qualities may be lost, in a language further removed from German than ours, I quote Blaze's translation of the last two verses:—

"Puis, se levant, le vieux compère
Huma le dernier coup vital,
Et jeta le sacré métal
Dans les vagues de l'onde amère.

"Il le vit tomber, s'engloutir;
Et quand il n'eut plus aucun doute,
Sentit ses yeux s'appesantir,
Puis jamais ne but une goutte."

100. *With heavenly manna she 'll repay it.*

Margâret's mother seems to have quoted from Revelation ii. 17: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the

hidden manna," and the parson in the line "Who overcometh, winneth too," remembers verses 7, 11, and 26 in the same chapter.

101. The Neighbor's House.

This scene surely requires no further explanation than that contained in the two succeeding notes. The characters of Martha, Margaret, and Mephistopheles are placed before us, in the clearest manner, by a few simple, realistic touches. I need not repeat the conjectures of critics concerning Dame Martha's age and personal appearance. Here, and in Scene XII, she is represented with such distinctness that the reader cannot mistake the part which Goethe intended her to fill. If anything further were necessary, Mephistopheles characterizes her sufficiently, in the following scene.

102. *In Padua buried, he is lying, Beside the good Saint Antony.*

If this is anything more than a random statement of Mephistopheles, the irony is neither keen nor especially important. The Saint is not the Antony of the Desert and the temptations and the Irish ballad, but Antonio of Padua, a relative of Godfrey of Bouillon. He was born in Lisbon in 1195, preached with such fervor that even the fishes rose to the surface of the sea to listen to him, and died in Padua in 1231. The splendid basilica in which his ashes rest was not completed until two centuries later. His chapel, with its *alti rilievi* by Lombardi, Sansovino, and others, still attracts the student of art.

Interments within the walls of cathedrals and churches in Italy were not prohibited until the year 1809.

103. *I want his death in the weekly paper stated.*

There is, in Germany, an official registration of all marriages, births, and deaths, which are published at stated intervals. The laws relating to marriage require both parties to furnish testimony that there are no legal impediments to their union; hence the officially published death of Herr Schwerdtlein is necessary, before Dame Martha can properly be considered a widow and at liberty to accept a second spouse.

104. *For thou art right, especially since I must.*

Faust, in this line, admits his dependence on the aid of Mephistopheles, and the necessity of giving false testimony in

der to procure an interview with Margaret. No change in e character of his passion is implied.

There is a passage in the *Paralipomena* which seems narally to belong here, although some of the German comentators have given it a different place. Mephistopheles says, pparently after Faust's departure, when he has impatiently poken the above line:—

'T is hard, indeed, the younker's ways commanding;
Yet, as his tutor, I 've no fear
I shall not rule the madcap, notwithstanding,
And nothing else concerns me here.
His own desires I let him follow slowly,
That mine, as well, may be accomplished wholly.
Much do I talk, yet always leave him free;
If what he does should quite too stupid be,
My wisdom, then, must make a revelation,
And I must drag him forth, as by the hair:
Yet, while one strives the folly to repair,
One gives for other folly fresh occasion.

105. *To think on you I have all times and places.*

These two lines are literally: "Think but a little moment's pace on me; I shall have time enough to think of you." I ave been obliged, by the exigence of rhyme, to express the atter phrase in different words; yet this is one of those intances where *no* English words, though they may perfectly onvey the meaning, can possibly carry with them the fulness nd tenderness of sentiment which we feel in the original. *Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben*" suggests, in ome mysterious way, a contrast between Faust's place in life nd Margaret's, between the love of man and that of woman, hich the words do not seem to retain, when translated.

106. *She plucks a star-flower.*

The original, *Sternblume*, may mean either a china-aster, star-of-Bethlehem, a variety of primrose or of jonquil. Vaious modes of amorous divination by means of flowers were known to the ancients (one of them is mentioned by Theocritus), and the Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide, describes a very similar method of ascertaining whether a lover's affection is returned. The single daisy (*Gänseblümchen* in German) is sometimes used for the same purpose, but it is a garden-flower, of course, which Margaret plucks.

107. *It 's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry.*

The effect of a double negative in German is precisely the same as in English, and it belongs equally to the vulgar

dialect. Goethe introduces it intentionally here as well as in Scene XVI., where Margaret says, speaking of Mephistopheles: "One sees that in nothing no interest he hath." I have not felt at liberty to correct these purposed inelegances, as other translators have done. They are trifling touches, it is true, but they belong to the author's design.

108. Forest and Cavern.

Most of the German critics unite in the opinion that this scene must have been written during Goethe's residence in Rome, or immediately after his return to Weimar. There is a certain slight variation in tone which distinguishes it from the earlier scenes. Mr. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," says: "I do not understand the relation of this scene to the whole." But, in his sketch of the growth of *Faust*, Mr. Lewes does not seem to be aware of the publication of the "Fragment" in 1790. The "Forest and Cavern" is there given, not in its present position, but immediately after the scene "At the Fountain" (Scene XVII.), and consequently *after* Margaret's fall. Goethe's first design was, evidently, to drive Faust from Margaret's presence through the remorse following the deed, and his transfer of the scene to its present place substitutes a moral resistance in advance of the deed for the earlier motive. The character of Faust's love is not only elevated by this change, but the element of good in his nature is again actively, and not merely *reactively*, developed.

Some commentators have found a contradiction between Faust's almost inspired enjoyment of Nature in this scene, and the character of his first monologue. Yet, if we read the latter carefully, we shall find it pervaded with a longing for "the broad, free land," for release from the imprisonment of unsatisfying studies. His impatience is not with Nature, but with the inadequacy of the physical sciences, which endeavor to wrench from her "with levers, screws, and hammers," the secrets "which she doth not willingly display." Faust looks on Nature, now, with the eyes of a lover, and she is transformed to his senses. It is no longer a cold, amazed acquaintance; her bosom is open to him as that of a friend, and all living creatures become his brothers. The scoff of Mephistopheles does not move him, but he at last succumbs to the picture which the latter draws of Margaret's loneliness and sorrow.

In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* we find the original suggestion of the scene. After Goethe's separation from the Margaret of his boyhood, and the illness which followed, the paternal government was more rigidly enforced. He was furnished with a private tutor, a man of intelligence and of a kindly, sym-

sthetic nature, who soon became a friend. Goethe, never-heless, remained depressed and boyishly misanthropic for a ime. "I drew my friend with me into the woods," he says. Leaving the monotonous fir-trees behind me, I sought those eautiful, leafy groves, which are, indeed, of no very great xtent in that region, but are nevertheless of a size sufficient o furnish concealment for a poor wounded heart. I selected, n the deepest part of the wood, a sombre spot where the ncient oaks and beeches grandly overshadowed a broad space f soil. The ground sloped upwards which added to the ef-ect of the massive old trunks. This clear space was sur-ounded with dense thickets, out of which rose the venerable orms of moss-grown rocks, and an abundant brook poured ver them in a rapid cascade. . . . .

"What I then felt, is still present to my mind; what I aid, it would be impossible for me to recall."

Hartung, in his comment on this scene, says: "He (Faust) lso *thanks God* that He has given to him the comrade whom he can no longer do without," etc. The reader can judge for himself whether Faust does not simply tolerate the presence of Mephistopheles, through his conviction that "nothing can be perfect unto man," and the new ecstasy he feels must there-fore be balanced by the degrading fellowship.

109. *One dares not that before chaste ears declare.*

"Qui reprehendunt et irrident, quod ea, quæ turpia re non sint, nominibus ac verbis flagitiosa ducamus: illa autem, quæ turpia sint, nominibus appellemus suis. Latrocinari, fraudare, adulterare, re turpe est; sed dicitur non obscœne: liberis dare operam, re honestum est, nomine obscœnum."—*Cicero, Off.* I., 35.

110. *Enough of that! Thy love sits lonely yonder.*

Mephistopheles is shrewd enough to perceive that Faust is thus far insensible to his mockery. He here suddenly changes his tactics, and draws such a picture of the forsaken Margaret that Faust, even in the exclamation "Serpent! serpent!" betrays how much he is moved. In this exclamation, and the *aside* of Mephistopheles, I have omitted the rhyme of the original, which could not possibly be reproduced without losing the subtile suggestiveness of the words. Mr. Brooks nearly over-comes the difficulty by translating as follows:—

FAUST. Viper! Viper!
MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*. Ay, and the prey grows riper!

111. *"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song.*

This is an old song of the people in Germany. I published it in his *Volkslieder*, in 1779; but it was no already familiar to Goethe in his childhood. The origin lody, to which it is still sung, is as simple and sweet words. I cannot do better than to borrow Mr. Brooks's lation, which is very literal:—

"Were I a little bird,
Had I two wings of mine,
I 'd fly to my dear;
But that can never be,
So I stay here.'

"Though I am far from thee,
Sleeping I 'm near to thee,
Talk with my dear;
When I awake again,
I am alone.

"Scarce there 's an hour in the night
When sleep does not take its flight,
And I think of thee,
How many thousand times
Thou gav'st thy heart to me."

The expression "wept beyond her tears" is *ausg* (outwept) in the original. Goethe probably remembere line of Dante (*Inferno*, Canto XXXIII.):—

Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia.

"Weeping itself there does not let them weep,
And grief that finds a barrier in the eyes
Turns itself inward to increase the anguish."
Longfellow's translat

112. *On your twin-pair, that feed among the roses.*

The Song of Solomon is one of those books of th Testament which Faust, in his contract with Mephistop according to one form of the old legend, was permitt read. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find the quoting from it, although not quite correctly.

"Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are which feed among the lilies."—iv. 5.

Mr. Hayward quotes from a private letter to himsel following singular advice which Schlegel gives in regard t couplet:—

"Je ne vous conseille pas de traduire cela littérale On jeterait les hauts cris."

113. MARGARET *(at the spinning-wheel, alone).*

This and the foregoing scene may be considered as nearly identical in time. The lovers are separated: Faust struggles with all the force of his nobler instinct to resist his passion, while Margaret is wholly possessed by an intense, unreasoning yearning for his presence. In representing her as seated at the spinning-wheel, Goethe again remembers the Margaret of his boyhood. Visiting the house on one occasion, to meet, by appointment, the circle into which he had been drawn, he says: "Only one of the young people was at home. Margaret sat at the window and span; the mother went back and forth. . . . . She (Margaret) arose, left her spinning-wheel, and approaching the table where I sat gave me a severe lecture, yet with much good sense and kindness."

Athough some have fancied that in the opening line, *Meine Ruh' ist hin*, the lulling sound of the spinning-wheel is indicated, the verses are meant to be a revery, not a song. They are, indeed, articulate sighs; the lines are almost as short and simple as the first speech of a child, and the least deviation from either the meaning or the melody of the original (even the change of *meine* into *my*, in the first line) takes away something of its indescribable sadness and strength of desire. In the first verse, which is twice repeated as a refrain, I have been obliged to choose between the repetition of the word *peace* in the third line and the use of a pronoun which cannot, as in the German, fix its antecedent by its gender. The reader who prefers the grammatical form to the more natural expression will at least understand that it is here impossible to give both. There are precedents for either alternative, in former translations.

114. *Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!*

When Faust says, "And as for Church and Faith, I leave to each his own," it is Goethe who speaks. His maxim through life was not only tolerance but a respectful recognition of all forms of religious belief. Margaret here represents a class not peculiar to Germany. She insists on a categorical explanation of Faust's views, and when, in answer to her question: "Believest thou in God?" he hints at the impossibility of comprehending the Divine Essence, she misses the familiar phrases of her creed, and immediately infers: "Then thou believest not!"

The passage which follows has been the subject of a great deal of comment, from Madame de Staël (in her *De l'Allemagne*) to the latest writer on *Faust*. There is, however, sufficient evidence that Goethe meant to state his own—imperfect, as he

admitted it to be—conception of the Deity. He read S at an early age, and frequently expressed his concurre the views of that philosopher, concerning the "immanen God in all things. The sun, the stars, the earth, the heart and all its emotions, are simply "invisible, visibl nifestations of His existence. Goethe's intention is to a ledge Him in His Infinite aspects, not to define or d Him.

In 1829, he said to Eckermann: "The period of d past: every one, now, would as soon think of doubti own existence as that of God. Moreover, the nature o immortality, the being of the soul and its connection w body are eternal problems, wherein the philosophers are to give us any further knowledge."

Two years later, Eckermann gives the following re Goethe's views. The latter was then eighty-two yea "He is very far from supposing that he truly apprehe Highest Being. All his oral and written utterances h culcated the belief that God is an inscrutable Existence, man has but approximate glimpses and presentiment Nature and we human beings are, nevertheless, so per with the Divine element, that it sustains us, that in it work and be; that we sorrow and rejoice through the op of eternal laws, which we fulfil and which are fulfilled whether we perceive them or not. He is firmly convinc the Divine Power is everywhere manifested, and that the Love is everywhere active."

In 1823 Goethe said to Soret: "With the peopl especially with the clergymen, who have Him daily upo tongues, God becomes a phrase, a mere name, whic utter without any accompanying idea. But if they wer trated with His greatness, they would rather be dum for very reverence would not dare to name Him."

This passage in Faust has sometimes been des "Goethe's creed,"—an expression which he would have r since he considered all creeds as attempts to express so beyond the reach of human intelligence. In 1813 he w his friend Jacobi: "For my part, with the manifold di in which my nature moves, I cannot be satisfied with a mode of thought. As Poet and Artist I am a polythe the other hand, as a Student of Nature I am a pantl and both with equal positiveness. When I need a G my personal nature, as a moral and spiritual man, I exists for me. The heavenly and the earthly things a an immense realm, that it can only be grasped by t lective intelligence of all beings."

Whether Faust's explanation is pantheism, in e

spiritual or a materialistic form; whether it is an *un*doctrinal view permitted to a Christian, or, as Margaret fears, there is "no Christianity" in it, — are questions which the reader will decide for himself. The terms Pantheism, Materialism, and even Christianity, are so liable to random and partisan use, that I prefer to leave without comment a passage, of which Mr. Lewes says: "Grander, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry."

115. At the Fountain.

This is another of the scenes written in 1775. Its direct and occasionally coarse realism has been condemned by some critics, and one or two of the expressions have generally been softened in translation. The vulgarity of Lisbeth, nevertheless, has a purpose. Margaret is made to feel her own situation, and the disgrace awaiting her, through the expressions applied to the unfortunate Barbara, and the reader's sympathy is secured, with his first knowledge of her fall. I have therefore translated the scene without change, on the same principle which the Germans have adopted in translating Shakespeare.

116. *And we 'll scatter chaff before her door.*

The word *Häckerling* signifies either chaff or chopped straw. The old German custom, which is still observed in some parts of the country, allowed the bridal wreath only to chaste maidens. If one of sullied reputation ventured to assume it, the wreath was torn from her head, and sometimes replaced with one of straw, while on the eve of the marriage chaff or chopped straw was scattered before her door. A widow who marries again is allowed to wear a wreath, but not the myrtle of the maiden bride.

Church-penance for unchastity was also formerly common in England. In Germany the guilty person was obliged to kneel before the altar, clad in a "sinner's shift," while the clergyman severely rated her conduct, and read her petition for pardon.

117. Donjon.

The word *Zwinger*, which Goethe uses, corresponds to our "stronghold" or "donjon keep," but is also sometimes applied to the open angular space between the wall of a town and one of the fortified gates. Goethe seems to use the word in the latter sense. The shrine of a saint was frequently placed in the re-entering angle, between which and the city-wall there would be a partly enclosed space. Mephistopheles represents Margaret as watching the clouds "over the old city-

wall", from her window, whence her home must hav in the street nearest to it, and the shrine of the *Mate rosa*, being close at hand, would become her accustomec of prayer. I have followed all other translators in usi word *donjon*, simply because we have no English w describe the locality.

The opening of Margaret's prayer suggests the well- Latin hymn of Jacoponus, written towards the close thirteenth century:—

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatum et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

If the revery at the spinning-wheel be a sigh of l this is a cry for help, equally wonderful in words and yet with a character equally elusive when we attempt produce it in another language.

118. VALENTINE, *a soldier, Margaret's brother.*

This scene appears to have been written some time the year 1800, and probably after the completion Walpurgis-Night (Scene XXI.). Goethe had been occupi intervals, for some time previous, with the *Helena* (Part S Act III.), which he finally laid aside, with the determ to fill the gaps yet remaining in the First Part, befor ceeding further. In the Royal Library at Berlin, there autograph manuscript of the scene, dated "1800."

Düntzer insists that the unity of the plot is disturl the introduction of Valentine, whose death, he assert no intimate connection with Margaret's fall. Goethe's nevertheless, may be easily conjectured, and the poe imagine, will take sides with him against the critic. guilt of blood, which the action of Mephistopheles bring Faust, obliges the latter to fly from the town, and he prevented from learning the shame and misery which come upon Margaret. Without such a motive, his flight be a heartless desertion, at variance with the expressi his love in the preceding and following scenes. Mo while the consequences of Margaret's fault succeed other with terrible, cumulative retribution, her right and sympathy increases with them. We could ill spa picture of Valentine, the brave soldier, the honest man, death is another necessary link in the fatal chain of Ma destiny.

119. *Saw splendid lion-dollars in 't.*

The remark of Faust refers, apparently, to some buried treasure which Mephistopheles has promised to raise for him. "Lion-dollars" are of Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of Louvain (in German, *Löwen*—lion), in Brabant, where they were first struck, and from the figure of a lion on the obverse. They are also sometimes named "Brabanters"; their value is about eighty-five cents. Hayward is mistaken in saying that the lion-dollar is a Bohemian coin.

"It was a generally disseminated belief that the interior of the earth contains treasures, which must be raised by whoever would possess them. It was supposed that the treasure moved of itself, slowly seeking to approach the surface. At stated times, frequently once in seven years, but sometimes only once in a hundred, the treasure is above, and waits to be lifted. If this is not accomplished, because the necessary conditions are not fulfilled, it sinks back again. It is generally contained in a kettle, and its approach to the surface is indicated by a flame hovering over the spot."—*Düntzer.*

120. *What dost thou here?*

The song of Mephistopheles is directly suggested, as Goethe admitted (*vide* Note 8), by the song of Ophelia, in *Hamlet* (Act IV., Scene V.):—

"Good morrow, 't is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

"Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more."

In Schlegel's translation, St. Charity (in the third verse) is rendered *St. Kathrin*, whence Goethe probably took the name "Kathrina dear." It also seems probable that the name given to Margaret's brother, Valentine, was suggested by "your Valentine" in Ophelia's song; and all the more so, since its Latin original, *valens*, is specially appropriate to a soldier.

121. *Rat-catching piper, thou!*

Browning's poem of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is so well known that I need not give the old German legend to

which Valentine's exclamation refers. Goethe's song, *Der Rattenfänger*, expresses still more clearly the meaning which he attaches to the phrase. The man who charms innocent maidens by his seductive arts, even as the piper by the notes of his magical pipe charmed the rats of Hameln, is a rat-catcher. In "Romeo and Juliet" (Act III, Scene I.) Mercutio says:—

"Tybald, you rat-catcher, will you walk?"

122. *Out with your spit, without delay!*

Flederwisch, the slang German word for "sword," which Mephistopheles uses, means a goose's wing, such as is used by economical housewives for dusting furniture. Hayward translates "toasting-iron," borrowing the expression from Shakespeare; Mr. Brooks says "whisk," and Mr. Martin "duster,"—both of which are literal; yet, in this instance, I prefer to use a cant word which is equivalent to the original.

123. CATHEDRAL.

This is the closing scene of "Faust: a Fragment," and the last but one in which Margaret appears. She returns to the Cathedral, before which Faust first met her in the street, as she was coming from confession, where, as even Mephistopheles admits: —

"So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she had no need."

Without this contrast, the terrible power of the scene must be felt by every reader. The short, unrhymed lines express both the hoarse whispered threats of the Evil Spirit, and the panting agony of the sinner. The line: "Upon thy threshold whose the blood?" fails in the edition of 1790, and was added on account of the foregoing scene, which was afterwards written. The confusion of Margaret's thoughts, presaging her later insanity, is indicated in the first words she utters.

124. *Dies iræ dies illa.*

Goethe has elsewhere acknowledged the powerful impression which this old Latin chant made upon himself. Some have attributed its authorship to Gregory the Great, and others to Bernhard of Clairvaux; but the scholars seem now to be generally agreed that it is not of later origin than the thirteenth century, and that Thomas of Celano was probably its author. It was accepted by the Roman Church, as one of the *sequentia* of the requiem, before the year 1385. The original text is engraved upon a marble tablet in the church

of St. Francesco in Mantua. The present form of the chant is supposed to have been given by Felix Hämmerlin (in the early part of the fifteenth century), who omitted the former opening stanzas, and added some others at the close. In this form it has appeared in the Catholic missals, since the Council of Trent. The chant has been translated upwards of seventy times into German, and fifteen times into English. One of the closest versions, of the few in which the feminine rhymes are retained, is that of Gen. Jon A. Dix, who thus renders the first stanza:—

"Day of wrath, without a morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow."

125. *Judex ergo cum sedebit.*

We must suppose that the singing of the chant continues, and that there is a pause after the close of the first verse, before the Evil Spirit again speaks. His second address certainly points to the third verse, of which it is a paraphrase:—

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Goethe passes over this and the two following verses until the sixth, which is now quoted. Margaret is overpowered by the declaration contained in it that all things hidden shall be brought to light, and no guilt shall remain unpunished.

126. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

This, the seventh verse, is most appropriately chosen for the climax of the effect produced on Margaret by the grand and terrible chant. If the just shall be saved with difficulty, what plea shall be uttered by this miserable sinner? In the original, also, the threat of wrath and retribution culminates here, the remaining ten verses having the character of penitence and supplication. Düntzer censures Goethe for repeating the line: "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*" for the reason that it is not repeated in the Catholic service, and insists that he ought to have given the first line of the following verse — "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*," instead of it. But the poet, who prefers dramatic truth to the correctness of a minute detail which is of no importance, justifies himself.

127. *Neighbor! your cordial!*

The original word, *Fläschchen*, means simply a phial; but

it is evidently the neighbour's gentle fingers of needling-salts for which Margaret asks. In most of the English versions we find "needling-bottle," but Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, in his "Historic Survey of German Poetry" (London, 1830), says "Your drum-bottle."

2128. Walpurgis-Night.

This scene was written in 1800, probably twenty-five years after its first conception. It is announced in the Witches' Kitchen (scene VI.), in the words of Mephistopheles: "Thy wish for an Walpurgis-Night experienced." Goethe was accustomed to carry his poetical designs about with him for a long time, from a sense of possession and private enjoyment which he lost after they had been written. Perhaps, also, his feeling for the repose and symmetry of classic art, which was awakened during his Italian journey, and which manifests itself in *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Tasso*, and even in *Hermann and Dorothea*, rendered it more difficult for him to resume a theme so purely Gothic. He once said to Eckermann: "I employed myself but once with the devil and witch material; I was then glad to have consumed my Northern inheritance, and turned again to the banquets of the Greeks." The original manuscript of the Walpurgis-Night is in the Royal Library of Berlin: it is dated November 5, 1800.

The title and character of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few. Goethe describes such a scene in his Cantata of "The First Walpurgis-Night" (written in 1799), wherein his Druid sentinel, on the lookout for suppressive Christians, sings:—

"Mit dem Teufel, den sie fabeln,
Wollen wir sie selbst erschrecken."

[With the Devil, whom they fable,
They themselves shall now be frightened.]

Mr. Lewes is mistaken when he says: "The scene on the Blocksberg is part of the old Legend, and is to be found in many versions of the puppet play." There is no trace of it in any of the forms of the legend or play which I have examined. The carnival of the witches on the Blocksberg is a much older tradition than that of Faust, and the two were never united in the popular stories. Johann Friedrich Löwen, a native of Clausthal, in the Hartz, published in 1756 a comical epic, entitled "The Walpurgis-Night", wherein, apparently for the first time in literature, Faust appears on the Blocksberg. I quote the following lines as a specimen:—

'At Beelzebub's left hand there Doctor Faust was sitting;
He filled his glass and drank most bravely, as was fitting,
And when the nectar made their spirits warm and strong,
The spectres cried 'hurrah!' Faust sang a drinking-song."

Goethe was no doubt acquainted with this poem; but the Brocken itself, which can be seen in clear weather from the Ettersberg near Weimar, or the Kückelhahn at Ilmenau, always possessed a special attraction for him. In December 1777, he first ascended the mountain, and thereafter wrote his celebrated poem, "Hartz-Journey in Winter." Before leaving for Italy, he again twice made the ascent, both through the region of Schierke and Elend, and on the northern side, up the valley of the Ilse.

The Hartz Mountains are an isolated group, lying between the Elbe and Weser rivers, and their central and highest peak, the Brocken, has an elevation of three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. It is a dark, wild region, with forests of fir and birch on the lower heights, traversed by foaming streams, one of which, the Bode, is shut in by perpendicular walls of trap rock, several hundred feet in height. On the loftier ridges huge masses of granite interrupt, and sometimes overtop, the forests. Climbing the Brocken in 1845, I passed the Walpurgis-Night in the highest inhabited house below the summit, which I reached the next morning after wandering upwards for three hours through a terrible storm. The descent in the afternoon, through Schierke and Elend, under drifting masses of black cloud and a driving scud of hail, snow, and rain, suggested, at every step, the description of the scenery in Faust. Schierke, the highest village in the Hartz, is a collection of rude, weather-beaten wooden houses, surrounded

by rocks of the most fantastic shapes. Elend is two or t miles distant, and much lower. The most spirited and pi esque description of the Faust-scenery of the Hartz has l given by Heine in his *Reisebilder*—"Pictures of Travel," w have been translated by Mr. Charles G. Leland.

A fragment of two lines in the *Paralipomena* was prob intended for the opening of this scene:—

FAUST.

The further northward one may go,
The plentier soot and witches grow.

129. *The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow.*

"The field of love, hate, hope, despair, and wha other names may be given to the conditions and passio the soul, is the poet's natural inheritance, and he may u successfully. But he has no inherited instinct of how a of justice—for instance—is held, or how a parliamen an imperial coronation is conducted; and in order n violate truth the poet must make such subjects his own thr observation or acceptance from others. Thus, in *Faust*, I easily able to possess, by instinctive perception, the gl mood of weariness of life in the hero, as well as Marg sentiment of love; but, to say, for example:—

'How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,'—

some previous observation of nature was necessary."—*Goe Eckermann*, 1824.

The time being near midnight, the moon, then rising, w be approaching her last quarter.

I cannot give a better illustration of the efforts mad a certain class of German critics to attach a symbolical m ing to every part of *Faust*, than the assertion of Leutbe that the two lines:—

"The spring-time stirs within the fragrant *birches*,
And even the fir-tree *(fichte)* feels it now,"

indicate the *birching* which *Fichte* gave to Nicolai, in his p entitled: "Friedrich Nicolai, his singular Opinions," &c.! fortunately for Leutbecher, this paper was published a after Goethe wrote the Walpurgis-Night.

130. *Hear them snoring, hear them blowing!*

Some of the huge, rocky "snouts," near the villag Schierke, have long been called *Die Schnarcher*, The Sn Near one of these rocks the magnet shows a great vari

rhence the people of the neighborhood claim that it is the entral-point of the world. Mephistopheles says, in the Classial Walpurgis-Night (Second Part of *Faust*):—

> The Snorers snarl at Elend, snorting peers!
> And all is finished for a thousand years.

Shelley translates the couplet with great spirit:—

> "The giant-snoted crags, ho! ho!
> How they snort and how they blow!"

His version of the Walpurgis-Night, although not very aithful, and containing frequent lines of his own interpolation, ievertheless admirably reproduces the hurrying movement and he weird atmosphere of the original. This is the more re-narkable since he disregards, for the most part, the German netres.

131. *How raves the tempest through the air!*

The word which I have translated "tempest," is *Windsbraut* 'wind's-bride) in the original. It is the word employed by Luther, in his translation of the Bible, for the italicized words n the following verse from Acts (xxvii. 14): "But not long after there arose against it a *tempestuous wind*, called Euroclydon." A sudden and violent storm is still called *Windsbraut* by the common people, in some parts of Germany.

132. *The witches ride to the Brocken's top.*

The same general explanation which has been applied to the Witches' Kitchen (*vide* Note 83) is also valid here. In the separate voices and choruses which follow, a meaning is constantly suggested, because each is arbitrarily attached to a basis of satire or irony, without any necessary consistency between them. Most of the German commentators suppose that the crowding and pushing of the "boisterous guests" towards the summit of the Blocksberg is symbolical of the *Storm and Stress* period of German Literature; but the argument could not be made clear to the English reader, without giving a comprehensive sketch of that period. I shall, therefore, only mention those references concerning which the critics are generally agreed.

Sir Urian is a name which was formerly used to designate an unknown person, or one whose name, even if known, it was not thought proper to mention. In this sense it was sometimes applied to the Devil. In the *Parsival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the unprincipled Prince of Punturtois is called Urian.

Hayward says of the omitted words in this verse: "In Aristophanic language — the witch περδέται, the he-goat κτυπβρᾶ."

133. *Alone, old Baubo 's coming now.*

Baubo, in the Grecian myths, was the old nurse of Demeter, or Ceres; who, when the latter was plunged in grief for the loss of Persephone, endeavored to divert her by indecent stories and actions, and thus, finally, provoked her to laughter. Goethe, therefore, makes her symbolize the gross, shameless sensuality, which, according to all popular traditions, characterized the congregations of the witches, wizards, and devils.

134. *Woman 's a thousand steps ahead.*

Riemer relates that Goethe, in the year 1807, said to him: "When a woman once deviates from the right path, she then walks blindly and regardless of consequences towards evil; and a man who walks the evil way cannot begin to keep pace with her, for he always retains a sort of conscience, while she allows nature to work unchecked."

135. *Yet we 're eternally sterile still.*

"That is, they know all the rules by which to avoid faults, but beyond this negative talent their powers do not reach, and the very care with which they wash and cleanse, hinders their productiveness. 'To be free from faults, is both the lowest and the highest degree; for it springs from either impotence or greatness.'"—*Hartung.*

"It applies to the merely critical efforts of the day, which can never attain to a creative character."—*Deycks.*

"These always washing, even bright and clean wizards, are without doubt the æsthetic art-critics, to whom nothing is ever right, but who themselves are unable to produce the slightest thing."—*Düntzer.*

"The Blocksberg is the congregation of the evil ones, the collection of the rabble who perversely follow mistaken views of knowledge, will and power."—*Rosenkranz.*

136. *Drizzle, whistling through the dark.*

Shelley gives the following translation of this verse:—

"The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark."

The last couplet here so perfectly retains the character of *Im Sausen sprüht* that I do not see how it could be otherwise rendered without loss; and I therefore prefer to borrow from Shelley rather than offer a less satisfactory translation.

137. *I 'm climbing now three hundred years.*

"This can only mean Science (more than three hundred years had elapsed since the revival of the sciences), which cannot properly advance, because it is hindered by pedantry, by the restriction of the schools (the rocky cleft)."—*Düntzer.*

"It means the cities and provinces of Germany, whereof there were many at that time, which remained behind the general development of the age."—*Deycks.*

The "Half-Witch," who follows below, after the double chorus, is generally accepted as indicating those half-talents, which, with all their ambition, never rise above mediocrity, and are therefore bitterly jealous of the more gifted minds which easily distance them in the race.

138. *Make room! Squire Voland comes!*

"In the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we frequently meet with the word *Vâlant* as a designation of the Devil. In Berthold's Diary we find the Evil One named as *Squire Volland*—in the play of Frau Jutta as the *Evil Volland.* The word means either 'seducer' or 'the Wicked One.'"—*Düntzer.*

139. MEPHISTOPHELES *(who all at once appears very old).*

Whether the four characters who have just been introduced are so many individual satires (Deycks, for instance, asserts that the *Author* represents the Romantic school, headed by Tieck and the Schlegels), is a point concerning which the critics are not agreed. But that the episode is a general satire on the conventional, and therefore reactionary, element in politics and literature is very evident. The words of Mephistopheles and his assumption of age must be accepted as a burlesque imitation of the tone of the four speakers: he simply takes up the strain and exaggerates it to the point of absurdity. One of the German commentators, nevertheless, considers that Mephistopheles gravely expresses his own views. His explanation is: "And because the contradictions of life and thought have reached their highest pitch, but at the same time have found their end and solution, does Mephistopheles convince himself that he has ascended the Blocksberg for the last time."

The remaining fragments *(Paralipomena)* which belong to the Walpurgis-Night may properly be given here:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though but a bagpipe, give us music! Haste!
We have, like many noble fellows,
Much appetite and little taste.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The piper famous
Of Hameln, also mine old friend,
The dear rat-catcher who can tame us,
How goes—

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

I 'm very well indeed, I thank you;
I am a hale and well-fed man,
Of twelve Philanthropines the patron,
And therewithal [*a charlatan*].

The Rat-catcher, here, is certainly Basedow, one of Goethe's early friends. He was a native of Hamburg, born in 1723, and was noted as a teacher, even before his adoption and advocacy of Rousseau's system of education gave him a wider and more important reputation. In 1774 he established a model school, under the name of *The Philanthropin*, at Dessau. After four years, he left the place, and until his death in 1790 was engaged in trying to establish similar institutions in others cities.

The word in brackets is Hartung's suggestion for the completion of the line. Düntzer thinks it should be *Grobian*—"boor."

140. *No dagger 's here, that set not blood to flowing.*

Some commentators suppose that the "Huckster-Witch" (literally, a seller of all kinds of old rubbish) was intended for the famous Nuremberg antiquarian, Von Murr; others that the eccentric Hofrath Beireis, who had a remarkable collection of curiosities at Helmstädt, was the original. This is not a matter of much importance: the English reader will be more interested in the resemblance between the catalogue of the witch's wares, and that given by Burns in "Tam O'Shanter." Goethe was probably acquainted with the poems of Burns at the time the Walpurgis-Night was written, ten years after the publication of "Tam O'Shanter." In a conversation with Soret, in 1827, he spoke with great admiration of the Scottish poet, and gave evidence of an intimate knowledge of his songs.

e sake of comparison, I quote the passage from "Tam ter":—

"Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbit airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft."

yward is incorrect in stating that Goethe's poem of Dance of Death" clearly preceded "Tam O'Shanter." orrespondence with Knebel shows that the former poem ritten in October, 1813. Its character, moreover, is distinct and original: not a line in it suggests either or the Walpurgis-Night.

141. *Adam's first wife is she.*

rton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "The dists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he d Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."
e name, from the Hebrew root *Lil*, darkness, signifies *cturnal.* The word occurs in Isaiah (xxxiv. 14); in the e it is translated *Lamia*, in Luther's Bible *Kobold*, and English version, *screech-owl.* According to the Rab- writings, Lilith was created at the same time with in such a manner that he and she were joined together back, as it is written, "male and female created He and called their name Adam." In this condition they t agree at all, but quarrelled and tore each other con- y. Then the Lord repented that He had made them d separated them into two independent bodies; but even hey would not live in peace, and when Lilith devoted to witchcraft and courted the society of Devils, Adam r altogether. A new wife, Eve, was afterwards created, npensate him for his domestic misfortune.
ith is described as having beautiful hair, in the meshes ch lurk a multitude of evil spirits. She has such power

over infants—for eight days after birth for boys, and twenty days for girls—that she is able to cause their death. It was therefore the custom to hang an amulet, inscribed with the names of the angels Senoi, Sansenoi and Sanmangeloph, around the child's neck at birth; and from the Latin exorcism *Lilla abi!* sung by the mother, some have derived our word *Lullaby*, although it has also a more obvious derivation. Lilith was equally a seductress of young men, using her golden hair as a lure to captivate them; but the youth who loved her always died, and after his death a single hair from her head was found twisted around his heart. Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has embodied this tradition in a fine sonnet.

142. *A lovely dream once came to me.*

Byron, who read Shelley's translation of the Walpurgis-Night in manuscript, seems to have remembered the dance of Faust and the young witch, in writing the sixth canto of "Don Juan."

In the two verses given to Mephistopheles and the old witch, the omitted words are thus omitted in the original. The manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin contains the completed lines as written by Goethe. They are neither better nor worse than many passages in Shakespeare, having the coarseness, without the wit, of Rabelais; hence the reader gains rather than loses by the omission.

143. PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

In Goethe's original manuscript and in the first edition of *Faust* this name is given as "Broktophantasmist," as in Shelley's English and Stapfer's French version. The mistake was therefore Goethe's and not theirs, as later translators have charged. The word (from πρωκτός, the buttocks) points so directly to Friedrich Nicolai, the Berlin author and publisher, that there is no difficulty in interpreting Goethe's satire.

Nicolai, the son of a bookseller, was born in Berlin in 1733, and succeeded to his father's business at the age of twenty-five, after having already commenced his career as an author. He was the literary associate of Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, in the "Letters concerning recent German Literature" and the "Universal German Library," published between 1759 and 1792. He shared the hostility of the former to the romantic school, especially in its "Storm and Stress" period, and soon after the appearance of Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" published a malicious and rather stupid parody entitled "The Joys of Werther." After the death of

two great friends he seems to have considered himself
ir literary successor, and his pretensions to be recognized
a critical authority were so arrogantly and impudently
›layed, that he soon brought upon himself the enmity, not
Goethe alone, but also of Herder, Schiller, Kant, Fichte,
l many other distinguished men. His "Account of a Journey
ough Germany and Switzerland," (1781) in twelve volumes,
es, perhaps, the completest expression of his cold, restricted,
dictatorial nature. He has been called the *Erz-Philister*—
: arch-representative of the commonplace, conventional ele-
nt in German literature.

Carlyle says: "To the very last Nicolai could never per-
ıde himself that there was anything in heaven or earth
:t was not dreamt of in *his* philosophy. He was animated
:h a fierce zeal against Jesuits; in this, most people thought
ı partly right; but when he wrote against Kant's philosophy
:hout comprehending it, and judged of poetry as he judged
Brunswick *mumme*,* by its *utility*, many people thought
ı wrong."

Goethe, perhaps, might have forgiven the parody of
/erther," but Nicolai's declaration that he would "soon
ish Goethe," at a time when he still retained considerable
luence with the public, while Göschen's edition of Goethe's
rks was neglected or assailed, was a more serious offence.
ethe was provoked into using the only weapon which he
ısidered fitting—ridicule, and he was assisted by Nicolai's
n indiscretion. The latter, whose literary materialism was
prominent quality,—who fought the spiritual element as
ther fought the Devil,—was visited, in 1791, with an
nging malady. He was troubled by apparitions of persons
ng and dead, who filled his room, and for several weeks
ıtinued to haunt and torment him although he knew them
be phantasms. He was finally relieved by the application
leeches about the end of the spine, whence Goethe's term
›ktophantasmist, which may be delicately translated as
ump-visionary." Nicolai published a very minute account
his affliction and the manner of cure, and thus furnished
antagonists with an effective source of ridicule. He died
1811, after having seen himself pilloried in the Wal-
gis-Night. His services, nevertheless, must not be wholly
asured by the place which he here occupies. He was
dently honest, although vain and narrow-minded. For
eral years, his authority in Berlin was fully equal to that
Gottsched in Leipzig, a generation before; and his friendship
h Lessing and Mendelssohn is an evidence both of his

* A thick, sweet beer, peculiar to Brunswick.

culture and character. But when, not recognizing th giants, he attempted to stand in their way, he was cr

144. *We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.*

Nicolai's arrogant manner is parodied in this Since *he* does not believe in the spirits, it is incredib they will not vanish. His annoyance at their appear Tegel—a small castle, a few miles northwest of originally built as a hunting-lodge by the Elector o denburg, and more recently known as the hom burial place of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humbol explained by the circumstance that in 1797 apparitio declared to have visited the castle. So much excitem created by the report, that an official visit to Teg made by the authorities, and attempts were institute without success, to discover the cause of the ghostly and sounds.

In Varnhagen von Ense's *Tagebuch*, published si death, I find the following curious statement:—

"Tegel is haunted, as is known: this winter the (Wilhelm) von Humboldt is said to have seen his doubl The servant entered, terrified to find him sitting writing-desk, and confessed, in his confusion, that he h left him lying in bed. The Minister followed the serv his bedchamber, also saw himself lying in bed, obser thing for a while, did not approach nearer, howev went quietly away again. After half an hour the ap had disappeared."

145. *Yet something from a tour I always save.*

This is an allusion to Nicolai's interminable narra his journey through Germany and Switzerland. The of his manner is continued in his repetition of the sam as in one of the *Xenien* which Goethe and Schiller w partnership in 1796:—

"What he thinks of his age he says; he gives his opi
Says it again aloud, says he has said it, and goes."

The allusion of Mephistopheles to the leeches ne further explanation.

146. *A red mouse from her mouth.*

Goethe here refers to an old superstition concerni of the many forms of diabolical possession. Perhaps remembered the following story, quoted by Hayward fr *Deutsche Sagen:*—

"The following incident occurred at a nobleman's seat, in ıringia, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. ɛ servants were paring fruit in the room, when a girl, be- ıing sleepy, left the others and laid herself down on a ıch, at a little distance from the others. After she had ı still a short time a little red mouse crept out of her ıth, which was open. Most of the people saw it and ıwed it to one another. The mouse ran hastily to the open ıdow, crept through, and remained a short space without. forward waiting-maid, whose curiosity was excited by what saw, in spite of the remonstrances of the rest, went up to inanimate maiden, shook her, moved her to another place ittle further off, and then left her. Shortly afterwards the ıse returned, ran to the former familiar spot where it had pt out of the maiden's mouth, ran up and down as if it ıld not find its way, and was at a loss what to do, and n disappeared. The maiden, however, was dead and re- ined dead. The forward waiting-maid repented of what had done, but in vain. In the same establishment a lad l before then been often tormented by the sorceress, and ıld have no peace; this ceased on the maiden's death."

Goethe probably intended the mouse as a symbol of the tial element in the Witches' Sabbath, by which Faust is gusted and repelled. The apparition of Margaret, which also a prophetic character, is the external eidolon of his ı love and longing.

147. *The Prater shows no livelier stir.*

The Prater (from the Latin *pratum*, a meadow) is the ıous public park of Vienna, which the Emperor Joseph II. licated "To the Human Race." It is an island enclosed by ıs of the Danube, covered with a fine forest which is in- ɛcted in all directions by magnificent drives and walks. holidays, Sunday afternoons, and pleasant summer evenings f the population of Vienna may be found in the Prater, ch is one of the liveliest and cheerfullest places of recreation Europe.

148. SERVIBILIS.

This term corresponds to the "supernumerary" of our atres. In 1799, Goethe wrote an article upon "Dilettantism" literature, of which the words spoken by the Servibilis are echo. Düntzer says, referring to this passage: "The Dilet- ti, to whom we are now introduced, love an immensity of erial, for which reason they continually produce new pieces, by scores together."

149. Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding.

This *Intermezzo* had no place in the original plan of Faust, and Schiller is chiefly responsible for its insertion. In the summer of 1796, Goethe, who had been reading the *Xenia* of Martial, wrote a few imitations in German directed against his literary antagonists. Schiller caught the idea at once; they met and worked together, sometimes independently, while sometimes one furnished the conception and another the words. The distiches grew so fast that they proposed writing a thousand; but the number published in the *Musenalmanach* of the following winter was four hundred and thirteen. (They are all given in the *Nachträge zu Goethe's Werken*, by Eduard Boas: Berlin, 1859.) The effect was like disturbing a hornet's nest: the air of Germany was filled with sounds of pain, rage, and malicious laughter. Mr. Lewes says: "The sensation produced by Pope's 'Dunciad,' and Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' was mild compared with the sensation produced by the *Xenien*, although the wit and sarcasm of the latter is like milk and water compared with the vitriol of the 'Dunciad' and the 'English Bards.'" Mr. Lewes, however, hardly appreciates the peculiar sting of the *Xenien*, which do not satirize the authors as individuals, so much as their intellectual peculiarities.

During the following summer, Goethe wrote "Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding"—not in its present form—and sent it to Schiller for the *Musenalmanach* of 1798, as a continuation of the aggressive movement. Schiller, writing to him on the 2d of October, says: "You will not find 'Oberon's Golden Wedding' in the collection; I have omitted it, for two reasons. First, I thought it might be well to absolutely leave out of this number of the *Almanach* all stings, and assume a harmless air; and then I was not willing that the Golden Wedding, for the amplification of which there is so much material, should be limited to so few verses. It remains to us for next year, as a treasure which may be greatly increased."

There is no reply to this in Goethe's letters until the 20th of December, when he writes to Schiller from Weimar, after his return from Switzerland: "You have most considerately omitted Oberon's Golden Wedding. In the mean time it has increased to double the number of verses; and I am inclined to think that the best place for it would be in *Faust*." There were probably many changes, made by addition or omission, before it appeared as an *Intermezzo* in the edition of 1808. The "Walpurgis-Night's Dream" is a suggestion from Shakespeare. Most of the allusions may still be detected, yet something has undoubtedly been lost, through the transitory character of the reputations thus satirized.

Considered in its relation to *Faust*, the piece can only be regarded as an excrescence. At the time it was added, however, Goethe designed following it with another scene of the Walpurgis-Night, the outline of which is given in Note 170. Eckermann relates that, in like manner, Goethe inserted a number of aphoristic passages and one or two poems, for which there was no special place elsewhere, in the concluding part of *Wilhelm Meister*, where their appearance was a puzzle to both critics and readers.

150. *Sons of Mieding, rest to-day.*

Mieding was a theatre-decorator at Weimar, and a great favorite of Goethe and the Ducal Court. After his death, in 1782, Goethe celebrated him in the poem, "Mieding's Death."

151. Puck.

Some commentators suppose that the Herald's announcement of the Golden Wedding refers to the final reconciliation of the conflicting elements in German literature. In that case, Oberon and Titania must be accepted as representing the Classic and Romantic Schools, or perhaps Reason and Imagination; their quarrel, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," may have suggested to Goethe their use as "properties" for the representation of his satirical fancies.

Puck appears to stand for the whimsical, perverse element which frequently appears to control the tastes of the multitude, rather than for an individual. The name (from the same root as the Swedish *poika*, a boy) and the tricksy nature of the imp in Shakespeare, harmonize with this interpretation.

152. Ariel.

Ariel is called from the "Tempest" to join his fellow-elves. Here he evidently represents Poetry,—the pure element, above and untouched by the fashions of the day.

153. Orchestra.

Perhaps Goethe had in his memory the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. The Orchestra must either be the crowd of literary aspirants, who, like insects, keep up a continual piping and humming, which annoys the ear; or it represents the chorus of followers surrounding the various literary celebrities of the time, and repeating their several views with a shrill, persistent iteration.

154. Solo.

Some pompous bagpipe-dromer is here indicated, but seems to know whom. Goethe invented the word *S* [illegible] to describe the long-drawn, nasal snarl instrument.

155. Spirit, just growing into Form.

The name might also be translated *Embryo-Spirit.* " unabashedly herewith designates those botching poetaster without the slightest idea that every living poem mu spontaneously from within as an organic whole, miserab and stitch rhymes together, and thus produce malfor which they attempt to pass off as creations of bea *Düntzer.*

The following distich from the *Xenien* has a certain blance to the above:—

"Everything in this poem is perfect, thought and exp
Rhythm: but one thing it lacks: 't is not a poem at

156. A Little Couple.

Hartung thinks the Counts Stolberg are the coup this is improbable, since they are afterwards introduced Weathercock. Düntzer asserts that the verse represe union of bad music and commonplace poetry.

157. Inquisitive Traveller.

This is Nicolai, in another mask. The meaning reference to Oberon is not very clear, unless the la presents the classic school. When he speaks the seco in this *Intermezzo* the Inquisitive Traveller describes much more distinctly.

158. Orthodox.

Here speaks the class of bigots who persecuted assailed Klopstock and Goethe, and declared Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," to be "a combination most outrageous idolatry and the dreariest atheism." phrase is from Count Friedrich Stolberg, who became the mouth-pieces of the sect. His attack is thus answ the *Xenien:*—

When thou the Gods of Greece blasphemed, then ca
Apol
Down from Parnassus; and now goest thou to Heaven i

159. Northern Artist.

Some suppose this to be the Danish artist Carstens, who died in Rome, in 1798; others select Fernow, a writer on art, who spent some years in Rome with Carstens; others again insist that it is Goethe himself. Inasmuch as the point made in the verse has become very obscure, and was probably not originally brilliant, the reader may take his choice of these conjectures.

160. Weathercock.

Undoubtedly the Counts Stolberg. Goethe made a tour through Switzerland with them, in 1775, when they were ardent neophytes of "Storm and Stress," defying conventionalities, and adoring "Nature" to such an extent that they attempted to bathe in public in the villages. Twenty years later they were narrowly orthodox, reactionary, and absurdly prudish,—a transformation by no means uncommon with semi-talents, and which may be studied in the United States as well as in Germany. Turned on one side, the Weathercock is enchanted with the nude witches, and looks upon them as lovely brides; on the other side, it expects the earth to open and swallow them all.

The "Purist" of the fourth preceding verse is said to be the philologist Campe, who is called in the *Xenien* a "fearful washerwoman," cleansing the German language with lye and sand.

161. Xenien.

The word signifies gifts, presented to a visitor. After their publication in the *Musenalmanach*, the storm which arose against them became so furious that they were denounced in some quarters as having been directly inspired by the Devil. Hence the allusion to "Papa Satan."

162. Hennings.

The Danish Chamberlain Friedrich von Hennings, in his literary journal, the "Genius of the Age," attacked Goethe and Schiller in these words: "They are faithless to their high calling; they have disgraced the Muse by their virulence, their coarseness, their dulness, their personal rancor, their poverty of ideas and their malignant delight in injury." Probably on account of this abuse he is introduced by name, first; then in the following verse as "Leader of the Muses" (from the *Musaget*, another journal which he conducted); and a third time as the "*Ci-devant* Genius of the Age,"—his journal having died a natural death in 1803.

The first verse parodies his abuse of Goethe and S
he second hints that he would be more at home
Blocksberg witches than as a leader of the Muses; a
hird satirizes his practice of giving a place on the
Parnassus to such authors as flattered him by an obs
espect for his critical views.

163. Crane.

"Lavater was a thoroughly good man, but he wa
jected to powerful illusions, and the severe and tota
was not his concern: he deceived himself and others.
His gait was like that of a crane, for which reason he a
as the Crane on [illegible]berg."—*Goethe to Eckermann,*

Worldling.

Weltkind, li[illegible]rld-child," a term which
applies to him[illegible] epigrammatic poem, "Din
Coblenz," where he sat between Lavater and Basedow:

"[illegible]hts, Prophete links
[illegible]d in der Mitten."

[illegible], and Prophets left,
[illegible]ild in the middle.]

He here speaks in h[illegible]own person, satirizing Lavat
his followers.

The Dancers, who follow, are the philosophers, the
of whose approaching drums turns out to be only the b
booming their single monotonous note among the reeds

165. Good Fellow.

Hayward and most other English translators conve
name into "Fiddler," either supposing that where th
dancing there must be fiddling, or mistaking *Fideler* for
This verse and the foregoing (the "Dancing Master")
first inserted in the last complete edition of Goethe's
which appeared just before his death. The Good Fel
apparently introduced solely for the purpose of comm
on the hate and mutual pugnacity of the philosophic se

The Dogmatist, who, if he is a particular individua
not easily be identified, suggests a passage in one of G
letters to Schiller: "The Copenhagen clique and all the
dwellers along the Baltic shore will derive from the *Xe*
new argument for the actual and incontrovertible existe
the Devil; and we have therefore, after all, done th
important service."

166. Idealist.

It is generally admitted that this is Fichte, who, to borrow the words of a German commentator, "comprehended the Not-Me itself as a product of the self-determined Me, and not as something existing externally to the Me." When Goethe heard that a company of riotous students had collected before Fichte's house and smashed his windows in with stones, he remarked that Fichte might now convince himself, in the most disagreeable way, that it was possible "for a Not-Me to exist, externally to the Me."

167. Sceptic.

This verse, like the preceding, represents a class. The Sceptic compares the Supernaturalists to treasure-seekers, who follow the appearance of flame and believe that they will soon grasp the reality of gold. Since Doubt *(Zweifel)* is the only rhyme—and, moreover, an imperfect one—for Devil *(Teufel)*, in German, the Sceptic finds himself at home on the Blocksberg.

168. The Adroit.

Here the verses take a political turn, and the reader must bear in mind the general break-up of the old order of things in Europe, at the beginning of this century. The Adroit are those who shift themselves according to political changes, and walk on their heads or on their feet, as circumstances may exact.

The following verse represents the opposite class, who managed to sponge their way very well under the former *régime*, but cannot adapt themselves to the new order. They are the parasites of a system, and with any change their occupation is gone.

169. Will-o'-the-Wisps.

This and the next verse again indicate two exactly opposite classes. The former are the political *parvenus* who are thrown to the surface by a revolution, and, in spite of their obscure origin, rank at once with the highest; while the Shooting Star represents the titles and celebrities cast down from their high places by the same political movement, and looking for any form of help which may again set them upon their feet.

In the second following verse,—the "Heavy Ones,"—some commentators see the ignorant, brutal, revolutionary masses; others the writers of the Romantic school and their exaggerated manner. In Goethe's dithyrambic, "German Parnassus," he

thus describes the crush and onset of the masses of literary aspirants: —

"Ah, the bushes down are trodden!
Ah, the blossoms crushed and sodden
'Neath the footsteps of the brood:
Who shall brave their angry mood?"

The latter interpretation is the more probable, since A
ho is Poetry, addresses them in words appropriate to lite
ot political masses.

When Puck speaks of himself as "the stout one," Go
seems to have remembered the words of the Fairy in
"Midsummer-Night's Dream," in taking leave of Puck:—

"Farewell, thou lob of spirits! I 'll be gone."

170. *And all is dissipated.*

The transition from this *Intermezzo* to the succeeding s
of *Faust* is too violent, and we cannot help wishing that
course of the drama had not been thus interrupted. Go
however, not only projected but partly wrote an additi
scene, devoted exclusively to the pure diabolism of the medi
traditions. While we must admit that a correct instinct
him to withhold it, we still must feel that an interme
scene is necessary. The gap which we recognize was fel
the author, whose work was produced at long interval
time, and in fragments the character of which was determ
by his moods of mind. But he always preferred an ab
chasm to an unsatisfactory bridge.

The projected scene is generally styled "The Bro
Scene" by the German commentators, although Hartung t
the liberty of calling it "The Court of Satan." I transla
(with the exception of one short passage) precisely as
given in the *Paralipomena*, with its rapid short-hand outl
its incomplete dialogues and omitted lines, and leave all
ment to the reader:—

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

A Higher Region.

After the Intermezzo, Solitude, Desert, blasts of trum
Lightning, thunder from above. Columns of fire, stifling sm
Rock, projecting therefrom: 't is Satan. Much people aro
delay: means of pressing through: injury: cries. Chant:
stand in the inner circle: the heat almost insupportable.
stands next in the circle. Satan's address: presentations
vestitures. Sinking of the apparition. Volcano. Disor
dissolution, breaking and storming away.

SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN.

on his Throne. A Crowd of People around. FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *in the nearest circle.*

SATAN *(speaking from the throne).*

The goats to the left hand,
The bucks to the right!
The goats, they have scented
The bucks with delight:
And though in their nostrils
The sense were increased,
The goats would endure it,
Nor shrink in the least.

CHORUS.

Fall down on your faces,
Your Master adore!
He teaches the people,
With pleasure, his lore.
To his oracles hearken:
He'll show you the clews
To the endless existence
That Nature renews!

SATAN *(turning to the right).*

Two things are before you,
Both splendid and great:
The glittering gold
— — — —
The one is your reward,
The other dewaster,
Then blest, who possesses
Together their powers!

A VOICE.

What says then the Master?
Remote from his station,
I catch not so clearly
The precious oration.
I cannot detect them,
The beautiful clews,
Nor see the existence
That Nature renews!

SATAN *(turning to the left).*

Two things are before you
Of brilliancy clear:

The glittering gold
— — — — —
Then learn, all ye women,
Through gold to enjoy
— — — — —

CHORUS.

Fall down on your faces,
Adoringly stirred!
O blest, who is nearest
And heareth the word!

A VOICE.

I stand at a distance
And listen so steady,
Yet many a word has
Escaped me already.
Who 'll clearly repeat them?
Who 'll show me the clews
To the endless existence
That Nature renews?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to a young witch).*

Why weep'st thou, lovely little dear?
'T is not the place to shed a tear.
Hast thou been in the crowd too rudely pushed a

MAIDEN.

Ah, no! The Master speaks so singular
— — — — — — — — —
And all are so delighted, it appears;
Perhaps the great ones, only, comprehend?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But sweetheart, come now, dry thy tears!
So that the Devil's meaning reach thine ears,
— — — —

SATAN.

Ye young ones, before us
To stand ye are bidden;
I see that on broomsticks
Ye hither have ridden:
— — — — —

SEPARATE AUDIENCES.

X.

Let me attain to that—
The power whereto thou knowest me aspira

Then gratefully, though born a Democrat,
I 'll kiss thy hoofs no less, O Tyrant!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

The hoofs! but once may that befall:
Thou must make up thy mind to go still further.

X.

What, then, requires the ritual?

. . . . . .

SATAN.

Vassal, thou tested art!
Now o'er a million souls thy freehold reaches:
He who can praise like thee the Devils— —
Shall never lack in sycophantic speeches.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BROCKEN.

LOWER REGION.

ision of Judgment. Crowd. They climb a tree. Re-
of the people. On burning soil. The Idol naked.
nds bound on the back.

CHANT.

Where hot and fresh flows human blood,
For magic spells the reek is good.
The brotherhood, both black and gray,
Wins power for works that shun the day.
What hints of blood, we most require,
What spills it, answers our desire.
Round fire and blood a measure tread!
For now in fire shall blood be shed.

The wench she points, we know the sign;
The toper drinks, 't is blood, not wine.
The look, the drink, end what 's begun;
The dagger 's bare, the deed is done.
Flows ne'er alone a fount of blood,
But other streamlets join the flood:
From place to place they gush and glide,
And gather more to swell the tide.

he head falls off: the blood leaps and extinguishes the
Night. Tumult. Chattering of Devils' changelings.
y Faust learns.

Some of the German commentators suppose that th
and gray brotherhood" of this concluding chant
Franciscan and Dominican monastic orders, and there
the fragment refers directly to the Inquisition. Düntze
that the heading "Another Part of the Brocken" i
that this is a separate outline for the whole scene, i
as a substitute for the foregoing fragments, not as
tinuation of them.

171. Dreary Day.

Riemer states that Goethe dictated the whole of th
to him, as it stands, without a pause. This must h
curred between 1803, when he first entered Goethe's
and 1808, when the First Part was published. It d
therefore follow that the scene was then composed,
of the critics seem to take for granted. The style of
ginal at once suggests the *Werther* period, and I canno
the impression that it was then first written, nearly
present form. There are evidences in Goethe's corresp
that more than one scene of *Faust* existed in prose
years before the time of which Riemer speaks; and it
possible that other plans for bridging over the gap b
the Walpurgis-Night and the Prison Scene have been l
would be consistent with Goethe's habits as an aut
return to his first conception after the failure of late
and, inasmuch as the metrical form of his poetry de
on temporary moods, or varieties of inspiration,—tha
was never mechanically planned in advance,—it is not
ing conjecture too far to assume that, becoming wear
many fruitless attempts, he finally dictated the scen
memory, as originally written.

Another proof that this or a very similar scene
existence before 1790, is the surprise expressed by V
to Böttiger that the *Faust* "Fragment" of that year
contain the passage wherein Faust becomes so furio
even Mephistopheles is almost terrified at his violence.
time, ten years had elapsed since Goethe read the ma
scenes before the Court circle of Weimar.

M. Stapfer insists that this scene was given in pr
order that it might not be said that any possible form
pression was wanting to *Faust*." The whole question
ploying metre or prose for dramatic subjects had bee
oughly discussed by Schiller and Goethe, and the e
expression of the latter, "Everything poetical in charact
be rhythmically treated," is sufficient evidence that
here guided by necessity rather than choice.

The remaining passages of the *Paralipomena* belonging to First Part may now be appropriately given.
It would appear from the following verse that Goethe at time intended taking Faust to Rome, as in the legend:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From soot and witch away to speed
The pennon southward now must lead;
Yet there, instead, the Fates compel
With priests and scorpions to dwell.

The next quatrain was evidently intended for the mouth Faust, on his southward journey:—

Warmer breezes, hither blow,
On our foreheads playing!
Ye were wont to cheer us so
In our youthful straying.

Then follows the commencement of a scene, which may ave been designed as a substitute for that which succeeds:—

HIGHWAY.

A cross by the roadside; to the right an old castle on the hill; in the distance a peasant's hut.

FAUST.

What is 't, Mephisto? Why such hurry?
Why at the cross cast down thine eyes?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm well aware it is a prejudice;
But, never mind, I find the thing a worry.

The last fragment contains nothing from which its destination may be guessed:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let none in earnest ask, or cavil;
I 'm of my race ashamed, of late:
They fancy, when they say The Devil,
They 've uttered something great.

172. OPEN FIELD.

This brief, uncanny scene seems to have been inserted as a transition between the different keys of those which precede and follow. The "Ravenstone" is the old German word for a place of execution. Byron probably remembered the ex-

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

174. *My wedding-day it was to be!*

One of the commentators asserts that this line must be erally accepted,— that the day dawning was actually that ted upon by Faust for his marriage with Margaret!

The details of the execution, which Margaret describes, elong to the past centuries. The tolling of the bell; the reaking of a white wand by the judge after the reading of he sentence of death, as a symbol that the culprit's life is as broken; the binding to the seat, and the flash of the xecutioner's sword, are all features which accompanied the act.

175. *Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me!*

Wilhelm Meister gives evidence that Goethe made a careful tudy of "Hamlet," and the following lines, on the appearance f the Ghost in the Queen's chamber (Act III. Scene 4), may ave lingered in his memory:—

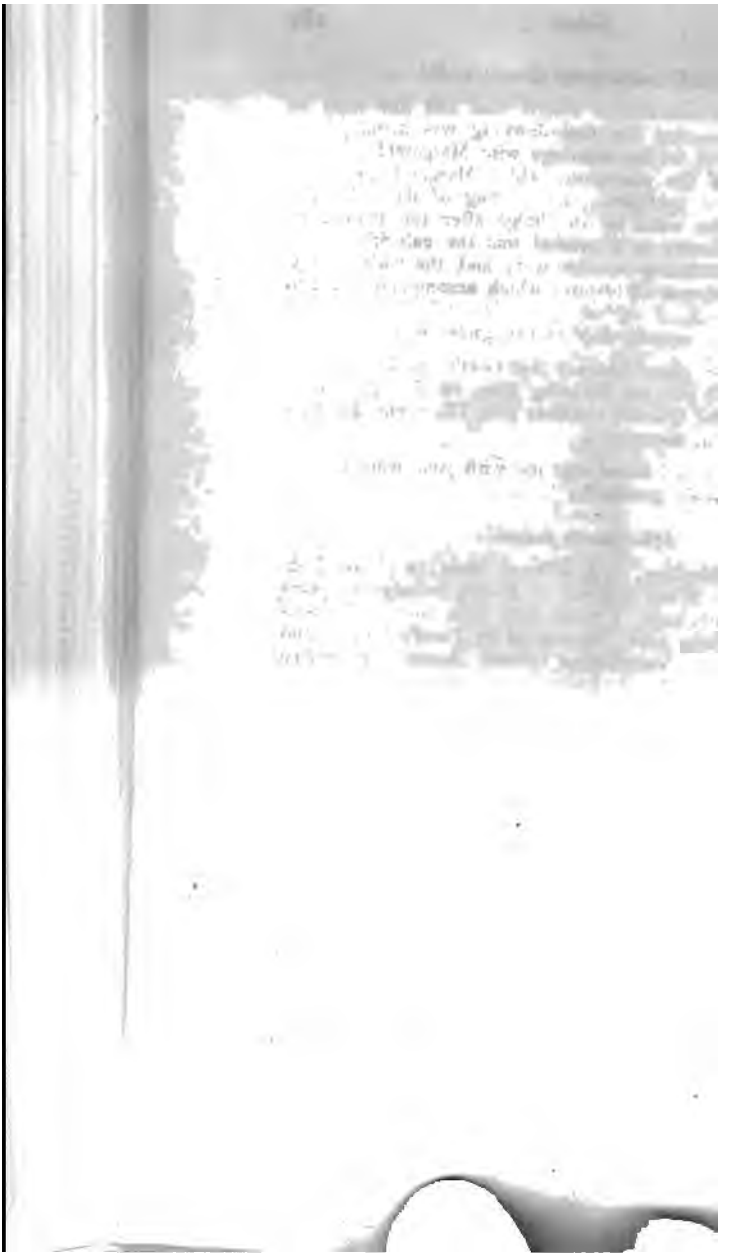
"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards!"

176. *She is judged!*

Goethe here employs, in a different sense, a phrase from he puppet-play. When the end of Faust's twenty-four years f enjoyment draws nigh, a voice calls from above: *Præpara te ad mortem!* Soon after, interrupted by Faust's prayers and words of remorse, the exclamation follows: *Accusatus es!*—then *Judicatus es!* and finally: *In æternam damnatus es!*—whereupon Faust disappears from the eyes of the spectators.

Some, forgetting that the terms of the compact have not yet been fulfilled, interpret the words of Mephistopheles "Hither to me!" as implying that he thenceforth takes full possession of Faust. The voice from above announces that Margaret is saved, and the scene instantly closes, as if the mist and vapor out of which the forms arose had again rolled over them. Goethe so concealed his plan for the Second Part of Faust that we must first become familiar with it before we can return and trace in the First Part the threads which connect the two.

The "little world" of individual passion, emotion, and spiration here comes suddenly to an end; but beyond it still ies the "great world," where the interests and passions which hape Society, Government, and the development of the human ace are set in motion to solve the problem of Faust's destiny.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

THE FAUST-LEGEND.

So many references have been made, in the foregoing otes, to the various forms of the old Faust-legend, that a ief account of its origin and the changes in its character intro-ıced by successive narrators is all that need now be added. he reader who is specially interested in the subject will find ɔ difficulty in prosecuting his researches further: * no legend f the Middle Ages has been so assiduously unearthed, dis-ected and expounded.

The slow revival of science in Germany, France and Italy, ırnished the ignorant multitude with many new names which assed with them for those of sorcerers, and gradually dis-laced the traditions of Virgilius, Merlin, and others who had gured in their lore for many centuries. Raymond Lully, Roger lacon, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, the Abbot Tritheim Trithemius), and many other sincere though confused workers, ere believed by the people to be in league with evil spirits, nd their names became nuclei, around which gathered all ıanner of floating traditions. The fifteenth and sixteenth cen-ıries, from the movements in human thought which they rought forth, were naturally rich in such stories, for even the ost advanced minds still retained a half-belief in occult spi-ual forces. Melancthon, himself, is our chief evidence in lation to the person and character of the Faust of the legend.

It is possible that there was another person of this name, d of some local reputation, in the fifteenth century. George bellicus, a noted charlatan, of whom the Abbot Tritheim ites in 1509, called himself *Faustus minor*. The name gnifying fortunate, of good omen) was not unusual: it was ɔ baptismal name of the younger Socinus, who taught his itarian doctrines in Poland and Transylvania, and whom ne have very absurdly attempted to connect with the legend; he was not born until 1539. The Johann Faust of the pular stories was undoubtedly an individual of that name,

* The collection of narratives given by Scheible in his *oster*, and the accounts in Düntzer's and Leutbecher's Com-ntaries on *Faust*, may still be easily procured.

born towards the close of the fifteenth century, in the little town of Knittlingen, near Maulbronn, in Würtemberg. His parents were poor, but he was enabled by the bequest of a rich uncle to study medicine. He attended the University of Cracow (where he probably received his Doctor's degree), studied magic, which was there taught as an accepted branch of knowledge, and appears to have afterwards travelled for many years through Europe. Manlius, the disciple of Melancthon, quotes the latter as having said: "This fellow Faust escaped from our town of Wittenberg, after our Duke John had given the order to have him imprisoned. He also escaped from Nuremberg, under the like circumstances. This sorcerer Faust, an abominable beast, a common sewer *(cloaca)* of many devils, boasted that he, by his magic arts, had enabled the Imperial armies to win their victories in Italy." It was probably the famous battle of Pavia (1525) of which Faust spoke, as the time of his visit to Wittenberg appears to have been about the year 1530.

Another evidence of Faust is found in the *Index sanitatis* of the physician, Philip Begardi, which was published at Worms in 1539. He therein says: "Since several years he has gone through all regions, provinces and kingdoms, made his name known to everybody, and is highly renowned for his great skill, not alone in medicine, but also in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, visions in crystal, and the like other arts. And also not only renowned, but written down and known as an experienced master. Himself admitted, nor denied that it was so, and that his name was Faustus, and called himself *philosophum philosophorum*. But how many have complained to me that they were deceived by him—verily a great number!"

The third witness is the theologian, Johann Gast, who in his *Sermones conviviales* describes a dinner given by Faust at Basle, at which he was present. After mentioning the two devils who attended Faust in the form of a dog and a horse, he says: "The wretch came to an end in a terrible manner; for the Devil strangled him. His dead body lay constantly on its face on the bier, although it had been five times turned upwards." Gast probably makes this last statement on the strength of some popular rumor. Faust seems to have gradually passed out of notice, and we have no particulars of his death which possess the least authenticity. Melancthon, in his discourses as Professor at Wittenberg, Luther in his "table-talk," and the other Protestant theologians of that period, almost without exception, expressed their belief in a personal, visible Devil, then specially active in their part of the world. Luther even describes the annoyances to which the Devil subjects him, with a candor which cannot now be imitated; and

: same belief naturally took grosser and more positive forms ıong the common people. The wandering life of Johann ıust, as physician and necromancer, must have made his name ıll known throughout Germany; his visit to Wittenberg and e reference to him in the three works already quoted, would stinguish him above others of his class, and every floating mor of diabolical compact, power and final punishment ould thenceforth gather around his name as iron filings ound a magnet.

The various books of magic entitled *Faust's Höllenzwang* ıfernal Influences) were all published with false early dates, ter Faust's name became generally known, and are therefore no value as evidence. The attempt, also, to connect him th Fust, Guttenberg's associate in printing, has no foundation ıatever.

The original form of the legend is the book published by iess, in Frankfurt, in 1587. Its title runs thus: "History of . Joh. Faust, the notorious sorcerer and black-artist: How bound himself to the Devil for a certain time: What sin- lar adventures befell him therein, what he did and carried until finally he received his well-deserved pay. Mostly from own posthumous writings; for all presumptuous, rash and ıless men, as a terrible example, abominable instance and ll-meant warning, collected and put in print. James, IIII., ɔmit yourselves therefore to God: resist the Devil, and he l flee from you." The book must have been instantly and lely popular, for a second edition was published in 1588; Low-German version in Lübeck and an English ballad on : subject, the same year; an English translation in 1590, ɔ Dutch translations in 1592, and one French in 1598. ɔm the first of these Marlowe obtained the material for his gedy of "Dr. Faustus," which appears to have been first ed in London in 1593, the year of his death. It was ɔlished in 1604, and no doubt formed part of the repertory the companies of English strolling-players who were ac- tomed to visit Germany.

In the Dutch translation dates are given, apparently for purpose of making the story more credible. The year ɔ1 is mentioned as that of Faust's birth; his first compact h the Devil, for seventeen years, was made on the 23d of tober, 1514; his second, for seven years, on the 3d of gust, 1531; and he was finally carried off by the Devil at night, on the 23d of October, 1538. The term of twenty- r years, which is not a mystical number, is thus obtained adding the two mystical terms, 17 and 7. In the English nslation the village of Kindling, in Silesia, is given as

Faust's birthplace; another tradition, adopted in
Frankfurt work, says Roda, near Weimar.

This oldest book repeats Melancthon's statemen
studies at Cracow, and his fame as a physician a
It then describes the manner of his summoning t
night, in a forest near Wittenberg. Afterwards th
visits him in his dwelling, and three several "disput
place, at the third of which the spirit gives his r
plenty of gifts. The compact for the term of twen
is thereupon concluded. When Faust pierces his
the point of a knife in order to sign the compac
flows into the form of the words *O homo fuge*.
"O man, fly from him!" Mephostophiles first s
the form of a monk, supplying him with food an
the cellars of the Bishop of Salzburg and other
with rich garments from Augsburg and Frankf
Faust and his Famulus, Christopher Wagner, ar
live in the utmost luxury. It was not long, how
Faust desired to marry, but this was in no wis
Mephostophiles saying that marriage was pleasing
therefore a violation of the compact. This fe
legend grew directly from the questions of the
and there was a special meaning in giving the e
form of a monk. Wagner, moreover, is said t
the son of a Catholic priest, picked up by Faust
fifteen, and by him educated.

Then follow many chapters wherein Faust q
phostophiles in regard to the creation of the world,
the planets. Hell and the infernal hierarchy, an
taken to the latter place in a chariot drawn
Afterwards, he wishes to visit the different parts
Mephostophiles changes himself into a horse, "bu
like a dromedary," and flies with him through th
travel to all parts of Europe and finally come to
Faust lives three days in the Vatican, invisible.
the Pope makes the sign of the cross, he blows
he also eats off the Pope's table and drinks the w
goblets, until His Holiness commands all the be
to be rung, to dispel the evil magic. Faust th
Constantinople, where he appears in the Sultan's p
form of Mahomet, and lives in state. He next tra
then Morocco, the Orkney Islands, Scythia, Arabia,
and finally, "from the highest peak of the Island
has a distant view of the Garden of Eden. Aft
to Germany he visits the Court of the Emperor C
Innsbruck, and at the desire of the latter calls up
the shades of Alexander the Great and his wife.

lso related, which he plays upon the knights attending mperor.

he remaining part of the book is principally taken up an account of the tricks and magical illusions with which diverted himself in Leipzig, Erfurt, Gotha, and other of Northern Germany. He here resembles Till Eulen- el much more than the ambitious student of Cracow, who to himself the wings of an eagle, and would explore all ecrets of heaven and earth." He swallows a span of and a load of hay; he cuts off heads and replaces them; flowers bloom at Christmas, draws wine from a table, Helen of Troy from the shades at the request of a com- of students; and shows himself everywhere as a gay, companion, full of pranks, but exercising his supernatural quite as often for good as for evil purposes. Finally, twenty-third year of his compact, Mephostophiles brings recian Helena to him; he becomes infatuated with her , lives with her, and by her has a son whom he names Faustus. On the night when his term of years expires, id him in company with some students in a tavern of llage of Rimlich, near Wittenberg. He is overcome with choly, and makes the students an address wherein he sses his great penitence, and his willingness that the should have his body, provided his soul may receive n. At midnight a fearful storm arose: the next morning alls and floor of the room were sprinkled with the bloody ents of Faust, who had been so torn to pieces that no er was left whole. Helena and her child had disappeared. er, by Faust's will, became heir to his property, part of was a dwelling in the town of Wittenberg.

he great popularity of the legend in this form led to the ration of Widmann's larger and more ambitious work, was published at Hamburg, in 1599. Its title is: "The ible History of the hideous and abominable sins and also of many wonderful and strange adventures, which hannes Faustus, a notorious black-artist and arch-sorcerer, eans of his black art, committed even until his terrible g. Fitted out and expounded with necessary reminders dmirable instances, for manifold instruction and warning." tory is substantially the same as in Spiess's book, but additional anecdotes are inserted, and all the details are ied. Instead of three "disputations" betwen Faust and ostophiles, there are *ten*, and each is followed—as, in very chapter in the work—by a long-winded theological rse, called a Reminder (*Erinnerung*). These Reminders edantic and fiercely Protestant in character: no oppor- is let slip to illustrate the vices of Faust by references

to the Roman Church and its Popes. The name of the
maltus is changed to Johann Wayger, and two or three sto
taken from Luther's table-talk, are arbitrarily applied to F
whence the work is not considered by scholars to be a
a representation of the popular traditions as that of Spies

A new edition of Widmann's book, revised but not
proved by Dr. Pfitzer, was published in Nuremberg in
and revived the somewhat faded popularity of the legend.
references to Faust in the *Centurie* of Camerarius (1602
in Neumann's *Disputatio historica*, were known only t
scholars, and Pfitzer's reprint of Widmann was therefor
comed by the people, several editions having been call
in a few years. By this time it was also represented
puppet-play, and the knowledge of Faust and his histor
became universal in Germany.

The only other work which requires notice is a
breviation of the legend, with some variations, written
lively narrative style, and published at Frankfurt and L
in the year 1728. The title is as follows: "The Compa
cluded by the Devil with Dr. Johann Faust, notorious t
the whole world as a sorcerer and arch-professor of the
Art, together with his adventurous course of life a
terrifying end, all most minutely described. Now again
revised, compressed into an agreeable brevity, and fu
in print as a hearty admonition and warning to all
sinners, by One with Christian Intentions." This quai
curious narrative was certainly known to Goethe, as
Widmann's work. It is the last appearance of the leg
a popular form: thenceforth, through many channels, the
found its way into literature.

The original book of Spiess was followed in 1594
account of the life of Christopher Wagner, whom the
accompanied in the form of an ape, under the name of
kahn (moor-cock). It is an evident imitation of the s
Faust; there is a similar compact, there are magical
adventures, and airy travels, with a like tragical con
This book was translated into English the same year, a
mediately afterwards into Dutch; but there appears to
been no further German edition until 1712, when the o
with some additions, was reprinted in Berlin. In 1742,
entitled "The Vicious Life and Terrible End of Joh. Ch
Wagner," was acted in the Frankfurt theatre.

The stamp of the sixteenth century—of its belie
superstitions, its struggles and its antagonisms—is unmis
impressed on the legend. The singular individual, half
half impostor, who bore the name of Faust, must have
then, as now, the activity of blind, formless, unresting

of the people; and through all the coarseness of the stories which they have gathered around e constant suggestions of the general craving for d knowledge or right. In spite of Widmann's and the "One with Christian Intentions," it is very ther the moral of Faust's ending overcame the the people with his courage or their admiration

There are elements in the legend, the value of purblind poet could not help seeing, yet which enius may admit to be almost beyond his grasp. least of Goethe's deserts, that, although in his *Faust* was announced in every quarter of Ger- ok up the theme already hackneyed by small ade it his own solely and for ever.

APPENDIX II.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF FAUST.

FAUST is the only great work in the literature
language which requires a biography. The first cl
Goethe's brain and the last which knew the touch
hand, its growth runs parallel with his life and refl
forms of his manifold study and experience. While, th
its plan is simple, grand, and consistent from begin
end, the performance embraces so many varieties of st
such a multitude of not always homogeneous element
a chronological arrangement of the parts becomes ne
as a guide to the reader.

During the illness which lasted for nearly a yea
Goethe's return from Leipzig in 1768, while he was di
religious questions with Fräulein von Klettenberg,
cabalistic works and making experiments in alchemy, t
ject of *Faust*, which was already familiar to him as
through the puppet-plays, took powerful and permane
on his imagination.* He carried it about with him ir

* The premonitions of the "Storm and Stress"
which were by this time felt throughout Germany,
the attention of many authors towards Faust, as a sub
dramatic poetry. Lessing was the first to take hold of
only fragments of three or four scenes of his traged
been preserved. The work was completed before his
to Italy in 1775, and despatched from Dresden to Le
a box which was lost, and never afterwards came t
Captain von Blankenburg, in 1784, gave the fo
testimony concerning the tragedy, the manuscript of w
had read: "He undertook his work at a time *when i*
quarter of Germany Fausts *were announced as forthcomin*
I know that he completed it. I have been positively ir
that he only delayed its publication, in order that th
Fausts might first appear."

Of these other *Fausts* one was published at Mu
1775, another at Mannheim in 1776, that of the
Müller, Goethe's friend, in 1778, a fragment by L

;, concealing it from Herder during their intercourse in
winter of 1770—71, and postponing it to write his first
it work, *Götz von Berlichingen*. He passed the summer
1772 at Wetzlar, but did not begin the composition of
rther, which was the direct result of his residence there,
l the following year. "*Faust*," he says to Eckermann,
ginated (in manuscript?) at the same time as *Werther*."
is the conception which he had grasped at the age of
nty had been shaping itself in his brain for four years,
ore any part of it was put into words. Gotter, whose
naintance he had made in Wetzlar, sends him in the
mer of 1773 a poetical letter, in which he says: "Send
in return, thy Doctor Faust, *as soon as he has stormed*
of thy head."
It is not probable that more than the opening monologue
written in 1773. Perhaps one or two of the first scenes
Margaret were added the following year; for when
pstock visited Frankfurt in September, 1774. Goethe read
him "some scenes" of *Faust*, which the older poet highly
:tily praised, though he spoke slightingly of the same
ies after they were published. In January, 1775, Goethe
l all that he had completed up to that time to his friend
obi, who wrote to him in 1791, alluding to the publication
agment": I knew nearly the whole of *Faust* already, but
cisely for that reason I was doubly and freely impressed
it. I have the same feeling now, as I had sixteen years
." Except the "Cathedral" and "Dungeon" scenes, and
the parts in which Margaret is introduced, the "Auer-
erbach's Cellar," and the conversation of Mephistopheles
the Student, were written in the spring of 1775. It is
evident that Merck was also allowed to see the manuscript
that Goethe's design was freely discussed among
nds. The publisher Mylius, in Berlin, writes to Merck
ards the end of 1774, that he will take the manuscript of
ethe's *Stella* for twenty thalers (!), although he fears the
author may expect fifty thalers for his next work and
haps a hundred louis d'or for his *Doctor Faust*."

7, and a fifth in Salzburg, in 1782. Between the publi-
on of Goethe's "Fragment" in 1790 and that of the
pleted First Part in 1808, *nine* additional *Faust*
ious authors, made their appearance: and between the
e and the publication of the Second Part, in 1832,
re! Therefore, including the work of Lessing, the
the Faust-legend was employed by twenty-nine
hors, during the period which Goethe devoted to
on of his own original design!

Goethe says: "I brought the work with me to Weimar in 1775. I had written it on foolscap, without any erasures, for I was very careful not to write down a line which was not good and might not be allowed to stand." In this form he read it to the Court circle, which at that time included Wieland, Knebel, and Musæus. As nearly as can be ascertained, the manuscript comprised the first half of Scene I., the latter half of Scene IV., and the following series of scenes to XVIII., with the exception of VI. and XIV. In addition to these, there were probably several scenes which were afterwards omitted before the publication of the work, and one (Scene XXIII., in prose) which was restored, many years later. It is also evident that the plan of the whole work was at least roughly outlined by this time. Its development, however,—except through that secret, unconscious growth which kept it alive under the production of so many other works,—was now arrested for a long while. The conceptions of a young poet are always in advance of his power; but there is a good attendant genius who thwarts and delays the performance until the auspicious season.

In 1780, after the completion of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and while his mind was still bathed in the Grecian atmosphere, Goethe wrote portions of the *Helena*, for the Second Part of *Faust*. There seems to be no doubt that the manuscript was read to the Duke, Karl August, his mother, the Duchess Amalia, to Herder and Knebel; but the scenes must have been afterwards suppressed, for the existing *Helena* is certainly of a later origin. This is, nevertheless, the only positive evidence that anything was added to the work between 1775 and 1788.

Goethe's journey to Italy was not only the realization of an early desire, but it was also a necessary escape from the irksome duties of his position at Weimar. He broke away forcibly from affairs of state in order to recuperate himself for poetry, and his eagerness and anxiety may be guessed from the circumstance that he kept his plan secret from every one except the Duke, fearing that he would never succeed if his intention should become known. It was the old superstition of keeping silence while lifting a buried treasure. The only manuscript he took with him was that of *Faust*, which he had brought from Frankfurt, and which was now so yellow and worn and frayed, that he says it might almost have passed for an ancient *codex*. Nevertheless, he did not succeed in returning to the work until the spring of 1788, just before his final departure from Rome. He writes in March: "It is a different thing, of course, to complete the work now, instead of fifteen years ago; but I think nothing is lost, since

feel sure of having regained the thread. In so far as regards the tone of the whole, also. I am comforted: I have already finished a new scene, and if the paper were only smoked, I think no one could pick it out from the old ones." This new scene is the "Witches' Kitchen." It is doubtful whether the Cathedral" and "Forest and Cavern" were also added in Rome, or after his return to Weimar.

Finally, in 1796, in Göschen's Leipzig edition of Goethe's works, *Faust* appeared as "A Fragment." I have already mentioned, in the Notes, the scenes which it contains, from I to XX., with the exception of a gap from the middle of Scene I. to the middle of Scene IV., and XIX. (Night: Valentine's Death). The impression which the publication produced was not encouraging: the fragment was not generally understood, and the power exhibited in the separate scenes was only partially appreciated.* Goethe, occupied with *Wilh. Meister* and *Hermann und Dorothea*, banished it for a time from his thoughts; and the first instigation which led him to resume the work came from Schiller, who thus wrote to him on the 29th of November, 1794: "But I have no less desire to read those fragments of your *Faust* which are not yet printed; for I confess that what I have already read seems to me the torso of Hercules. In these scenes there is a power and fulness of genius which clearly reveals the highest master hand, and I wish to follow as far as possible the bold and lofty nature which breathes through them." Goethe made no answer: "I can at present communicate nothing of [illegible] do not dare to untie the package in which he [illegible] I could not copy without continuing the work, and [illegible] courage for that, now. If anything can restore [illegible] the future, it is surely your sympathy."

It seems, however, that during the following [illegible] took the manuscript to Jena, and discussed the [illegible] work with Schiller, for in the summer of 1795 [illegible] Humboldt writes to the latter, thanking him for [illegible] concerning *Faust*. "The plan," he says, "is gigantic, [illegible] bity, therefore, that it will never be anything [illegible] plan!" If Frau von Kalb's memory is to be trusted, [illegible]

* Heyne, in Göttingen, wrote: "There are [illegible] t, but with them there are such things as only [illegible] to the world, who takes all other men to be [illegible] Wieland expressed his regret that it was such a [illegible] earlier and later labors. Schiller was then uncertain impression it produced, and only Körner and [illegible] seem to have had some presentiment of Goethe's the grandeur of his fragmentary performance.

wrote about this time the interview between Mephistopheles and the Baccalaureus (Part Second, Act II.), which has generally been referred to a much later date.

There is no evidence that the First Part of *Faust* was resumed before 1797, when the "Dedication" and the "Prologue in Heaven" were probably written, together with the *Intermezzo* (Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding), which was afterwards inserted by accident rather than design. In 1798 the "Prelude on the Stage" and perhaps the conclusion of Scene I., together with Scene II. and III., appear to have been written. It is probable that the concluding scene of the First Part (the "Dungeon") was either produced or rewritten at this time. Goethe writes to Schiller that he is favored by "the lyrical mood of Spring," and in several letters announces the progress he is making in the work. During the year 1799 little, if anything, was accomplished; but in 1800 Goethe commenced the composition of the *Helena*, which is frequently mentioned in his correspondence with Schiller during that year. He writes on one occasion: "During these eight days I have fortunately been able to hold fast the conception of the situations, of which you already know, and my Helena has actually entered on the stage. But now the beauty in the *rôle* of my heroine attracts me so much, that I shall be disconsolate if I must at last (since the whole can only be represented as a spectral appearance) transform her into a grinning mask." Schiller answers, apparently referring to former conversations: "It is a very important advantage, that you consciously advance from the (artistically) pure to the impure, instead of seeking a method of soaring from the impure to the pure, as is the case with the rest of us barbarians. In *Faust*, therefore, you must everywhere assert your right of force" (*Faustrecht*, an untranslatable pun).

In the autumn of 1800, Goethe laid the *Helena* aside, and devoted himself seriously to the completion of the First Part. He wrote the Walpurgis-Night and the scene of Valentine's death, and then endeavored to fill the gap remaining between the *Intermezzo* and the "Dungeon" scene. In this he was unsuccessful, and all his remaining labor from that time until the publication of the First Part, complete, in 1808, was probably merely that of adjustment and revision. The depression which weighed upon him after Schiller's death in 1805 affected his interest in *Faust* more than in any other of his literary plans.

When the First Part finally appeared, the following portions of the Second Part appear to have been already in existence: Scene I., and possibly a part of Scene II., of Act I.; Scene I. of Act II.; nearly the first half of Act III. (*Helena*); and

one fragment of Act V. There is no doubt that [illegible] new, as he wrote to Zelter nearly twenty years after [illegible] was still necessary to be written, but was not [illegible] reached in regard to the work. It is no necessary to [illegible] imagine here all the interruptions, the varying [illegible] scientific interests, which came between the plan and [illegible] hand. Goethe was fifty-nine years old when the First [illegible] was published, and the years passed by in other labors [illegible] he was seventy-five, before the impulse to complete the Second Part returned to him.

In 1824 he gave to Eckermann a programme which he had prepared for the completion of *Faust*, and [illegible] it contained a prose outline of the continuation of [illegible] Eckermann wrote in reply: "Whether this plan of [illegible] be communicated or held in reserve, is a doubt which can only be solved after the fragments already in existence have been carefully examined, and it is clear whether the hope of completing the work must be given up or not. The [illegible] seems to have aroused Goethe: the plan was withheld [illegible] the work was commenced, certainly in the following year. The *Helena*, to which he felt most strongly attracted, [illegible] a new interest for him through the idea of representing [illegible] in the child Euphorion, and the Act was finished in 1826. It was published in 1827, in the fourth volume of the Complete Works, with the Author's Final Revision, under the title "Helena: a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria," and at once excited the greatest interest and curiosity. From England to Moscow the European critics seem to have been [illegible] delighted and puzzled by it. Carlyle wrote an elaborate [illegible] upon it, in which he shows great shrewdness in many [illegible] symbolism. The encouragement which such a reception of a single act gave to Goethe, stimulated him anew to [illegible] the work, and for four years longer it became the [illegible] motive of his life.

In the beginning of 1825 the first three scenes of the Act—Faust's Awakening, the Emperor's Court, and the Carnival Masquerade—were published in the twelfth volume of his works, and were received with an enthusiasm [illegible] that which the *Helena* called forth. Goethe, now nearly seventy years old, worked slowly and with a laggard pen at his creation; but he held to his conceptions with the same [illegible] as in his earliest literary youth, and suffered no [illegible] mood of body or mind to pass without adding [illegible] the portions already completed were fastened together [illegible] blank sheets of a different color between, indicating [illegible] yet to be filled; and he rejoiced from month to month [illegible] unwritten gave place to the written color. [illegible]

1830 the First Act was completed, and the whole of the Second Act, including the Classical Walpurgis-Night, was written; so that, at the beginning of 1831, there remained the Fourth Act and the opening scenes of the Fifth. This was the most laborious part of the task, and has upon it palpable traces of labor; but by the end of July the work was done, and on his *eighty-second* birthday, August 28, 1831, Goethe sealed up the complete manuscript of the Second Part, to be opened and published after his death. "From this time on," he said to Eckermann, "I look upon my life as a mere perfect gift, and it is really indifferent what I may further do or whether I shall do anything." Seven months afterward he was dead.

Faust is, in the most comprehensive sense, a drama of the Life of Man. The course of its moral and intellectual plot, as first designed by the author, is now and then delayed by the material added to it during the different phases of his own development, but was never changed. This plot is chiefly unfolded to the reader through the medium of two elements which, from first to last, are combined in it, yet may easily be separated. The difficulties in the way of its comprehension have been caused by the introduction of a third, accidental and unnecessary element, which is so interwoven with the others (especially in the Second Part), that the reader is often led away from the true path before he is aware of it.

The first of the elements, and the one which gives individual coloring and reality to the characters, Goethe drew from his own experience. All the earlier scenes, he declares, were *subjectively* written: Mephistopheles and Faust were the opposite poles of his own nature. His own ambition, disappointment, love, unrest, are all reflected throughout the First Part, and the poise of his riper nature, his æsthetic passion and his religious feeling, in the opening of the First Act, the *Helena*, and the Fifth Act of the Second Part. The second element, drawn from his objective study of men and his observation of the world, is blended with the former, but especially manifests itself in the aphoristic character of much of the Second Part, and in the symbolism which he so constantly employs for the sake of more compressed expression. I have endeavored to indicate, in the Notes, all that can be traced to his own personal experience, and thereby to furnish a guide which may direct the reader to that more intimate and satisfactory knowledge which will follow his own studies.

What I have called the accidental element is illustrated by the *Intermezzo*, which was wilfully inserted; by the literary satire in the Witches' Kitchen and the Walpurgis-Night; and in the Second Part by the paper-money scene in the First

controversy of the Nepenthists and Platonists in the
and the Fourth, and the introduction of Byron in the
All these features must be eliminated from the moral
llectual course of the action, with which they have
slightest connection. Indeed, the whole of the Clas
Walpurgis-Night, admirable and wonderful as it is, m
rms a very roundabout mode of transition from the
s Court to the allegory of Helena. Only by holding
he leading idea can we safely follow its labyrinthine

Goethe himself said of *Faust* in his eightieth yea
ng of Stapfer's French translation, may be quoted in
n, as an estimate equally modest and just: "The
lation which the work has received, far and near,
haps be owing to this quality—that it permanently
the period of development of a human soul, which
ited by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all
urbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and
ppy by all that which it desires. The author is at
ar removed from such conditions: the world, likewise,
ome extent other struggles to undergo; nevertheless,
: of men, in joy and sorrow, remains very much
; and the latest-born will still find cause to acquaint
vith what has been enjoyed and suffered before him,
to adapt himself to that which awaits him."

APPENDIX III.

MARLOWE'S "DR. FAUSTUS."

MR. DYCE'S recent edition of Marlowe renders it unnecessary that I should add an account of the manner in which the latter has treated the legend. His material, as I already stated, was the English translation of Spiess's book published in London in 1590. I quote the first scene, because it offers both a resemblance and a contrast to the first scene of Goethe:—

ENTER CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthigen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud, audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse,
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
At riper years to Wittenburg he went;
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till, swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach;
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow;
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his study.*

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin,
sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
ving commenced, be a divine in show,
t level at the end of every art,
d live and die in Aristotle's works.
eet analytics, 't is thou hast ravished me.
ıe disserere est fines logicis.
to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
ords this art no greater miracle?
en read no more; thou hast attained that end.
greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
l economy farewell: and Galen come.
a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
d be eternized for some wondrous cure;
mmum bonum medicinæ sanitas;
e end of physic is our bodies' health.
hy, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
e not thy bills hung up as monuments,
hereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
ıd thousand desperate maladies been cured?
t thou art still but Faustus and a man.
uldst thou make men to live eternally,
, being dead, raise them to life again,
en this profession were to be esteemed.
ysic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
una eademque res legatur duobus,
er rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
petty case of paltry legacies.
hereditari filium non potest pater nisi, etc.
h is the subject of the institute,
ł universal body of the law.
s study fits a mercenary drudge,
o aims at nothing but external trash,
› servile and illiberal for me.
ıen all is done, divinity is best.
erome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.
›endium peccati mors est: ha! stipendium, etc.
ɜ reward of sin is death: that 's hard.
peccâsse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas:
we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
ıy then belike we must sin,
d so consequently die.
, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this? *Che sara, sara.*
What will be, shall be; divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly!
Lines, circles, letters, characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet pole
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretches as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

(Enter WAG

THE END.

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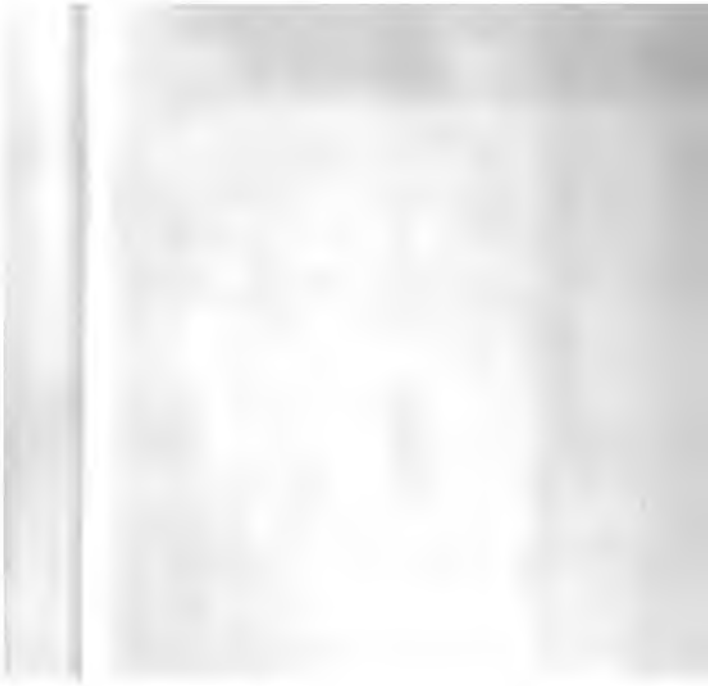

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